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**IN
THE
PATH
OF
EVENTS**

WITH

**COLONEL
MARTIN
LALOR
CRIMMINS**

By
Chris Emmett
¢ New Mexico Highlands
University,
Las Vegas, New Mexico.

Soldier
Naturalist
Historian

Jones and Morrison,
Publishers
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To

JUDGE FRANK S. ROBERTS

Rough Rider,

Jurist,

Lifelong friend of 'the Colonel'.

"That boy has guts," said Roberts
(when he first saw the Rough Rider
recruit).

By Chris Emmett

In the Path of Events
with Colonel Martin Lalor Crimmins,
Soldier, Naturalist, Historian

Shanghai Pierce: A Fair Likeness (Norman,
Oklahoma, 1953)

Give 'Way to the Right (San Antonio, Texas,
1931)

The General and the Poet (San Antonio, 1931)

Texas as It Was Then (San Antonio, 1930)

Texas Camel Tales (San Antonio, 1929)

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FOREWORD

Friends and acquaintances for a number of years have urged upon me what they thought was a duty: that I should write an autobiography. I have been most reluctant to do so, not wishing to put my own interpretation upon incidents in my life. After suffering a heart attack in August, 1953, while attending with my old comrades the fifty-fifth annual reunion of Rough Riders, at Las Vegas, New Mexico, and by that illness being made aware of the tenuousness of life, I concluded to cooperate in recording the incidents of nearly eighty years of which I was a part and those which passed across my path of life.

One of the several people who insisted that I leave a record of the passing scene was Chris Emmett, San Antonian, who has been known to me more than a quarter of a century. When he again urged that I not delay writing, I suggested that he undertake the task himself if he wished. This he consented to do. *IN THE PATH OF EVENTS* with Colonel Martin Lalor Crimmins, Soldier, Naturalist, Historian, is the result.

Mr. Emmett has had access to my books, papers, and writings. I have also aided by making tape recordings of my recollections of unavailable incidents. His has been the interpretation, which, in all instances, might not have been mine; but he has had a free hand.

It is my hope that my contacts with life, people, and events, as herein given, will add my mite to American history.

Martin L. Crimmins

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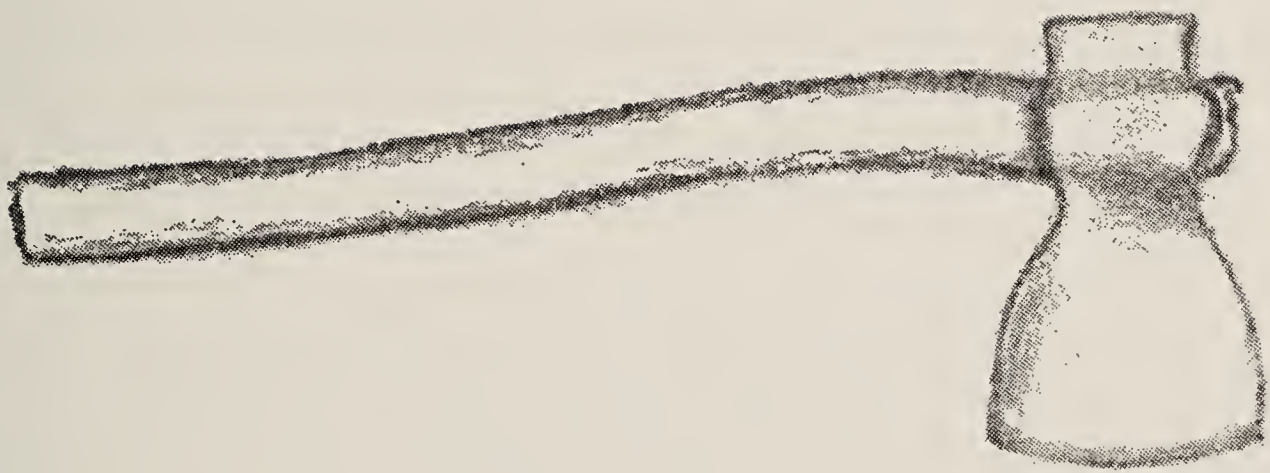
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U. S. A., Retired

1. Martin's hatchet
2. Twenty-third year fourth moon
3. From out the fold
4. "A short life in the saddle, Lord!"
5. "You're in the army, now"
6. "We have captured the enemy with affection"
7. "With rare old wines . . ."
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1. MARTIN'S HATCHET

"Martin's hatchet, in some manner, might be construed to be like the little boy who was so fond of his hatchet, and to keep it in practical use, destroyed the favorite cheery tree, distinguishing himself in the affairs of the world." (The Diary of John Daniel Crimmins Feb. 5, 1882.)



When John Daniel Crimmins, New Yorker, confided the hope to his diary that his son Martin might "distinguish himself in the affairs of the world", he wrote, of course, with a certain facetiousness as well as to express pride in, his second son. The father might also have been sensing a desire on the part of the youthful hatchet-wielder to chop for himself the path of life he would prefer to follow. And, too, it was not out of character for

Father Crimmins to put aside the pressing affairs of business to record the minutiae of his family life, the impressions of the developments of his children, his understanding of their ambitions, the love for his wife, faith in God, devotion to the Catholic Church, praying as he wrote, "God in His mercy shall bear as lightly with us in the future as in the past. Then His Goodness has shown us mercy."

John D. Crimmins died November 9, 1917. Among his papers the executors found two hundred and forty separate books in which he had carefully recorded the events of his busy life. From these diaries the executors selected extracts, covering the period from August 27, 1878, to November, 1917, publishing them under the title: **The Diary of John D. Crimmins**. Fifty copies were to be distributed to members of his family. In addition to his diaries, Mr. Crimmins had begun writing his **Memoirs of the Early 60's**. A not-unexpected illness, however, caused that document to remain uncompleted.

John Crimmins was a methodical man, much given to thoughtful speculation, and it was not unnatural for him to leave these records of his life and times. Documents and books were his life-blood. As a teen-age boy, he luxuriated in books while a student at St. Frances Xavier College of the Jesuit Fathers on West Sixteenth Street, New York. He made rapid progress in his studies, and by the spring of 1861 he was slated for early graduation. His instructors made mention of him as 'a promising student'. The Fathers were "anxious that he go on to higher studies in the collegiate courses". The life of the collegiate, however, was not to be his. **The Star of the West**, which anchored in Charleston Harbor before Fort Sumpter with the intention of provisioning Major Robert Anderson's federal garrison, cast a shadow of doom upon thousands of young men of the Republic. South Carolina guns, however, drove away the provision-ship while the people of the North "continued apathetic". Apathy turned to indignation on April 12, 1861, when the South began the bombardment and subsequent reduction of the Fort. The guns which battered Fort Sumpter into a misshapen pile were the signals which sent throngs of young Americans to recruiting stations. A frail body kept John out of the army, but, like many others, he closed his books

to go to other experiences. The boy's father would have been greatly pleased had it been practicable for John to pursue 'higher studies', but Thomas Crimmins knew something about the frustrations coming out of war. His early life had been spent in Ireland, and the people of Ireland knew more than their share of war's consequences. He remembered Irish hardships, the miseries Dublin Castle had meted out to Irish Catholics. He wished there might be peace, the kind of peace he had enjoyed in America during his quarter of a century of residence in New York, but now, while both young and old were laying aside their daily tasks to put on uniforms, he felt that John's schooling must be interrupted. And when John's frailty disqualified him for the army, he found a place for him in his own business as clerk and assistant.

John entered his father's construction business with a fair knowledge of his responsibilities. Previously, he had been his father's helper during hours of leisure. Now, with no school work to divert him, he exhibited an ability in business which even astounded his fond father. His youthful vigor permitted him to work many hours each day. His interest resulted in accomplishments which were awarded by his being named the manager of the fast-growing business. By the time he was twenty years old, he became an actual partner. The firm name was changed to **Thomas Crimmins and Son**. But the son soon became the actual - although not the titular - head of the institution; so again there was a name-change. This time it was **Thomas and John D. Crimmins**.

John Crimmins' attention was never entirely diverted from a love of books. As he became more affluent he reverted to his interrupted education and began the collection of as rare a library as one might wish to see. Father Edward J. McGuire, in speaking of John D. Crimmins' perpetuation of the history of New York, credited him with having "a great, if not the greatest collection of maps and pictures of Old New York possessed by anyone." At another time, the collection of books was described as "his richly stored library." In fact, there were some five thousand volumes, two of which were from his own pen. These were heavy tomes, and on subject close to his heart: **Early Celebrations**

of **St. Patrick's Day and Irish-American Historical Miscellany**. He wrote and published them at his own expense, donating the proceeds to the Irish-American Society. By the time he had become an author he could well afford the expense of his undertaking, but he could not reconcile himself to the fact that his valuable collection of Irish lore might pass from his keeping without being in such form that the world might learn how "the westward floating Celtic tide" made its impress upon the United States. He explained that in the beginning he "collected a great deal of material, related historically to the Irish in New York especially, and throughout the country generally. Rare old books, pamphlets, manuscripts, letters and other treasures, have come into my possession by gift or purchase; and from these and other sources many precious facts long hidden from view have been obtained . . . and my work has been a labor of love."

His first publication, **Early Celebrations of St. Patrick's Day**, was "so charitably received and awakened such great interest (which was made evident by the great number of letters received) that I was encouraged to go on."¹ **Irish-American Historical Miscellany** was the fruit of the encouragement. The Irish in America were not unmindful of their friend, for they honored him with the presidency of The Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, in 1892; and when he retired from that office, they kept him on as treasurer for twenty consecutive years.

It was not by chance that John Crimmins made a fetish of the "westward floating Celtic tide." He had been steeped in the history of Ireland from infancy. John Crimmins' father was a son of Ireland. He, like other Sons of Erin, had felt the pull of the lodestone, America, long before the 'greater Irish immigration', that of the famine years. The 'famine years' began in 1845 while John Crimmins was an infant. By the time John left school, "the greater migration" had deposited more than a million and a half Irishmen upon American shores. New York was the chief port of entry. Some moved on but many remained. 'Paddy Town' became synonymous with New York City.

A century before the 'famine years' the Irish had seen

¹ The Diary

the possibilities of New York. One James Murray discovered "that God has open'd a Door", and what he found behind the door he praised to his friends back in the 'auld country':

Read this letter and look and tell aw (all) the poor Folk of your Place that God has open'd a Door for their Deliverance; for there is ne (no) Scant of Breed (bread) here, and if your Sons wad but come here they wad het (get) mor Money in ane (one) Year for teachin a Letin Skull nor ye Sell wad het for Three Years Preechin whar ye are. The young Folke Ereland are aw but a pack of Courards, for I will tell you in short this is a bonny Country, and aw things grow here that I ever did see in Ereland.

When the blight destroyed the potato crop in Ireland in 1845 starvation spread over the over-populated and already oppressed land. Every ship bound for America, as a consequence, stowed away hungry Irishmen. Those who could pay fares did so; those who could not came aboard anyway. Famine years were partly within the recollection of John Crimmins, but much of what he knew came from talks with his father, from reading letters and documents recording the great influx; and he came to think of Ireland "as a good place to live out of." He did not, however, lose interest in the country or its people. They were his people. His father was one of them. He had known, at first hand, the religious intolerance in Ireland, the British oppression, the discontent even of those who had been sent over from London to displace the rightful land owners. Thomas Crimmins had spoken of it to his son, John, as a "dull and leaden tyranny", a land where the "Catholics were given over to the Protestants, robbed under law or outside of it (and) all impulse to economic progress (even on the part of protestant) was destroyed." It was no wonder, then, that John Crimmins should collect around his fetish "a richly stored library of Irish books."

The time came, of course, when John D. Crimmins felt he should plan and direct the disposition of his life-accumulations. Consequently, on December 14, 1914, he called into his New York home "out of the greatest snowfall in years" ²three of his friends, Rigley, Reynolds, and McManus,

² The Diary

advising them he had completed the preparation of his last will and testament, and asked that they witness its execution. He was bequeathing his books relating to Irish history to the American-Irish Historical Society. "All my books", so read the will, "relating to natural history, together with all my books in connection with army and navy, I give and bequeath to my son, Martin." His set of **Lever's** (a first edition) went to his namesake, John. All autographed books were to be held by his daughter, Clara Mercedes, "for the future use of any grandsons bearing the name Crimmins", and the historical subjects relating to New York were to be sold at auction.

No disposition was made of his secret diaries, consequently, upon his death they went into the hands of his executors. One of his executors used the equivalent of his executor-fee with which to edit and print the daily notations under the title: **The Diary of John D. Crimmins from 1879 to 1917.**³ The foreword discloses the executor's intention of "keeping fresh in the memories of all who knew him his love and pride in his church, his family, his friends, and his work. They can take the record of his daily life and learn from it how to serve God and Man, fearlessly and happily, with untiring energy and cheerfulness." **The Diary** points to the truthfulness of Ralph Waldo Emerson's statement that "Novels will give way, by and by, to diaries and autobiographies - captivating books - if only a man know how to choose among his experiences that which is really his experience, and how to record the truth only."

The Crimmins family of America is linked by blood to the sept of McCarthys of County Cork, Ireland. This clan was scattered widely during the various Stuart uprisings, and the name afterwards appeared as 'Crumin,' 'Cremin,' 'Crimmin' and 'Crimmins'. General J. J. Coppinger, fourteen members of whose family had been Lords Mayor of Cork, one time exhibited a map of Ireland on which was the place-name 'Cremin'. The map was dated nearly a thousand years ago. Without a doubt their names were variants of the present name 'Crimmins', as it is not of record that any prizes in orthography have been awarded the Irish. It must be assumed that the different spellings originated euphe-

³ Compiled in the year 1925; privately printed, limited to 50 copies.

mistically.

Thomas Crimmins was born in the city of Limerick, Ireland, in 1812. He became the grandfather of Martin Lalor Crimmins whose father pridefully recorded the destructive activities of the youngster with the hatchet. There is a tradition in the Crimmins family that Thomas arrived in New York in 1836. Edward J. McGuire, L. L. D., authority on American-Irish history, and a long-time personal friend of John Daniel Crimmins, places the date of arrival one year later. He was said to have "brought with him his savings and his small patrimony, which he had turned into gold, and had put it in a belt which he wore about his waist." He had something else which was to prove much more valuable than the contents of his leathern belt: An introduction to Thomas Addis Emmet, Jr.

Thomas Addis Emmet, Jr., as the affix shows, was the son of Thomas Addis Emmet, and the nephew of Robert Emmet, who, but too recently, had led a premature rebellion against England. For his criminal desire for liberty, Robert was tried, convicted, and on September 20, 1803, hanged; then beheaded. Hanging, ordinarily, is sufficient for the Irish, but in this instance it was not so. Note the procedure which followed his death:

At last, obeying a signal, the hangman cut the body down. He laid it on the platform, removed the cap, and lifting a big butcher's knife, with one great blow cut off the head. The heart was still beating, for the blood gushed out in big intermittent jets. The executioner indifferently held up the expressionless head by its black hair, "this is the head of Robert Emmet, a traitor. This is the head of Robert Emmet, a traitor."⁴

Robert's brother, Thomas Addis Emmet, had been educated in medicine with the intention that he follow in the footsteps of his father, Dr. Robert Emmet. The doctor was one of the richest citizens of Cork, and he took advantage of his wealth and standing to become known as a "vehement defender of Ireland and the Irish." In political and "philosophical matters he was often a rash, dogmatic, and melodramatic person"; and it is no wonder that the formation of the minds of his fourteen children "was left entirely to

⁴ Dear Robert Emmet, R. W. Postgate: Vanguard, N. Y. 1932 p. 250

their father". Another of Dr. Emmet's sons was called Christopher Temple. He acquired great renown as a lawyer but died just as his brother, Thomas Addis, was making a name for himself in medicine. Death, however, was not to thwart the wishes of the Latin-quoting, dictatorial father, for he "laid his hand on his second son, saying: *Una avulso haud deficit alter.*" (One torn away, there yet remains another.) And by paternal edict Thomas Addis Emmet laid aside his ambitions and medical skills and picked up his Blackstone. "Before long," commented one authority, "his reputation for solidity exceeded his dead brother's for brilliance, and his father could once more sit back and applaud his offspring's success."⁵ The applause did not last long, for Thomas Addis fell in with, more than sympathetically, his brother Robert's scheme to rid Ireland of the Oppressions of Dublin Castle; and he wound up in jail. The wonder is that his life was spared, but it was, although he was forced to seek asylum outside the British Empire. He chose New York. The long arm of British influence, however, reached across the Atlantic to give him more trouble. It made itself known in objections raised by English-sympathizing New York lawyers that a 'fugitive from justice' be accorded the comity of the United States bar. Thus stymied in his efforts to practice law, Thomas Addis Emmet fell back upon his medical knowledge. Since sick people were less critical of the source of their alleviation, he practiced medicine while prosecuting his cause to the United States Supreme Court seeking the right to register as a practitioner before the American bar. When he succeeded, he put aside medicine again and stood successful by for the Attorney-generalship of New York.

The War of 1812 came. None was so eager as was Thomas Addis Emmett to respond to Mayor Dewitt Clinton's call for volunteers to build earthworks and blockhouses to obstruct the landing of English soldiers on Manhattan. "Captain Thomas Addis Emmet" (so the record states) "did splendid service in this emergency." Thomas Addis Emmet died in 1827, in the City Hall Court Room, New York City, during the trial of a lawsuit. When he passed from the scene of action, one who had known him well said of him:

⁵ Dear Robert Emmet, R. W. Postgate, p. 17.

“And none was so eloquent except the Honorable Rufus Choate.”

Beside his reputation for solidity and eloquence, he left a son, Thomas Addis, junior, who, observing the phenomenal growth of the City of New York, chose investments in real-property instead of the pursuit of his father's forensic art. One of his acquisitions was an estate on the Old Boston Post Road. Had there been city blocks in that region the holding would have covered ten or twelve of them. But there were no city blocks, and the modest owner described it as “very rural, there being nothing to indicate the proximity of the city except the pavement on Third Avenue.” It lay between what is now Sixteenth Street and Sixty-First Street on Third Avenue. Despite the rural character of his acreage, he wished to vie with his neighbors, James Lenox, the Delafields, and John Jacob Astor, the elder. He built a house in which he took great pride. He planted gardens and constructed green-houses; and he called the estate ‘Mount Vernon’. And it was to Mount Vernon that immigrant Thomas Crimmins came, with his leathern belt stuffed with his saving and patrimony; and to Thomas Addis Emmet, Jr. - either in 1836 or 1837 - he presented a commendatory letter of introduction.

There must have been more in the connection of the Emmet and Crimmins families than the letter which said that “the bearer has been bred to the gardener's trade” for there is a tradition that persists in the Crimmins family that “something happened back in Ireland that forever sealed the friendship of the Crimmins and Emmets.” That something is not now known. Perhaps it had to do with the hangman's chant: “This is the head of Robert Emmet, a traitor.”

Thomas Crimmins was about twenty-four years old when he took employment at Mount Vernon as head-gardener. That he was, in truth, ‘bred to the gardener's trade’ became evident when his employer's exhibits at the American Institute and Fair gathered in all the awards. The awards were for animals as well as for flowers.

During many of its early years there had been divided opinion in respect to the probability that the growth of New York would warrant the purchase of land adjacent to the city for speculative purposes. Back in 1809, the city officials conceived the idea that New York might possibly expand be-

yond its original environs. To meet such a contingency, the farseeing mayor appointed a committee of three men, Gouveneur Morris, Simon DeWitt, and John Rutherford, enjoining them to execute a plan which would facilitate the expansion of the city "beyond Houston Street." Engineer John Randel was employed to make a topographical survey. Obviously his surveyor's transit did not permit him to peer very deep into the future, as he wrote in his report:

It is not improbable that considerable numbers (of people) will be collected at Harlem before the hills and the southward of it shall be built upon as a city. **And it is improbable that for centuries to come, the ground north of Harlem Flats will be covered with houses.**

Some twenty years after Engineer Randel condemned Harlem Flats 'for centuries to come', Robert Lennox (who spelled his name with two n's instead of one n as now), who owned about thirty acres in the vicinity of Old Cato's where John Crimmins was born, took a different view from the prognosticating engineer. He wrote a restriction in his will, fearing his son, James, might too hastily dispose of "the farm" he was bequeathing, admonishing James

to preserve from sale the farm which I bequeath you for I believe, that at no distant date it might be site of a village.

The envisioned village now sits upon that area from Sixty-Eighth Street to Seventy Third Street and from Fifth Avenue to Madison Avenue. One of its present imposing land marks is the Frick Museum, formerly the Lenox Library.

Horse-cars were not a novelty in New York when Thomas Crimmins arrived with his letter of introduction. They had been in operation within the city three or four years. Three years, however, were to lapse before a steam train puffed into the metropolis. "Old" St. Patrick's Cathedral was considered a venerable institution before Crimmins left Ireland. It had been built some fifteen years before — as the Bishop complained - "in the extremity of the city toward the country", and after standing fifteen years the 'country' still hedged around the aging cathedral so close that the sexton's tale that he caught foxes in the churchyard was being repeated.

One year before Thomas Crimmins took up his residence in New York there was no running water in the city. Peddlers went from door to door selling water for a penny a glass. Cisterns stored water for laundry; Saturday night tubs may have been neglected. But, in 1835, came the Great Fire. The tophatted, frilled-shirt-fronted volunteer firemen did their best, but their best was not enough and the entire city would have been but a smoldering recollection had not some one had the happy thought to blow up the buildings with gun-powder in the path of the flames.

As soon as the smoke cleared away, the city fathers set about solving its water problem. It was proposed that clear water be brought down from a mountain lake. Croton Lake was selected. It lay thirty-eight miles away. The water had to be run down to the city by aqueduct. It must be made to cross rivers and flow beneath the city. And the city was resting upon solid stone. And, too, the project must be financed. Engineers proposed to furnish the technical skill. Lottery tickets were sold to provide the money. Finally Lake Croton flowed down the mountain and into Old Croton Water Reservoir; and it flowed seventy-two million gallons per day. Truly, marvels of engineering and financing had been accomplished. So it was time to have a celebration.

Croton Reservoir was located at Fifth Avenue and Forty-Second Street. It was esplanaded on its four sides. It was the place for afternoon and midnight strolls. People flocked to it. And they came in greater numbers on the day of the celebration. The procession formed at the Reservoir. The celebrants did not disband until they got to the Battery. John Vorhees, later to enjoy the title of "Sachem of Tammany Hall," was a barefoot boy the day of the water-parade, and he left a delightful description of the main incident of the day. If it was not the 'main incident', at least it was the 'leading figure'. Boy-like, John pushed through the crowd just as the head of the procession arrived. A frightened hog preceded him. Once within the lines of people there was no avenue of escape either for the boy or the pig. The hog scampered ahead of the marching celebrants. John followed. "It calmly took a position at the head of the column," said Mr. Vorhees years later, "and led the procession all the way.

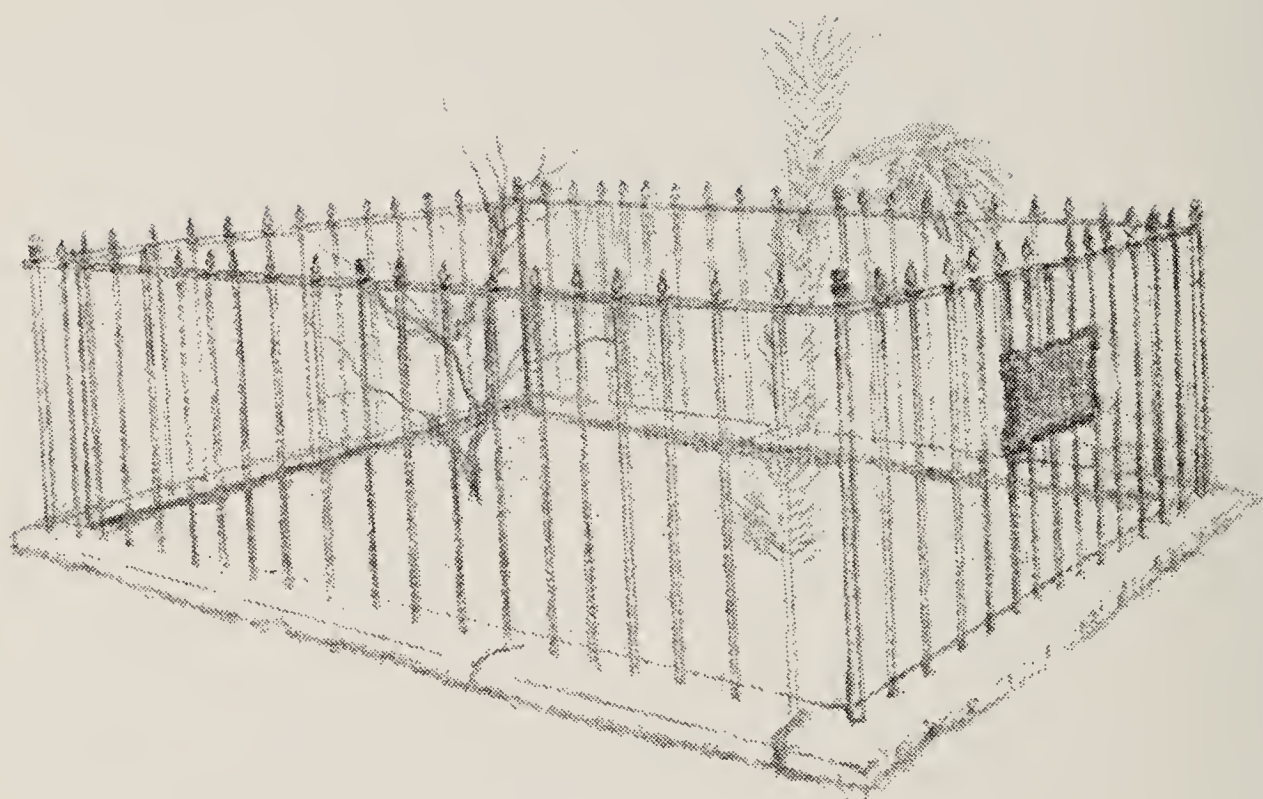
In a way it was symbolical. Pigs had done much of the street-cleaning that would now be done with water."

The parade was the greatest congestion Fifth Avenue had ever experienced. Before that, those living along the avenue had deemed the roadway too wide for the requirements of the time. John Crimmins recalled that "the property owners facing Fifth Avenue applied to the Board of Aldermen for permission to enclose a part of the roadway into their yards 'as there is very little traffic and we ask this permission for ornamental purposes'." The Aldermen, appreciating the weight of the argument, and wishing to be known as patrons of the arts, granted the petition. Thereafter, John often passed along with his father, and "it was a common sight to see many of the older men standing at their gates, in high stocks, white cravats, cut-away coats with brass buttons, greeting their neighbors as they passed up the Avenue." But John preferred mounting to the top of the Reservoir "for the view it furnished from its high elevation." There was no building high enough to obstruct the outlook. "Here a visitor could get a bird's-eye-view of the entire city and Palisades." He saw men "driving cattle to market a little to the north. It was interesting to see these tall men herding eight or ten or twelve cattle." Two blocks away was the 'Cattle Market', and in the same block as the 'Bull's Head Hotel' and its stables.⁶

The tremendous influx of foreigners, chiefly men from the 'auld sod', caused the city fathers to discuss again the enlargement of the corporate limits. Just at this time (1848) Thomas Crimmins filed his resignation with Thomas Addis Emmet, Jr., and began to accept employment from neighbors who were converting their country estates into city subdivisions. Emmet's neighbors had thought well of Thomas Crimmins as a gardener; now they availed themselves of his ability as a practical engineer. Thomas Crimmins had been a contracting engineer but one year when the City of New York officially marked off the Nineteenth Ward. The new addition included all of Manhattan Island between the Hudson and East River from what is now Fortieth Street to Sixty-Eighth Street. Fortune had encompassed Thomas Crimmins. His holdings lay in that area. The new ward had

⁶ Memoirs of the Early '60's J. D. Crimmins, p. 10.

neither streets nor water mains. It did have Old Croton Reservoir standing majestically nearby to deliver the water in abundance when pipes were provided; so, when the farms and estates were broken up, street-building and water-main laying became major industries. Thomas Crimmins and his energetic and ingenious son and partner literally had their life work brought to their doorsteps; and the area along Fifth Avenue took its initial stride toward becoming the most important residential and business district in the world.



2. TWENTY-THIRD YEAR FOURTH MOON



On April 15, 1868, four years after becoming his father's partner, John Crimmins married. He was then nearly twenty-four years old. His bride was Lily Louise, daughter of Martin and Lily Lalor. The couple had been friends from childhood. They remained devoted to each other until her death on March 6, 1888. Thereafter she was enshrined in the mind and memory of her husband and children who survived her.

John and Lily Crimmins began housekeeping one year after their marriage at No. 243 East Sixty-First Street in New York City. They resided there until 1874 when they moved to 823 Lexington Ave on the Northeast corner of Sixty-Third Street. This Lexington Avenue house remained their home until July 15, 1879. On April 4, 1876, their second son was born. Their first son they called John, after his father. The second son bore the name of his maternal

grandfather, Martin Lalor. He was always known as Martin. These two sons were two of fourteen children, eleven of whom survived to maturity.

Martin's recollection of his Lexington Avenue childhood is so intermingled with family tradition that some incidents have become accepted facts, but his first positive recollection has to do with horses. There were saddle horses, ponies in the horse-lot, and carriage horses; and no mental picture - now after the passing of nearly three-fourths of a century - is quite complete unless it contains the image of his father with a square black beard and moustache when he was young (gleaming white beard when he was older) and that image of his father was almost invariably connected in some manner with horses. Martin's father was precise in his dress to the point of meticulousness. His speech was quick and intense; and he concealed effectively a natural nervous demeanor. He had a dignified presence despite a physique which denoted frailty. His beard was the "pride of Christian Hern, barber, who for thirty years or more - it would be nearer forty than thirty - dressed my hair and beard in his thorough manner."⁷ His ever-present beaver hat topped off the man who seemed to have been born to the manner of horses. It made no difference whether he was astride "Charley bought at auction, \$650⁸ for saddle," the "golden chestnut Kentucky thoroughbred gelding with black points", whether he sat his carriage with Lily and the children while Martin Crane, coachman, "or P. Callahan, driver", held the reins of the doubleharness trotters, or whether he drove through the park in the T-cart, . . . to Martin's mind, horses and his father were inseparable. Each morning, the weather permitting, his horse was brought around from the stable. Mounting from the brownstone mounting-block, marked conspicuously with large flowing letters, J D C, he was off at a pace through Central Park for his morning exercise while he planned the business of the day. On Sundays and special occasions, the T-cart was brought to the door, and the family, as was the custom of New Yorkers, took to the driveways in the parks.

⁷ The Diary

⁸ Many prices taken from the Diary are included to present a present-day comparison.

The use of the driveways of the parks for carriages, limited almost exclusively to the rich and affluent, brought trouble to the park commissioners. The criticism was leveled, said some of the park commissioners, at "that large portion of the public which uses the roads under our care for driving in carriages." But before the carriage-owners could dispel the charge of preemption of parkways the less affluent New Yorkers swarmed the park riding bicycles and tricycles, much to the consternation of spirited thoroughbreds. Then a protest was raised by the carriage-owners, but **The Tribune** felt "that large portion of the public which uses the roads for driving in carriages must give way to the cyclists." **The Times** took notice of the pressure attempted by "that large portion of the public", and seeing horse-owners in the ascendancy, wrote sarcastically: "The bicyclers made a gallant fight. **They were allowed concessions to ride in the park, but the time will come when all thoroughfares and pleasure grounds will be given up to driving teams. The tendency of the mind of the modern park commissioner⁹ is in the direction of horses and horse-owners.**" The president of the Park Board stepped into the controversy and proposed that the board give "all classes abundant opportunity to enjoy the parks and drives of the city. He thought that "horses will gradually become accustomed to bicycles and not be frightened by them, **especially if the drivers of the machines are skillful and are not constantly tumbling about in the crowded drives.**" Then, in a gesture to placate both factions, he issued a decree "that only members of regular riding clubs, wearing their uniforms, may ride in the parkways." Just how a uniformed cyclist bearing his certificate of membership in his hip-pocket, who seldom tumbled about in the crowded drives, calmed the fright of Mrs. Astor's horse, was not made plain in the decree.

Martin was about two years old when his parents concluded that a country place away from the city parks would be in keeping with the fast-increasing family and fortune. The country would add "to their health, comfort and happiness. It would take the children out of the city." It would also give John Crimmins an opportunity to get away from his business and "add attractiveness to my home." Mrs.

⁹ J. D. Crimmins was a Park Commissioner when this appeared.

Crimmins mind turned to the Collender place¹⁰ some thirty-five miles east north-east from New York, over in Connecticut, facing on Long Island Sound. The acreage was ample for their needs. On it was The Homestead, the Riley Place, the Cottage, the Garden House, as well as "the barn where the few servants could arrange a dance out where the rose-garden was." Too, there was a usable dock, a wooded area, and rolling hills suitable for rabbits and fox. It lay nearby across the water from Sagamore.

John Crimmins was thirty-four years old when he "drove with dear Lily - to these grounds - and the following year moved into the house as a tenant." With the tenancy (before he later acquired it by purchase) went "McGuire, who manages our place and directs the gardener." Twenty-eight years later, McGuire was still there "caring for his collection of plants." Other things which "added attractiveness to my house" were soon to come. Mr. Steffanson,¹¹ who came to dinner and stayed to admire, said he had "never seen anything like the situation before - the hounds, the puppies - some thirty - the birds, chickens, ducks, geese, pigeons, and rabbits." But it was a number of years before "Kit, dear old Kit" came to Firwood. Kit was Tom's dog. Martin had little to do with him but he played an important part in Tom's Noroton life. Aging John Crimmins, retrospecting in his seventy-second year, spoke of this old dog with much feeling:

Kind, dear old Kit, found his way to my door today. He is Tom's dog and lately returned from a hospital for dogs where Tom sent him. He must be 14 or 15 years old. Tom brought him here as a pup, an English bull terrier and the best-formed dog I ever saw as a young dog. The gentlest dog that ever permitted children to tease, at the same time he would fight the first dog to stand to him. Many fights have I seen with larger dogs. Today his body is covered with scars and one ear drops where a big Chow held him while I pounded the Chow on the head with my cane. Tom was fond of riding and Kit would be with him. Kit would chase any cat he got sight of and kill it if caught. One day he chased a cat into the yard of a house and killed it. The owner came out mad

¹⁰ The 'Collender Place,' near Norotin, Connecticut, ultimately became known as 'Firwood'. The farm, a later acquisition, was named 'Glenbreckin'.

¹¹ Vilhjamur Stefanson, of Arctic exploratory fame later.

through and through. Tom disowned any acquaintance with the dog. Two hours after Tom arrived home Kit came back in a deplorable state. When Tom was about, Kit would follow him, and when I was home Kit would follow and stay with me. At times he would come to my room when I was resting, and many times slept under the bed. Of late years he is quite deaf; his ears have been chewed up by dogs in fights. He visits about; everybody knows him; and he is welcome. The old Smithy is his favorite place. He came today and laid at my feet. When I attempted to walk away he followed me. Later in entering the house and closing the door, he whined and I let him in. I have seen the children beat him and kick him, not realizing what they were doing. Kit would get up and move. Like myself he is weak in his legs; and I thought, as I looked at him following me, how age has changed us. He could run and so could I, and take long tramps, but that is of the past. We still linger.¹²

While waiting for Mr. Collender to surrender the Homestead, John Crimmins vacated his residence on Lexington Avenue, and on June 28, 1879, moved across the river to Deal Beach, New Jersey. The New Jersey shore was becoming a fashionable summer resort for those wishing to stay away from the city. In this instance, the move was both desirable and necessary, for the new house which he had under construction since June of the previous year was yet incomplete. The **Diary** entry of September 1, 1879, tells the story:

We this day returned from Deal Beach, New Jersey, where we have been boarding since the 28th day of June to our new house, No. 40 East 68th Street, between Madison and Fourth Avenues. The house was begun in June 1878, and is now completed except furnishings.

On moving day John Crimmins stayed about the house the greater part of the afternoon. He stood by while two men "laid the carpets in the living room" and otherwise assumed the position of the indispensable husband. The next day the "horses and carriages arrived from Deal, New Jersey." He ordered them to be taken to "McGrath's Stable in East 63rd Street." Up at McGrath's he bargained for their care, agreeing to pay forty dollars a month. This did not include compensation for Martin Crane, coachman, who, noting Mr. Crimmins' growing affluence, upped his services

¹² The Diary.

to "\$50 a month henceforward."

At his new house, "fairly frescoed and painted", he busied himself by "ordering several little things to complete the rooms", then received a dray loaded with "several pieces of furniture and bedding, including one gilt child's bed." Since Martin boasted a sister younger than he, the 'gilt bed' indubitably was not intended for his comfort.

Mr. Crimmins had reason to be, and was, proud of his new home. "I estimate the cost of land and buildings to be \$39,000 (thirty-nine thousand dollars), including interest on monies used." He was also pleased to "consider the land and building material to have advanced fifteen percent" since the building was started. Although he had a "mortgage on it of \$14,000, at 5 percent interest - no other incumbrances," the fifteen percent increase in valuation would make the mortgage seem less formidable.

In truth, John D. Crimmins had reached that status in his economic life where he had few apprehensions. One friend marvelled that "he never seemd to know failure or to meet great obstacles in his successful progress." Down on Wall Street they were saying of him: Whatever he undertakes is especially favored by Fortune. And the whisper went around in financial circles that "important capitalists bank on the good luck of John D. Crimmins." As an 'aid-to-Fortune' the City of New York had bowed to him in its best form. He had been allotted a contract, which he completed with speed and satisfaction, that made him pre-eminent among the building contractors of the city. A contemporary wrote: "He paved Broadway like a Roman Road from the Battery to Central Park at the expense of ten million dollars, being paid on the percentage plan under which he is to receive ten percent of the cost for his services and overhead expenses."

The successful paving of the 'Roman Road' revived the story which purported to explain why James Lenox entrusted his extensive construction projects to **Thomas and John D. Crimmins**, exclusively, and always on a cost plus basis with no previous bids. The passing of time had shown Robert Lenox to have been right when he admonished his son James to forego the sale of the 'farm'. The 'farm area', in fact, had become the 'site of a village'. James Lenox had

continued to live down on Fifth Avenue and was content to establish his office in the basement of his home from which he would emerge to greet passing neighbors. But in time the city grew and he began converting the "farm" into city blocks and erecting buildings at advantageous locations. Those having business with Mr. Lenox found him in the basement office. Thomas Crimmins had frequent occasions to enter the office, and, as John became more and more a factor in the business, he often went along. Sometimes he listened to his elders talk; at other times he watched them check accounts presented for payment. Invariably Mr. Lenox would check, and sometimes correct, a presented bill. There were times when Thomas Crimmins would appear at night, for Mr. Lenox had no hesitancy in receiving callers at any time convenient to them, especially if it would turn him a good dollar. Those were the days when gas lighting was in its infancy. Gas consumers were quite economical in its use. Mr. Lenox was no exception, so when Thomas Crimmins would leave, the old gentleman (in the absence of a butler) would accompany him to the door and **lower the gas**. Rumor has it that on one of these trips to the basement to make a settlement, Thomas Crimmins found that Mr. Lenox had already made the calculations and placed the money on his desk in a sealed envelope which he handed to the young contractor immediately. Thomas slipped the envelope in to his pocket, observing the custom of the time that 'no gentleman verifies the count of another gentleman'; then, expressing his gratitude, he bowed himself up the steps. The next morning, however, he was at the head of the steps asking permission to descend upon Mr. Lenox again. The old gentleman simulated a brusqueness approaching rudeness when he refused. "That matter has been discussed enough", he quipped. But Thomas persisted and walked unbidden into the office, saying as he entered: "Mr. Lenox, there has been a mistake." "Mistake or no mistake," replied the old man, "you should have counted the money in my presence." Sensing the implication that he was to be put in the position of violating the gentleman's code, the young Irishman snapped the envelope down on the desk, none too gently, with the avowal: "The shoe is on the other foot this time."

One can but surmise the satisfaction Mr. Lenox got as

he chuckled after the departing young man. Then he ripped open the envelope and poured back into the cash-drawer the 'extra' fifteen hundred dollars. Thomas Crimmins had met the 'gentleman's test'. His honesty was vouched for; and it was but a natural consequence that thenceforth all Lenox construction was done by Thomas Crimmins and later by his sons without bids and on a cost plus basis.

With the lease and subsequent purchase of the Collender Homestead there was both a summer and a winter home for the Crimmins family. The country place, in fact, gave Mrs. Crimmins 'pleasure, recreation, and entertainment.' It also provided John an outlet for his natural aptitude for gardening and the love of the outdoors. He planted trees, "some no larger than a whipstock . . . The lawns, shrubbery, walls, and walks became a pleasure to plant and make." He created tree-life "in color and variety" and he lived to say of those grounds, "for half my life they became my harbor." And for the children, "who could use the house and grounds, it is a most inviting situation." Then he called it **Firwood**.

Down on the southeast corner of Sixty-Fifth Street at the intersection of Madison Avenue lived another couple who were to have a large family of children. They were Theodore and Edith Roosevelt. On Sunday mornings, John Crimmins, with his family, would head toward Sixty-Fifth and Madison on the way to attend ten o'clock mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral. They would come into view of the Roosevelt home promptly at 9:30. There would be John Crimmins, appearing very tall and dignified with his top hat glistening in the sun, leading the procession. And then came the children, trailing out behind, according to size. Some of their little legs worked hard to keep the pace. Tom and Martin more nearly assumed the stride of their father.

Inside the Madison Avenue home sat Theodore Roosevelt with his back toward the window to avoid the bright light shining in his weak eyes as he read his morning paper. And too, there was Mrs. Roosevelt peering beyond the partly-drawn curtains. The newly-elected Assemblyman, instead of looking at his watch, would call out: "Edith, are the Crimmins in sight yet?" And when 9:30 came she would raise the shade high enough for both to wave a Sunday

greeting to the Crimmins procession as it went resolutely toward St. Patrick's.

The original arrangement for the care of the Crimmins horses at the McGrath Stables was terminated when it was decided that a private stable would be more economical. John Crimmins, therefore, built his own stable on a lot at Sixty-Seventh Street near Second Avenue. Adjacent to the new stable was a large vacant lot enclosed with a high board fence. The top plank afforded a fine vantage point for inquisitive children. In some manner John Crimmins had acquired two goats. The vacant lot became their restricted range. The pedigrees, if any, failed to survive them. How they came to be brought there no one took the trouble to remember, but it is a certain thing, they were not progeny of the wearers of the 'cashmere robes' which had for so long been denizens of the roughs of the parks of the city.

Before Central Park was laid out, Fifty-Ninth Street was described "as the center of fashion and wealth." Above, "along the country road which was Fifth Avenue" was the unsightly waste land taken later for the Park (and) jeeringly termed "Squatters Sovereignty." Within the area "lived over five thousand as poverty-stricken and disreputable people as could be seen anywhere. The squatters' settlement in the Park were surrounded by swamps and overgrown with briars, vines and thickets. The soil that covered the rocky surface was unfit for cultivation. In this wilderness lived the squatters, in little shanties and huts made of boards picked up along the river front, and often pieced out with sheets of tin, obtained by flattening cans . . . About two hundred shanties, barns, stables, piggeries and bone factories appear in a census made before Central Park was begun. Some of the shanties were dug-outs, and mostly had dirt floors. In this manner lived, in a state of loose morality, Americans, Germans, Irish, Negroes, and Indians. Some were honest and some were not. Many were roughs and crooks. Much of their fuel was refuse, which they procured in the lower part of the city, and carried along Fifth Avenue to their homes in small carts drawn by dogs. The mongrel dogs were a remarkable feature of squatters life, and it is said that the park area contained no less than one hundred thousand 'curs of low degree,' which, with cows, pigs, cats,

goats, geese and chickens roamed at will.”¹³

Shortly after John Crimmins turned his goats into the vacant lot adjacent to the stables, he received appointment as Park Commissioner. The goats in the horse-lot were a joy to his sons but those in the park continued to be a vexatious problem to the park-using public. Even the *New York Star*, although accustomed to park goats, took occasion to indite a headline: INTRUDERS IN THE PARK . . . TROUBLE CAUSED BY GOATS, AND OTHER UNBIDDEN GUESTS. That the *Star* intended to point accusingly at the park commissioners for their management (or the lack thereof) there can be little doubt, but accusations were centered on the “Fifth Avenue goat.” The “other unbidden guests” seem not to have offended so odiferously as did the “Peculiar Habits of the Central Park Goats” who had a “soldierly style of Heading Off the Policemen.” The cause of the outbursts seemed to lie in the fact that a *Star* reporter, having neither a coach-and-four nor a bicycle, attempted to stroll across Central Park. The strolling newsman chanced upon “the Park Keepers hauling a mutinous goat in the direction of the stables.” Curious, said he, “to find out what was to be done with Capricornus, or of what crime he had been guilty, I followed and learned that the goat had been guilty of the grievous offense of strolling through the park. For this violation of the law (and barking the trunk of a tree) he was placed under arrest. He was a venerable looking customer with a long beard, a pair of pugnacious-looking horns, and had led his captors a long run up and down the park before he was captured. The Fifth Avenue goat is stronger, can jump higher, run faster, and is harder to catch than his Eighth Avenue relative.”

Although the goats in John Crimmins’ horse-lot were related neither to the Fifth Avenue fast-runner nor his less agile Eighth Avenue cousin, still, they were the pride and joy of the Crimmins brothers. To add to their pleasure in riding, Park Commissioner Coleman turned a beautiful Welch pony into the lot one day. It was intended as a gift for his god-son, Cyril Crimmins. Cyril was too small to mount the pony, and it took its hay leisurely with the two goats until disturbed by John and Martin. The boys held a ‘board of

¹³ FIFTH AVENUE — 1875-1915: p. 65-6.

directors meeting'. It was determined, despite the absence of a saddle, that the pony should become their 'gentleman Sunday prancer'. John, then Martin, was soon riding him. They forgot his qualities as a Sunday show-horse as he went in a gallop around the lot, the frightened goats scampering to keep out of his path. Then Martin, riding bareback on the barrel-bodied pony and balancing himself with ease, imagined himself a cowboy far out on the plains of the West. The frightened goats (in his imagination) became plunging, bawling steers, but he had no lasso with which to bring them down for the branding iron. Martin Crane, coachman, looked on and became helpful. He provided a pliable clothesline, and John and Martin became 'veteran cowmen'. Now that they were experts, Martin wanted to share his fun. The fence-sitters were invited "to come down and take a ride." Many tried; but few 'wild steers' hit the earth. This was not true, however, of the riders.

John Crimmins must have heard about the sand-lot riders, for he sent all the boys out to Ninetieth Street to a riding school.¹⁴ Major Anthony of the Fifth Avenue Riding Academy, a school of "Austrian Equitation", had few skills he could impart to these youngsters. The rudiments had been acquired on the back of the Welch pony while snaring a fleeing goat.

The time came when Martin was required to go to school. He first went up to Colonel Sandborne's private school on Park Avenue between Sixty-Sixth and Sixty-Seventh Streets. The school later was moved to Seventieth Street, and Martin went along.¹⁵ From Colonel Sandborne's school he was transferred to the De La Salle Institute on the corner of Fifty-Ninth Street and Sixth Avenue. Martin's father, now taking an intense interest in his official duties as Park Commissioner, had his office nearby at Fifty-Ninth Street and Madison Avenue. One of the Crimmins' neighbors was General U. S. Grant, now retired from the Presidency, whose residence was at No. 3 East Sixty-Fifth Street. The ex-President and John Crimmins were friends. It became known that the General was suffering from can-

¹⁴ Subsequently the site of Andrew Carnegie's palatial residence.

¹⁵ This location was opposite the Lenox Library, now a part of the New York Public Library.

cer of the throat, and each morning as Father Crimmins went toward his office, he, with Martin, would stop at the residence of the old ex-President to inquire of his health and offer consolation.

While on these visits Martin learned that worry was heavy on the mind of General Grant. He had brought the Civil War to an end; and at its termination there was no Republican in the nation so popular as he. Twice the people elected him President, but his administration was stigmatized with scandals in office and the aging man became depressed over the nefariousness of his political associates. Retiring from office, he regained his popularity while on a world tour, then lost the nomination from his party, which set him adrift again. Then he committed the greatest error of his career: he lent his good name to the brokerage firm, Ward and Grant, without attempting to supervise its activities. Ward turned dishonest. The institution went bankrupt. The consequent loss to his friends and to innocent investors mounted into multiplied thousands of dollars. At first, the General was appalled. Then, he attempted restitution, surrendering his earthly mite - even his decorations and swords of battle - for the benefit of the firm's creditors. The assignment proved to be more a gesture of good faith than actual restitution. Rejected by his own political party and destitute,¹⁶ he took up the task of writing his *Memoirs*. Doggedly he worked day by day as time became shorter and pain more intense. As he worked he became speechless, but John Crimmins stopped each morning with his son, Martin, to inquire of his health and extend greetings of friends.

On July 23, 1885, the news came from Mount McGregor, near Saratoga, where General Grant had gone in the forlorn hope that the change would make him more comfortable, that the ex-President had died. Cities immediately vied with each other for the honor of furnishing the last resting place of the great man. It was known to John Crimmins that Grant had wanted to be buried in New York. Besides being a friend to Grant, the Park Commissioner was the intimate

¹⁶ " . . . The family would not have been able to buy its daily bread had not Chas. Wood of Lansingburg, N. Y., a stranger to all the Grants, not generously sent a check for one thousand dollars to the General." *Meet General Grant*: W. E. Woodward p. 490.

friend of New York's Mayor, William R. Grace. The Mayor, upon learning of the death of the old general, hastily sent Grant's son, Colonel Frederick Grant, a telegram expressing sympathy and offering "a last resting place for the body in any of the parks of this city." The contents of Mayor Grace's telegram were made known to John Crimmins. Crimmins acquiesced in the effort to have the dead General's known desire carried out, but he hastened to inform the Mayor that there was a restriction upon the use of Central Park: that specific city property could not be used as a site for a monument to any man, either dead or alive.

Not only had the Mayor invited Colonel Frederick Grant by telegram to select a site "in any park of the city preferred", but he had followed this invitation with a letter to the Colonel's mother:

July 23, 1885

Dear Mrs. Grant:

I have already communicated to you by telegram the informal desire of the authorities of this city to have a national honor done it by making it the last resting place of Gen. Grant. This desire will receive official expression tomorrow at the regular meeting of the Common Council, and if the expression of my personal desire in the matter will, in any way, contribute toward influencing your decision, I beg to make it now. In this connection, I might say, as a matter for your consideration, that the prominent site in Riverside Park on the bank of the Hudson has been suggested as an appropriate site for a great national monument, which will undoubtedly be built in memory of the General. There is the advantage in such a site that all improvements which will hereafter be made will look toward it as a central object of interest to which everything will be subordinated in order to give it commanding effect. Do not, I beg, look upon this suggestion as in any way meant to influence your own choice, which must be perfectly free in the matter.

Despite the pointed suggestion, which shows the influence of the conversation with John Crimmins, the Mayor received the reply which he hoped he would not receive:

"Colonel Grant instructs me to say that upon condition that the wishes of the General (that a place be reserved beside him for Mrs. Grant) are observed, he, on behalf of the family, definitely accepts. You are therefore at liberty to take action upon this information which is final. The family prefer Central Park.

Mayor Grace made one more effort. This time he sent a messenger with a letter to Colonel Grant in which he did his diplomatic best to divert acceptance from Central Park to the Riverside Park site:

July 24, 1885

Col. Fredk. D. Grant:

My Dear Sir: I have just received from Mr. Turner a despatch saying you prefer Central Park as the burial place of your father's remains, and while, of course, this is for you to determine, I cannot help thinking that because of its peculiar beauty, its location on the river, and the fact that a monument in it would be visible far and wide, the Riverside Park would be the most appropriate place. It would give a distinct characteristic to this quiet and beautiful park, and such a monument as would probably be erected there would vie in beauty and fitness of location with the famous statue of Germania on the Rhine. The entire park would become peculiarly and in a sense and manner what Central Park can never become, sacred and devoted to the memory of your father. The park is so young that the character of its development would be largely determined and its whole future dominated by the fact. The monument would be visible from two states and for miles up and down the river, and would not only borrow from but lend beauty to the noble stream, and at no time could your father's remains ever be regarded as lying remote from Nature and in the heart of a busy city, in the rush and hurry of the life of which death and its sacredness may be forgotten and the remains of the dead may be passed by in thoughtlessness. I venture to present these considerations, but beg you to rest assured, my dear Colonel, that I wish them in no way to interfere with Mrs. Grant's and your own perfect freedom of choice.

Negotiations by letter were suddenly put to an end by the personal appearance of Colonel Grant at the office of the Mayor. The record shows that on July 27th "he was met at the City Hall by the Mayor, Mr. Crimmins, and Messrs. Beekman, Parsons, Powers, Boardman, and Jesse Grant. They took Col. Grant for a ride through the parks to select a site for the tomb." During the drive Colonel Grant referred frequently to the many hours of pleasure his father had taken in Central Park, and expressed the opinion that the Mall would be particularly fitting for the tomb. To the high mound just above 104th Street, he interposed a fitting and proper objection. **Then he was driven to Riverside.** Mr.

Crimmins talked to him earnestly on the appropriateness of the park for the site, expatiating upon its natural beauties, and especially upon the historic associations clustered around it. The truth of all that Mr. Crimmins said evidently struck Col. Grant with force. A few hours after he returned to Mount McGregor he sent the following despatch to Mayor Grace:

“July 28 — Mother takes Riverside; temporary tomb had better be at same place.”

Five days had been consumed in selecting the interment site and the burial was scheduled for August eighth. Now that Grant's burial place had been determined, the body was brought to the City Hall in New York. There it lay in state being viewed by throngs of people. Colonel Grant's acceptance of Riverside Park as the place of entombment was conditioned upon the temporary tomb occupying the same plot. Consequently a temporary tomb must be erected and made ready, and there remained but ten days in which to do the work; acting upon his own initiative, John Crimmins put himself to the task. He brought together his best workmen. A rectangular excavation was made at the site. The sides of the cut were walled with masonry. Steps were built from the groundlevel to the floor of the excavation. A semi-circular enclosure formed a roof. Entrance to the tomb was from one end only, this being guarded by heavy grill iron doors. Working around the clock, Crimmins had the tomb ready for its honored dead before August eighth arrived.

Mayor Grace was equally busy with the details of the approaching funeral. On Decoration Day, prior to the death of the General, the Grand Army of the Republic had held its reunion in the City of New York. With death but little more than two months ahead, it was the Old Commander's wish to review his fast-dwindling troops, but his physical condition did not permit. News of the General's inability reached Grand Army Headquarters, and the route of the parade was changed to pass before his home. There sat the old general propped up in a chair before a window. He could speak now only with intense pain, so he reached for a sheet of paper and scribbled a message:

“Let us have peace!”

Then, with almost superhuman effort, he arose to his feet and tremblingly raised his hand in salute. It was The Last Salute!

Now that Grant was dead, Mayor Grace grasped the significance of the last message to the Grand Army of the Republic. Placards by the thousands appeared in the windows of the city and the stern face of the dead General and “Let us have peace” were dominant. The city was draped in purple and black and solemn-faced people formed queues to await their time to look, for the last time, upon the face of the Old General. In all that Mayor Grace did, emphasis was placed upon the last message: **Let us have peace.** And to avail himself of the opportunity to promote harmony between the sections of the nation, he caused General Winfield Scott Hancock to be selected as chief officer of the day.

General Winfield Scott Hancock’s position before the American people was unique. He and Grant were fellow-West Pointers of the classes of 1843-44. Both served under General Winfield Scott in the Mexican War. Hancock was General Scott’s namesake. The two men parted ways politically, Hancock upholding the traditions of the Democratic Party, while Grant veered over from a Douglas Democrat to Lincoln Republicanism, but both supported the Union in the War of the Rebellion. Hancock, like Grant, supported it well, making his genius known at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg, to say nothing of the gallant service he rendered Grant at the ‘Bloody Angle’ fight. And Grant rated him “the most conspicuous of the general officers who did not exercise a separate command.” After the war Hancock was placed in command in the South, placating the situation so satisfactorily, especially by his attitude in Texas, by his moderate views of reconstruction, that the less temperate War Department transferred him to the East. But there, too, he grew in popularity; and the Democratic Party chose him as its presidential candidate in 1880, while the Republican Party turned thumbs down on Grant’s third term ambition. Hancock, therefore, fitted well into Mayor Grace’s theme: **Let us have peace.**

General Hancock selected a staff of twenty-five; but of course he could not refuse places in the line to the horde of Union generals who converged upon the city. He tried to offset this influx of Union predomination by including in his entourage some of the prominent Confederate generals. One humorist of the time opined that the Confederate generals "were well-known by New Yorkers but few were known by sight." Two, included in the list of marcher whom nearly everybody wanted to see, were Generals Joseph Wheeler and Fitzhugh Lee.

Joe Wheeler accepted his invitation immediately. He was a West Pointer who had gone over to the Confederate army and had fought Grant to a standstill at Shiloh; and he had been a thorn in General Sherman's path through Georgia. In fact, he did not choose to run, at any time, preferring to fight it out along side Joe Johnston until he surrendered to the more successful Grant. However, when the fighting was over, Wheeler availed himself of the general amnesty, took the oath of allegiance to the United States, and let his state send him to Congress. In fact, he was Congressman-elect when he received the invitation to participate in the Grant funeral services.

General Fitzhugh Lee received his invitation at Richmond, Virginia. He did not accept with Wheeler's alacrity. He hesitated; then communicated with his friend, John Crimmins. Crimmins, during the Civil War, was what was known as a Northern Democrat with leanings toward the preservation of the Union. Fitz Lee on the other hand, was a Democrat of the Southern persuasion. He followed his illustrious uncle into the confederacy, while Crimmins remained a non-combatant, disqualified from service because of frailty. He wrote a record of his attitude in his Diary: "I visited the company (Dowdney's Company C) in East New York and would have enlisted but I was not physically strong. I did drill some." Fitzhugh Lee, on the other hand, became his uncle's cavalry commander after having served as a brigadier general with the irrepressible J. E. B. Stuart; and it was well known throughout the North that it was Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry who made the last Confederate charge at Farmersville. Then when the fighting came to an end, he, following the example of his better known kinsman, accepted

defeat without rancor and set about rebuilding the South upon its ruins. And there was an abundance of ruin in his native Virginia. So admirably did he conduct himself that he, like Joe Wheeler, reaped the reward of his sowing. In General Fitz Lee's case, both the Democratic and Republican parties nominated him for the governorship of Virginia; and when the invitation to be at the Grant burial ceremonies came, he stood highest in his personal popularity and was awaiting inauguration. Such a status, of course, made it imperative that he ride in the procession in conformity with Mayor Grace's plan to promote peace. But General Lee was unwilling to pick chestnuts from the cooling embers without tasting some of the meat. He, therefore, advised John Crimmins that he understood the intent of the invitation and disclosed his plan: **He would ride in the procession, provided he could ride in style;** and he wanted John Crimmins to arrange for the best saddle-horse in the City of New York.

John Crimmins was hard put to it to accomodate his politically-wise friend. All the horses from the riding stables worthy of consideration had long since been engaged for the use of "the brass-up-front." Even fair steeds were at a premium. Then Crimmins thought of his own chestnut Kentucky thoroughbred gelding "with the black points." The horse was broken to saddle, but he was yet young and refractory. Off went the thoroughbred to Major Anthony and his 'Austrian School of Equitation', and the Major, being apprised of their 'democratic intentions', set about training the horse with enthusiastic skill.

Early in the morning John Crimmins went with his sons, John and Martin, to an advantageous stand along the line of the funeral procession. He selected an onlooker's site on Fifth Avenue between Fifty-First and Fifty-Second Streets, opposite the William K. Vanderbilt House. All business within the city was suspended. It was a momentous day in the history of the nation. The funeral cortege was long and slow. General Winfield Scott Hancock - now in his sixty-first year and with but one more year to live - all panoplied with his well-earned military regalia, was slowly followed by a myriad of lesser-rank generals and other soldiers. Martin became restless as he saw "many horses ridden by old men who had not been on a horse since the Civil War."

Bearded men rode heavy-footed work horses which showed white spots on their necks worn sore by collars. Feeble men grasped the cantles of their saddles. Their pain in coming to the end of their comradeship with their Old Commander was intensified by the burn of the unaccustomed leather. It was the daring old veteran, indeed, who would relax his grasp upon the saddle long enough to raise a hand in salute to a murmur of recognition from the crowd as he slogged along. "Then," recalled Martin many years later, "I heard some unusual cheering. It grew closer and closer; louder and louder. It broke out riotously again and again. It may have been a clear high-pitched 'Rebel Yell' that set off the cheering, or it may have been mass psychology that spurred the throng to cheer. Anyway, I got up higher where I could see down the street - down to St. Patrick's Cathedral - and there to my astonishment I saw someone riding my father's golden chestnut thoroughbred, the gelding with the black points. Astride sat General Fitzhugh Lee! Dressed majestically in civilian clothing, there was none so glamorous, none so dignified. The tilt of the hat probably caused some to harken back to that last cavalry charge at Farmersville, but otherwise there was nothing to distinguish him from the long line of mourners on their way to the last rites of a hero - nothing perhaps except his cavalry bearing and that magnificent mount. The chestnut thoroughbred seemed to sense the importance of his rider. His every movement was a prance; and the General sat him as if he, too, were a part of the pliant steed. One hand held the reins. He made no effort at control. The slightest deflection of the wrist, the pressure from a leg, transmitted the General's wish to the gelding; and there was an instantaneous response. The General's right hand was occupied with his hat. As a surge of cheering broke out along the line, General Lee would doff his hat in the approved Buffalo Bill style. Raising it high in the air he would bring it slowly to his knee; then he and the horse would seem to salute in unison. At this a cheer would start up on the other side of the street, and with a twist of the wrist he would turn his horse to acknowledge the applause. And thus he rode down the street, horse and rider saluting, as they 'took over the show.' My father smiled and said:

“His name hereafter shall be ‘Governor’.”

After the ‘Governor’ had passed, Martin and John followed their father into a carriage. They sped around the procession to the tomb on Riverside. Twelve policemen awaited them there. These men had been selected especially for the occasion. With them were four high officials of the city and members of the Park Board. Black sack-coats and derby hats (one wore a ‘Katy’ straw) set them in contrast with the men in uniforms. Two guards, dressed in white, stood ready to close the grilled doors. Resting on four-legged stools awaited the brass-cornered ‘outside’ coffin. Inside the tomb, already set in place, were two substantially-built benches, (a gift from the far-seeing John Crimmins) built to bear the increased weight of the coffin after placement of the corpse of the General.

In true Crimmins style the advance party was formed behind the outside coffin. John Crimmins, with his flowing beard and high-standing collar, arranged the chief at the head of the coffin. Son John stood next; then came Martin with his Lord Fauntleroy suit and broad flowing polka dot tie. Commissioner Crimmins took position immediately behind his sons, his top hat standing above those assembled, while he directed his eyes straight into William H. Allen’s camera as he made a memorable photograph which was to hang for many years to the right in the entrance of General Grant’s tomb.

Now that a photographic record of the event had been made, all of the men moved down the hillside to form an escort upon the arrival of the funeral procession. John Crimmins, junior, who “was always up to some mischief”, sixteen months older than his (then) less-daring brother, beckoned to Martin with a commanding jerk of the head, and the two moved back to the awaiting vault. “Watch! Martin, watch!” whispered John as he skipped nimbly down into the tomb. Martin stood, “horribly embarrassed”, as John’s voice carried out of the tomb:

“Now I can say I was in this place before Grant was!”

On the 27th of the following October, Mr. Crimmins took Mr. Beekman of the Park Board in his carriage and they “visited the tomb of General Grant with Mrs. Grant and

her son the Col. handed Mrs. Grant keys in a velvet bag which I had made for the purpose." ¹⁷

The temporary tomb stood until 1897 when Grant's body was removed to the magnificent Grant Monument upon which more than six hundred thousand dollars had been expended. On April 27 of that year, President William McKinley, with military pomp and patriotic splendor, dedicated the second and last resting place of the ex-President on Riverside Drive. After removal of the body the original tomb was dismantled. The two benches which had supported the coffin during the interim were retrieved. One of them ultimately found its way to John Crimmins' Noroton home; but it took a foreigner - an admirer of the Old General - to make certain that Grant's temporary resting place shall remain forever inviolate. Kwang Hsu, acting for the Chinese government, secured permission to enclose the plot with an iron fence. Inside he planted two trees, one a Ginko, and a Chinese cork. He then place a tablet with the inscription:

This tree is planted at the rear of the tomb of General U. S. Grant, Ex-President of the United States of America, for the purpose of commemorating his greatness, by Li Hung Chang, Guardian of the Prince, Grand Secretary of State, Earl of the First Order Kang Hu, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of China, Vice President of the Board of Censors.

KAWANG HSU,
23rd Year 4th Moon

¹⁷ Entry in the Diary.



3. FROM OUT THE FOLD

The chickens, geese, ducks - all the animals in the barnyard - were giving vent to their excitement. John Crimmins looked out the window at Firwood toward the horse-lot where the excitement was centered. There he saw Martin tugging on a rope looped over the horns of his prized Southdown ram. John, with a handful of wool, was vigorously urging old **Lord Walsingham** along, but Old Woolie had no intention of submitting to the training the boys had given their city goats. Had **Lord Walsingham** been possessed with the power of reason commensurate with his ingrained repugnance to co-opreation, he might have known he was not the only animal on Glenbrackin Farm and at Firwood subject to the playful whims of the Crimmins boys, and there was no dearth of animals about the place. John Crimmins had listed his sons' animal kingdom as:

1750 to 1800 chickens. Several species of geese, a few goslings, and two hundred ducklings. The cows — five a young

heifer, raised and a Bull, all Jersey. The two Welch ponies, gift of Theodore Vail, President of Western Union, from his place in Vermont.

This list did not include his prized Southdown ram and perhaps a stray goat or two.

Father Crimmins, with his usual patience, left his reading to come down to the orchard and "demonstrate a new trick to them," thus hoping to divert their attention from the Southdown sheep he had recently acquired at the Park Commissioner's auction and brought out to his country place from Central Park. "Cutting a willow branch from a beach, a wood that is stiff and pliable, I pointed the end of the branch so that it would pierce an apple and showed them how it could be thrown. Both took it up, and now it looks as if the apples will be scarce here." At least, while the apples lasted 'Lord Walsingham' might rest.

Southdown sheep had interested John Crimmins since 1871 when he made his first trip to England and Ireland on the Essex. On that voyage in the Crimmins party were his wife, his mother-in-law, Mrs. Lalor, and their mutual friends, Mr. and Mrs. Austin Keough. In England he noticed that their hosts spoke of a 'saddle of Southdown' with the same savoriness as they did of 'roast biff'. In Scotland they saw the Southdowns alive and being herded by kilted Highlanders as they chanted and droned on their pipes. On still another trip to his father's native land he met up with a one-time employee, Thomas J. Murphy. Through him he saw much of the country as well as its livestock. His former employee had become a wealthy New York contractor but was then living much of his time in Ireland. Murphy was glad to see Mr. Crimmins and they pressed upon the travelers "a sumptuous suite where we spent much time."¹ Using the suite as a base of operations, the Crimmins party visited the "exhibition grounds, and one building made a good appearance." He found the exhibition itself "quite ordinary and only what might be expected in a city of the population and industry of Cork." The sheep (if they had any on exhibit) did not merit mention. Leaving the dairy exhibit, he chanced upon a "brother of Hugh Collender, the former owner of Firwood", and under Mr. Collender's guidance he

¹ The Crimmins Diary

found "Linsmore Castle very complete and interesting." Next he went to Limerick Fair where he saw 'good jumping', but "Lord Dunraven's Castle and grounds pleased me exceedingly." By train and then "with a team to Drumcolliger" he visited "the burial ground at Lullalace and read the inscription on my great grandfather's tomb:

Here Lies the Remains of Daniel Crimmins, a native of Drumcolliger, who departed this life, February 11, 1799, in his 78th year.

From the cemetery he "drove to Cloyne . . . Ascended to the top of Round Tower. Visited the Cathedral. Drove through Castle, **attended the sheep show, which I found very good**, and left Cork at 6 o'clock for Queenstown." He did not go aboard, however, until he "dined at the Royal Yacht Club with Mr. Carberry."

On each of his trips he carried back in his mind more and more of the scenes of the kilted Highlanders and the tranquillity of the browsing Southdowns. If Andrew Carnegie had anything to do with Crimmins' growing interest in Southdown sheep no specific mention was made of the fact in the **Diary**, but both men were in England at the same time in 1872. That they met there is possible; that they had previously been acquainted is more than probable, for, soon after they returned to New York Andrew Carnegie, who had turned from 'Andrew Carnegie, Investments' to 'Andrew Carnegie, the personification of steel,' invited the Englishman Whitwell, the inventor of an improved blast furnace, to inspect the American Steelmaster's Lucy Furnace, which was ultimately to revolutionize the manufacture of steel. And Carnegie, then with more vision than capital, and needing money for his dream-of-dreams, called on John Crimmins and sought to sell him stock in "the Bessemer Steel process." John Crimmins was coy, and although urged "to make an investment in the establishment of furnaces in 1877" Mr. Carnegie "did not enlist my interest". Crimmins consoled himself by philosophizing that "Real estate has to a large extent absorbed my attention and occupation with satisfactory results as my estate shows." He realized, however, that "advances have been made in the manufacture and uses of steel; that theoretically the world knew how electric-

ity, steel, etc., could be produced, but until the development illustrated by operation and experience the full value of the several inventions were not reached as we see it in the Day of Our Lord." Obviously, John Crimmins thought that the pinnacle had been reached, and to record such to be his opinion, he finished his Diary entry with: "At the end of another decade there may be established greater things of a paramount value in the economies, but I doubt it. For, **except** movement in the air with a ship and motor I look upon what we possess as near perfection."²

Despite John Crimmins' rejection of Andrew Carnegie's offer to sell him improved Bessemer Process stock, the two men continued to meet socially on the best of terms. Both were members of the Nineteenth Century Club, as was Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll. John Crimmins was a devout Catholic; Ingersoll an agnostic. Carnegie's belief was well-described to Joseph Warton, the Ironmaster poet of Philadelphia:

You see, Joseph, I have no religion to speak of, but on Sunday mornings, when other people are at church, I like to float about in my swimming pool at Skibo Castle in Scotland, while the Highlander in all his regalia, plays sacred music on his pipes.

On many a Sunday afternoon, Bob Ingersoll's Murray Hill home was the meeting place for the exchange of ideas of the members of the club. You might expect to meet there John W. Mackay, pioneer western millionaire, and father of an illustrious son, Clarence Mackay, John D. Crimmins, "leading Catholic layman", Maurice Barrymore, the great actor famed for his cutting wit, Marshal P. Wilder, droll writer and lecturer, beautiful Julia Marlowe and Viola Allen. And if Andrew Carnegie was not at Skibo floating around in his swimming pool listening to the bagpipes, he was sure to be there, trying to make himself the life of the party.

Andrew Carnegie married on April 22, 1887. The bride's gift was a trust with an insured income of twenty thousand dollars a year, the former home of Collis P. Huntington at No. 5 West Fifty-First Street, New York, and a honeymoon

² The Diary.

to the Island of Wight, to England and Scotland. In Scotland, he leased the Kilgreston Estate and crowded in the guests, hiring a piper who skirled them out of bed in the morning and escorted them in to dinner. The bagpipes of Kilgreston annoyed many a guest before the Steelmaster conceived the idea of buying Skibo Castle on Dornoch Firth, Scotland, near McBeth's Castle, a seven hundred year old structure standing on an elevation one-half mile back from the water. There the 'Laird' installed a monstrous organ, imported a maestro from Hungary to play it, thus atoning, in some measure, for the raucity of the inevitable Highlander pipes.

Since Carnegie could not float in the pool of his Skibo Castle as much as he wished, he did the next best thing by buying the second largest residence in America, **Shadow Brook**, in the Berkshire Hills, a fifty-four room house surrounded by six hundred acres. As he grew older he sat more and more in the music room at **Shadow Brook** which would seat five hundred. There he listened to the music of his organ, but not even that place was free from the skirl of the pipes which marched the family to dinner.

Although Andrew Carnegie seemed to enjoy the harsh shrill cry of the Highlander's pipe equally with the melody of the organ, John Crimmins' ear was tuned more to the melodious. An evidence of this is to be found in his enjoyment of "Stephen C. Massett, a poet, dear old fellow", whom Crimmins found 'down on his luck' and who was invited out to Firwood. There he "sang his songs and recited exquisitely. Uncle Stephen was a character, and his poem, **Pipes of Pipeville**, was known on two continents." But Uncle Stephen's songs and pipes were stilled by illness, and he went away to the hospital and was not able to be at John Crimmins' birthday dinner, "an enjoyable event, as we are led to record from the expressions of the guests. Music by bagpipe - Touhey - added to the pleasantry." Neither was Andrew Carnegie at the birthday dinner at Firwood, but sometime later from 2 East Ninety-First Street he answered a note from his friend Crimmins, saying:

My dear friend of old:

Your kind note is just like you. I've given the papers an interview, which I hope will please you. It looks as if we

should succeed in getting government to pension our presidents. I know of no greater duty.

We must see more of each other, my friend. I like the old friends, who are of kindred spirit; besides, **I need you as my model.**

Ever your
Andrew Carnegie

Twelve years after John Crimmins made his first trip to Ireland, there to become interested in Southdown sheep and the music of the bagpipes, the people of New York began to demand the elimination of 'that Fifth Avenue Goat' from the parks. As a commissioner, devoted to his duties as a public servant, John Crimmins realized that goats were, in fact, more destructive to growing trees than useful in cropping weeds and briars from pedestrian walkways. The charge persisted that the commissioners were providing bridlepaths for horsemen and driveways for Sunday T-carts, while pedestrians got all snarled up in briars and weeds when they tried to leave the beaten pathways in Central Park. Obviously a 'manicured' landscape would be conducive to "giving all classes abundant opportunity to enjoy the parks" - the ambition of the president of the Park Board - but handmowing was slow and expensive. The New York papers failed to advocate such an expense, either by hand or horse-drawn machines; and it looked like the parks would remain: "Parks for horses and horse-owners, exclusively, save and except the cyclist 'wearing his uniform'," but something came to pass to change the situation.

At this juncture, conjecture must be substituted for documented history. How it came about is not subject to proof from seared and yellow documents. The Park Commissioners left no record of their disquisitions. If there was a discussion over the comparable values of Angora goats and Southdown sheep as 'Park manicurists' the record remains blank. Even the ever-hostile papers carried no forecasts of coming events. Tradition, however, lingers in the family of one of the commissioners; and Martin Crimmins bolsters the *fait accompli* by recalling how his father, as was his evening custom, read to the assembled children from Baron Cuvier's **Animal Kingdom**, and pausing to describe the Southdown sheep, told of their origin in the South Downs of Sussex, of their crossing the channel into Ireland and ac-

climating themselves in Scotland. Then he told of kilt-clad Highlanders who followed the sheep with their pipes; and he concluded by saying that the parks of the city would soon be hosts to a herd of Southdown sheep "fresh from the Isles." With them would be their piping kilt-clad Highlander - "the result of my persuasiveness with the park commissioners."

Sunday came, as did many thousands of New Yorkers. The news was abroad! The park commissioners were furnishing a free show. And there, grazing placidly in Central Park, clipping brambles to the stem, was as beautiful a herd of yellow-fleeced Southdowns as ever trimmed a Cheviot moor. In their wake strode their "Robert of Bannockburn", all belted and petticoated to the bare knees. Unruffled by the gaping throng, he 'piped the pipes of Pipeville' while old Lord Walsingham stared menacingly, cutting his cud a little finer.

Lambing time passed and the commissioners were astonished to learn that Southdown sheep had not only been a pleasing diversion for the people of New York, a service to the parks as 'lawnmowers', but the enterprise had been financially profitable. In fact, they now had more sheep than suited their needs; consequently a public auction was held "so that the community may take advantage of the superior breed of sheep now available to them." At the auction, John Crimmins bid high on Lord Walsingham, thereafter to be Martin's obstreperous Southdown 'billy.'

Now that the Crimmins' lawnmowers had attracted the people to the parks and made it possible to stroll from the established walkways, another innovation was proposed by the commissioners. The lakes, much used as skating rinks in the winter, were seen to be possible sources of pleasure in boating; therefore, the Park Board announced the purchase of ten gondolas. Immediately a tax-payer registered his disapproval:

Judging from the profitable experience in the propagation of sheep it appears that the Park Board should be content to purchase only a pair of gondolas, instead of ten, and count on the natural processes of nature to provide the required number within a reasonable time.

Two days after Martin was twelve years old he lost his

mother. A great storm blew into the city after the funeral and "made the streets nearly impassable," but Martin's aunt, Miss Julia Lalor, taking the place of mother as nearly as she could, succeeded in getting out of the now-blocked city for Atlantic City. With her went all the children except John and Martin, who stayed behind with their father. Less than two weeks later, however, they accompanied him to Philadelphia where the boys saw Independence Hall for the first time before joining the other members of the family. Martin found the visit to the historic site interesting, but his father wrote of the trip as "not very pleasant rain and winds. I am not well. Stomach troubling me. Ordered a spring coat - \$30. Looked at a saddle horse at \$500; to see owner." He and the owner did not agree, however, so he "bought at auction a bay horse, Charley, for saddle, \$550." The next day he turned his mind to business and agreed to build subways. This undertaking was so immense that from mid-May until Christmas he was completely absorbed. He sent "Charley and the children to Noroton and opened up Sixth Avenue from Eighth Street to Fourth, and Fourth Street From Sixth Avenue to South Fifth Avenue, and South Fifth Avenue from Fourth to Spring." This left him no time for his Diary. But Christmas came "bright and as mild as a May morning", and he wrote again "for any person having curiosity enough to read the memorandums", and, "acknowledging the position the Good Lord has seen fit to place me in, and taking to Himself my dearly beloved wife, who, for twenty one consecutive Christmas Days has participated in all my thoughts, wishes, and actions", made a careful list of every present received by members of the family. The list showed: "Martin: books, set of tools, umbrella, silver watch (first), prayer book." Then he described as beautiful a ceremonial service as one might wish to contemplate, a service which, with the passing of years, became a rite that engaged him each Christmas during the expanse of his life:²

At noon with Miss Julie, my dear children, Susie, Lily, Mary-Christine, John, Martin, and Tom, we called on Sister M. Irene at the Foundling Asylum. We then visited the Little Sisters of the Poor. We aided the Good Sisters on waiting on the

² The Diary

old people at dinner, 135 old men and 160 old women. My daughters and sons were furnished with white aprons and attractively served the dishes prepared by the Good Sisters. The poor people were very happy and grateful.

With the turn of the year (1889), all the Crimmins children took scarlet fever "of a light form." To avoid contagion the older ones were sent to "the Windsor Hotel, \$996." Martin, who did not rate the Windsor, developed a "sore throat", so he was sent off to Saratoga, Lake George, and Richland Springs; but he "took the chicken pox, a slight disease", despite his father's care; and he was greatly disappointed when the 'slight disease' prevented him from seeing John make an exhibition jump at the de la Salle Institute and sprain an ankle.

During John's convalescence Martin roamed the countryside in the vicinity of Firwood and listened to old men's tales of Tory caves. During the Revolutionary War, so the lore was passed along to him, Tories secreted themselves in caves during the daytime and came out at night to spy and prey upon the revolutionists. One day Martin discovered a new entrance to one of those mystery chambers and he rushed back to his limping brother, calling him to help explore its recesses. Nearly sixty-five years later the tragic incident came out of Martin's mind with remarkable clarity:

As he advanced toward me John slipped on some damp moss on a rock. He carried his shotgun - a precaution in case of need! - and the hammer which was down, struck a rock as he fell, and the gun discharged. The splintered shot ricocheted from the rock and struck my brother's face from the chin toward the eyes. John took it calmly. Our cousin, who had come along to help us delve into the secret recesses, became excited and wanted to take the shotgun up and break it to pieces over the rocks. I stopped him. John was unable to see out of either eye, so I walked him down toward the road about half a mile or more away. Again my cousin became excited and wanted to rush out into a pond, but I knew he would mire down and I'd have to look after two instead of one, so John and I succeeded in calling him back. Then by stepping carefully on stones, we were able to wet a handkerchief and wash the blood from my brother's eyes. He then said he could see a little with one eye. We got him down to the road, and a neighbor took him in his wagon to the Post Office and Dr. French was located.

The seriousness of the injury was apparent to Dr. French, so the injured boy was removed to nearby Firwood. Father Crimmins, at the time, was in Chicago serving as presidential elector. The news of the misfortune reached him there. John, in the meantime, was taken in to the city to the residence of his grandmother Lalor. Father Crimmins arrived in due time and went into consultation with the surgeons. While waiting for the results of the operation found necessary to be performed, John Crimmins passed the time writing in his Diary:

September 9 — Tuesday, 1890 — My darling boy, John, so robust and perfect in all physical as well as mental developments, has this day been deprived of his right eye. I am grateful to our blessed Lord for sparing me any greater sorrow or my dear boy any greater affliction. For His Mercy I shall ever pray. One week ago today, September 2nd., with his brother, Martin, and his cousin, Richard Costello, he was hunting at Shore Rocks, a wild uncultivated place, about two miles from our country place, Noroton, Connecticut. Ascending a steep ledge, he slipped, and the stock of his gun and trigger struck a projecting rock, and one of the barrels of the gun was discharged. The shot, striking a rock in front of him about one foot from his face, rebounded into his face filling both eyes, his cheeks and neck with fragments of the shot. The particles of pieces of the shot penetrated the pupil of the eye and destroyed its vision. My boy's left eye was scarred but the fragment of the shot was removed. My son, Martin, showed great presence of mind. He picked out many of the shot; bathed the eyes and face, leading poor John to a pool for the purpose, and then to a path, which he alone knew, to the main road. Fortunately, at the time he reached the road a wagon was passing, and Martin induced the driver to bring my boy with him to Dr. French at Noroton. Thursday morning the doctor brought him to the city. Doctors Noyes and Payne examined John's eyes. The right eye was destroyed. The doctor said my boy should be told of the operation this afternoon, and he would tell him if I desired. I said I would do it myself. So brave a son no father was ever blessed with. "My boy, the doctors say that they will have to operate on your right eye to assure you the safety of the left." In his manly voice he replied: "All right, papa." "My boy, you will have to go through the world with one eye." "I guess I can do that, papa, if anyone else can." When they were ready, I led him by the arm, and he walked into the room, laid on the lounge with composure and comfort. From the day of the sad affliction no one ever heard him murmur.

The operation was very satisfactory, and the doctor says he never saw so well organized a boy.

The Broadway Cable contract, which had been awarded to John Crimmins, required the work to be completed within two years, with a penalty for failure to complete within the time and a bonus if completed earlier. The Crimmins Construction Company engaged Major George Washington McNulty as supervising engineer. His genius made it possible for the work to be completed within six months. John Crimmins was so grateful that he thought the Major merited an extended vacation and rest. He, therefore, suggested that the engineer take John and Martin on a tour of Europe. Martin thought otherwise. He put a militant note for a sight-seeing trip around the United States. John Crimmins was quite pleased with his son's interest in his own country, and Major McNulty genially acquiesced in the boy's preference. The trip was delayed until school suspended for the summer. In June the party headed for Niagara Falls where their engineer-guide showed the youngsters a great suspension bridge he had built a few years previously. From Niagara Falls they went westward by boat through the Great Lakes, through the Sault Ste. Marie Canal, stopping at Duluth and Chicago. From Chicago they rode the Northern Pacific Railroad, and Martin was fascinated by the abounding wheatfields spread along the course of the railroad. "I had seen nothing like it before. I yearned for the plains, the open spaces."

During the night of July 20 (1890), the train came into Fargo, North Dakota, with John and Martin occupying a lower berth on the north side of the Pullman while the Major slept in the opposite berth. At a rail-junction a short distance out of the city, a cyclone struck the train, toppling it over on its side. The sleeping boys were thrown unhurt into the berth of the Major, who also escaped injury. Perilously near was a thirty foot embankment over which the upset train might have fallen had it been on the southerly track. John Crimmins again had cause to thank "God in His Mercy" for sparing his sons. The boys trudged back to Fargo. There they saw a shambles. One family, "a father, mother, and eight or ten children who had sought shelter from the toronado in a cyclone cellar lay dead where

their house had crushed down upon them. A church was two or three blocks from its foundation. It was a bewildering sight to view."

After a long delay, a relief train took the passengers westward. The Major and the boys left it at a way-station to go by stage through Yellowstone Park. The boys enjoyed the coach ride, but a Bishop from Boston, whom they had come to like, marred the tour again unhappily by falling dead from over-exertion after arrival at the Mammoth Springs Hotel. From Yellowstone Park the trio visited Seattle, Tacoma, San Francisco, and Yosemite Park. After a sojourn in Los Angeles, they headed east, making stops at Salt Lake and Denver; and there was little time left when Father Crimmins met them in New York until they must become students again.

There was a positive lack of accord between Martin and his father when it developed that arrangements had already been concluded for Martin to enter Georgetown College. But once at Georgetown and meeting Bob Collier, whose father owned *Collier's Weekly*, and who was keeping two polo ponies convenient to the school, the Greek and Latin assignments were less formidable. He also got acquainted with the Tobin brothers and the three Martin brothers from San Francisco, who had more than a passing interest in polo; and school at Georgetown became bearable. Bob suggested that Martin, too, acquire a polo pony, and Father Crimmins' check from New York consummated the deal.

Martin's new horse was "fourteen one hands high, a blood bay with black points. Three white rings showed around his rope-burnt neck. His neck was pitted with tick bites. He refused to be tied with a rope. He had to be kept in a boxstall. He welcomed any and all would-be riders." Obviously Father Crimmins was not advised of the 'qualities' of this horse before he sent his check. Of course, 'would-be' riders included the new owner. Martin also welcomed the opportunity to attempt to ride him. After the first effort he named him "Hell". He was the embodiment of Martin's dream, and this did not change when Martin discovered that one of Hell's chief accomplishments was rearing and falling on an unsuspecting rider. Two-

thirds of a century after the purchase of that 'outlaw', Martin could say: "I really had a great deal of pleasure with that particular horse."

Father Richard and Father Anthony of Georgetown College turned out to be real friends to the 'polo-inclined' student, but they also were conscious that their duties as instructors lay in diverting Martin's activities away from 'Hell' and toward more industrious application to Greek and Latin. Since Martin seldom acceded to the wisdom of direction, be it paternal or cleric, it became a matter of routine for him to be assessed some character of punishment for failure to pursue the elusive verbs. Standard punishment consisted of being required to memorize twenty lines of English, ten lines of Latin, or five lines of Greek as penance, this, of course, to be accomplished during leisure hours. This extra-curricular penance became so regular and extended that little time was left for the polo pony. Martin, therefore, with an eye for the practicable, conceived the idea of transferring drudgery into utility with the hope of regaining some measure of leisure. He, consequently, went for a walk with the genial Fathers and directed their attention to his own interest in natural history. He talked glibly of the many winters he had spent with his father reading and explaining the wonders of nature. He complimented Georgetown College on its collection of rare and valuable specimens housed in its Museum of Natural History. He hinted at the indifferent manner in which the specimens were labeled and catalogued; then, he made bold to suggest that, in lieu of Latin and Greek, he be permitted to do penance in the Museum. Father Anthony must have had his tongue in his cheek as he said: "Well, Martin, your penance hereafter shall consist of careful, scientific identification, classification, and labeling of the specimens of natural history now reposing in the Museum." Martin took his punishment with zest. The gifts, some from Jesuit priests in foreign countries, some for Georgetown's world-traveling graduates, intrigued him. And often the time came when Father Anthony had to call him away from his new interest. 'Hell' was fattening in his stall while Martin studied.

After three years in Georgetown, vacation time came, and Tom Nelson invited Martin out to Fort Scott, Kansas,

for a visit. There he met Lee Stout and Ira Brown. The four boys thought it would be pleasant to go south into the wilder country for a hunt. Just at the moment a band of gypsies came to town. They had found the road that 'leads onward' a little dim, and a Fort Scott livery-stable operator put an end to their wanderings, for the time at least, by seizing and selling for debt their conveyance. The gypsy ambulance fell to Martin's highbidding friends. The would-be hunters now owned a wagon; so they borrowed a team of horses, and thus equipped, were ready for the road.

The people of the nation in the 1890's were unaccustomed to calling Kansas the "Sunflower State." The more familiar description was the "Bloody State". Nature provided sunflowers in profusion, but sectionalism wrote a history of gore and rowdyism in the region. The Kansas-Nebraska Act of 1854 had set Abolitionist against Southerner. Instead of attempting to resolve the slavery question under the terms of the law, Sharps rifles began to be employed with impartiality to reduce the population. Men like the desperate Bill Anderson went forth in search of victims. Lawrence, Kansas, with its ashes and two hundred dead, was evidence that he found them. Following in the wake of Anderson and Quantrill, seeking to be imitators of their master instructors, were such second-raters as Jesse James and the Ford brothers. Jesse was such a low-grade thug that his name might not have gone down in history except for his double-crossing assassination by one of the Fords while he was trying to live down his lurid past under the name of "Mr. Howard." Now if there was anything Kansas prided themselves in, it was 'fair play'; so when Ford double-crossed 'Mr. Howard', Jesse's name went into legend along with as bad a conglomeration of doggerel as Americans wish to be relieved from reading:

Poor Jesse had a wife to mourn;
Three children they were brave;
But that dirty little coward,
Who shot Mr. Howard,
And laid him in his grave.

The thugs were not all disciples of Anderson, Quantrill, and poor Jesse. Some were riff-raff from the more conven-

tional East; too many were despondent bad losers from the Lost Cause, who hummed their creed:

I'm jest a good Old Rebel
That's what I am.
I won't be reconstructed.
And I don't give a damn.

Just as Martin and his hunting companions headed down into Indian Territory, there was a bandit scare making the rounds. One of the Daltons had put bank presidents and railroad conductors to priming their shooting-irons. No one was at ease when he saw a stranger walk leisurely around a town for fear he, too, would turn out to be a bandana-faced follower of the code of Sam Bass, a Dalton, or just plain "Mr. I don't give a damn."

The trip, however, down the trail - where there was a trail - was uneventful. Dalton did not overtake them, and quails were plentiful. They alerted a deer often enough to keep the boys on the look-out; and although the fish bit better on days they were not there, still, they had enough to eat, and they thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

One night after crossing into Indian Territory they camped near Blue Jacket. As soon as the smell of frying bacon arrested the aroma of the greasewood, a shifty-eyed cowboy rode into camp. He slid from his saddle, dropped his bridle-reins, snapped hobbles on the pony's forefeet, and hunkered down at the fireside circle. He passed his plate and was not averse to eating more when that was gone. Finally his attention went back to the browsing horse which he said he would 'stake out on fattenin' grass unless someone here wants to buy him cheap.' And for "cheap," he named "fourteen dollars; and I'll throw in the saddle and bridle if you pay cash."

That was too much of a bargain for Martin to pass up. He shelled out fourteen vacation dollars and mounted the pony. He just thought: "I'll let this pony out a little and see what he can do." They headed for Blue Jacket. The clatter of the pony's feet brought a man out from every doorway. Martin saw rifles and guns in the hands of nearly all the men, so he turned his steed from the broad thoroughfare into the darkness of the night and "really tried him

out for speed," making a wide circle back to camp. There he told his experience. Their guest took notice long enough to scoff: "They woulda' shot you, but you didn't yip. They thought you wuz a hawse thief."

The adventurers broke camp at Blue Jacket and rolled down into the Territory. Martin took the lead on horseback. The sun was warm, and for protection they let their scraggly beards grow. They wore big straw hats, Mexican vaquero style. Martin draped a shotgun across his saddle in hopes of seeing something to be killed for food. Hearing a wagon clattering toward them through a narrow defile in the sandstone hills, he pulled into a recess to afford passage for the wagon. As the oncoming wagon cleared a prominence, revealing Martin sitting quietly within the recess, gun across his saddle, the full troupe of a traveling show stood up and 'reached for the heavens'. The driver begged: "Don't shoot, Mister. Don't shoot." Martin moved nearer, and in his best simulation of the highjacker's gruff tones, said: "What day is this?" The show's lead-off man answered: "Thursday." "Well," said Martin, "I don't collect on Thursdays. You may go." They did!

The summer vacation in Kansas came to an end, and Martin re-entered Georgetown with reluctance. His absence from the city on vacation had caused him to miss a visit to the French Man-of-War, *Naide*, which had anchored in the Hudson, the Admiral extending John Crimmins an invitation to come aboard and breakfast. Susie substituted for Martin, and Archbishop Corrigan joined them. They were entertained royally by the Admiral. He showed them through the ship with its crew of six hundred, and John Crimmins thought "it a most enjoyable morning from 9 until 1:30 p.m. Our breakfast was exceedingly well prepared and served."

Martin was not thinking of the *Naide* and the "imposing ceremony." He was thinking of Fred Horniday and his mule ranch out in Kansas. Father Crimmins' mind, however, did not project itself westward. He had little sympathy for Martin's love of the 'wide open spaces' and no respect for Martin's "wild mules." He wanted his son to continue his studies at Georgetown. Again Martin sought the counsel of Father Richard. He confided that if he could not live on a mule ranch then he would trade George-

town's Latin and Greek for a course in medicine at the University of Virginia. "My special aptitude for the natural sciences," (so he presented his argument to Father Richard) "will be much in my favor if I am permitted to study medicine. I want to be a doctor." But John Crimmins was not to be persuaded.

Sixty-one years later Martin Crimmins thought over his father's attitude and commented: "Well, it could be I was obstinate." But obstinate or not, Martin walked out of Georgetown College and made his way to the railroad station. Counting his money, he found that he had enough to buy coach-fare to a point within thirty miles of Fred Horniday's mule ranch. Reserving forty cents for food, he boarded a train for the West.

There was a long ride before the conductor called a station and Martin descended into the night. When his eyes adjusted to the darkness, the station-name showed he had alighted some seventy miles short of his destination. The way-station afforded no accommodations. There were no houses, no people. He took to the ties. The night passed, as did another day and night. After about thirty miles of tramping, a village appeared down the track just as night began to turn to day. It was too early for the station-agent to put in his appearance, but the village bum was there lest he miss something. Martin, in his unaccustomed role, unburdened himself of his travelogue, vowing he had walked thirty miles. "Nearer twenty," was the laconic comment. "I'll bet you," snapped Martin. "Put up," came the call.

Martin dug into his reserve and came out with his last twenty cents. Extravagantly, he had depleted his food reserve to twenty cents. Together they walked across the street to a restaurant which was being opened for possible early customers. The restaurant owner, they agreed, would be a good stake-holder. As Martin handed over his wager, the restaurateur promptly decided in favor of the townsman as they winked at each other ever so slyly. And before Martin could intercept, his twenty cents faded out into the Kansas dawn.

For the first time in his life Martin was 'busted.' The idea of a free cup of coffee failed to appeal to the restaurant owner; and Martin began limping westward again, wonder-

ing how far, in fact, Fort Scott lay. Outside of the town he came to a small stream. His feet hurt. He cooled them in the water. A turtle came up to sit on a rock and glisten in the morning sun. Martin moved quietly forward; then he reached out and turned the turtle on its back. It struggled strenuously, kicking its feet in the air, trying to pry itself upright with extended head. With an eye on his captive, Martin foraged for wood. Soon he had a fire burning. When the wood turned to embers he became executioner and cook, covering the turtle with hot ashes and roasting him to a turn. That very morning Father Crimmins "with Susie, Lily, Mary, Tom, and Bridget, the maid" was on his way to Chicago "to visit the greatest of world fairs." They may have been enjoying mock turtle soup on The Vanderbilt Special Dining Car, but Martin, sitting on a stone by the side of a pool in Kansas, was eating roast turtle for breakfast.

A 'hay-stack hotel' that night was soft to weary bones, but the weather grew cold and shivering kept Martin awake. Daylight came again, and he made his way out of the field to the railroad track. There he found a 'Knight-of-the-rods' who was quite surprised to learn that the boy had sore feet from walking. He wanted to know why he had not taken to 'side-door-pullmans'. He chuckled quite audibly when Martin said he had no money for fare. Then he explained how simple it was to slip into a box-car while the engine was taking water and "save your feet." When the next train came along, Martin made the effort. Just as he was disappearing into an 'empty,' a brakeman yanked him out and demanded a "bum's fare." He bought his way into a cattle-car with his silver cigarette case, a birthday gift from his father, and the train moved forward to a junction. There another brakeman appeared and announced that 'his ticket had expired.' Martin bargained for an extension, delivering his last valuable, a morocco leather purse, for which he now had no use. Finally he was delivered unceremoniously to his destination.

He made his way to Fred Horniday's house. Fred's father did not appear to be surprised at having a guest so early in the morning, and tendered him a room already made ready. This Martin declined because of the 'dust of the

road,' contenting himself with lying on a sofa until called to a sumptuous breakfast. After refreshing himself he left on foot for the mule ranch five miles away. There he made a deal with Fred to 'bust' wild mules at one dollar for each year of the mule's life plus board and keep. The 'board' was taken along with the other 'hands' on the ranch. The 'keep' turned out to be Martin's saddle blanket spread in the hayloft.

Horniday gave Martin the job because the regular 'mule buster' had failed to appear at the ranch for two consecutive years. The failure to appear was not entirely accidental. The last time he was there he had had an unfortunate experience with an 'unruly'. In truth, that particular mule had pitched so hard and thrown the riders so high that the mule-breaker had no enthusiasm for an encore. In the intervening two years Mr. Horniday had been unable to get his mules 'busted' and he needed the work to be done before the mules got too old. He had, however, relegated that particular mule to the 'Lost Cause', and turned him into a pasture so he could not fight the other animals.

Martin looked over the 'mule crop' and called for help. His assistants roped the less forbidding ones, chocked them up to a post, and saddled them with a sixty-pound Pueblo saddle. With a heavy man on the mule's head, Martin mounted, and the mule 'left out bucking'. It was Martin and the mule from there on. He took a few tumbles as the work went on, but the 'mule crop' was finally harvested, save and except that five-year-old mule, now growing fatter and meaner with the passing of every week. Martin had been asking permission to ride it for some time, but Mr. Horniday refused until all the others had been broken.

"Well," said Horniday, "if you insist upon a broken neck, I'll send over to Fort Scott and have some of our friends attend the show."

Lee Stout and Ira Brown brought over some of their friends and, with the boys from Fort Scott, there was quite a gathering to see "Martin and his mule." They drove the mule out of the orchard into a clear field, for Martin had made it known he wanted "to ride that mule and not be dragged to death against tree branches." Two men finally

got ropes on him. He dragged them around until they got a rope around a tree. There he was choked into submission standing up. He was too stubborn to fall. A blanket was put over his head and he was haltered. The steelframe saddle was cinched and Martin stood aboard. The mule went to work in earnest. He cut all the known geometrical patterns in thin air and tried to contrive some new ones. Martin saw 'stars' and began to pull leather. With one tremendous jump the old mule threw his rider against the pommel of his saddle. Pain accompanied the 'shooting stars,' but fortuitously the mule quit bucking for a moment and Martin stepped to the ground. He was pleased to have the rest while his friends tied a blanket across the pommel. The pain subsided and he mounted again. With one tremendous jump the hind cinch broke, but Martin stayed on, not entirely conscious while Horniday and the crew repaired the damage. Again they turned him loose. This time he took down a sorghum field. The sorghum was a foot high and Martin figured this was just as good as any to bring this to a conclusion, so he raked the mule with the rowels of his spurs, sticking him from shoulder to flank. "I thought I'd get the pitch out of him." And Martin was thinking correctly. The mule turned out of the field and headed for a ravine . . . It must have been a half hour later when Martin regained consciousness. He was lying on the ground. His friends were gathered around him. The old mule was there, too. It stood, moist-eyed, slobbering, and perhaps wondering what that boy would do next. He did not have to wonder long, for Martin shook the stars out of his head, rubbed his torn jockey-muscle, and called for help to get on again. This time Martin did no raking, and the old mule jogged humbly back to the barn. They had come to an accord!

After the mule-breaking was over and Martin had recuperated some by the use of arnica poultices,⁴ a man appeared at the ranch and introduced himself as a private detective. He had been sent out by John Crimmins from New York to bring his son home. But Martin had a different idea about that. His caller was persuasive, advising

⁴ It was months before he got over the pain.

that his father had assured him he could go to Charlottesville and matriculate in the University of Virginia. That was convincing; and they were soon on their way to Charlottesville . . . "I was too stubborn, I suppose (reminiscently stated Martin many years later with a tone of regret) to return to New York and visit my father before I went to Charlottesville."



4. "A SHORT LIFE IN THE SADDLE, LORD"

Martin arrived in Charlottesville a few days after the Thanksgiving holidays. He brought with him a determination to become a doctor. He did not bring 'Hell' along, but by the time he had arranged for quarters for himself the railroad agent advised him of the arrival of a horse in a stock-car. 'Hell,' of course, had put in his appearance with the compliments of Father Crimmins who understood the boy's first love. Martin arranged for stabling, then checked into the University. The medical courses at the University were such that a zealous student with pre-medical training might graduate within two years. Martin, however, started behind in his class because of late arrival, but he determined to offset this handicap by putting his mind and heart into the work. He studied each morning until two-thirty. He was up each morning early,

studying again. He wasted no time walking to classes. "Reed," a gentleman of color about Martin's age, looked after that detail.

So far as Martin could ever learn, Reed had no other name. Where he came from, Martin did not know. He was, however, conveniently at the stable when Martin arrived with 'Hell'. The Negro received 'Hell', and, without arrangement, annexed himself to 'Mister Martin'. The new handyman prior to Martin's appearance at the University had been a jockey. He also had divided his time between playing the ponies and grooming "white friends," racers. Without the formalities of employment, Reed 'latched onto Hell' with all the aplomb of one having both social and economic security. From that time on Reed might be seen astride Martin's mount, wearing Martin's clothes, walking Martin's horse leisurely down the streets of Charlottesville. On these walks he had no eye for a passing Negro, but to each of Martin's 'white friends' he touched Martin's cap-brim in respectful salute. Consequently, each morning when class-time came, the zealous medical student had but to step out of his room, mount Old Hell, being held there in waiting, and speed off to the University.

Dr. Christian taught a class in anatomy. He had prepared a syllabus with a blank page to the left of the text for the convenience of students who might wish to make notes. Martin had a faculty for sketching, so he drew the text in colors - arteries in red, nerves in yellow, veins blue, and so forth. And presently Dr. Christian was referring to him as "the student with the marvelously retentive memory", when, as a matter of fact, he was merely recalling the pictures he had drawn. Even Dr. Paul Barringer went so far one day as to let him "stump the whole class by describing the seven layers of the eye," which Martin did by the color-chart in his memory.

Christmas Day, 1894, came and John Crimmins, with his family at home now reduced to eight children, "attended on the dinner which has been my custom to furnish the inmates of the Home for the Aged . . . with 288 men and women, and it passed off very pleasantly, but Martin, who is now in the University of Virginia studying medicine, is not with us." The absent son, however, appeared near the

end of the day, this being his first visit with the family since his unceremonious departure for the western mule ranch.

The regular session of the University came to a close but Martin thought he would simulate the status of Virginia opulence and mix it with summer study. He, therefore, went out to see Mrs. Bruce Stockton at **The Brook**, her colorful home five miles from the University. He arranged to be her summer guest. This arrangement, of course, included "Hell" and his keeper, Reed.

Hell, by this time, had acquired a roached mane, a bobbed tail (in the style of all good polo ponies) and a reputation for speed and jumping. Reed had performed the arts of grooming while Martin lost no opportunity to enhance his horse's reputation as a jumper. Neither however laid emphasis on the traits which gave him his merited name. The horse and owner soon acquired such renown that even the sheriff of the county rode out with the Stockton boys to see the young New Yorker who "rode his pony bareback and controlled him by restricting his breathing with his hands which he clamped over his nostrils."

Young Stockton must have had another purpose in visiting with Martin that day, for he mentioned, ever so casually, that "the most beautiful girl in all Virginia is staying over at Branch Cunningham's. She is just down from Baltimore and I think she would be interested in such a skilled horseman." So Martin and Wood Stockton recruited Marsh Walker, and they rode boldly over to see the newcomer. In due time, Martin was visibly convinced she was "more beautiful than described." Qualities of such an obvious nature caused Martin to linger a little longer than the others when time came to say goodbye.

In passing Martin's pony, his friends thought it a good idea to change saddles. They did so, giving him one with the cinch too long for Old Hell. They then rode on, leaving the whims of Hell to be demonstrated according to the pony's own ideas. A Negro, who had been left as caretaker of the horses while the young men visited with the lady from Baltimore, and had found a shade for a much-needed nap when the saddle was being exchanged, became "all attention" again when Martin appeared and tipped him in

grand style. He even sought to hold Hell by the bridle to assist Martin in mounting. Such an intrusion upon Old Hell's independence made him revert to nature, and up he went, the saddle slipping. Then he went over backwards. Martin's leg bore the brunt of the melee with a resulting Pott's fracture and dislocated right ankle. This exhibition of horsemanship was not included in his intended 'farewell to the lady fair'; but he made the best of a bad situation, and humbling himself to the assistance of the Negro, mounted and rode toward **The Brook**. As Hell was yet too excited to permit Martin to open gates while mounted, he jumped the low panels, and losing the ford, swam the river. Finally the horse and rider arrived at the Stockton home, the rider angry and in great pain.

The Baltimore girl had extracted a willing promise from Martin that he would be back again that afternoon, so resting for a time (not being sure his leg was fractured) and with a change of clothing, he hopped back to the stable to make good his promise. But Hell was not even yet in a cooperative mood. Again he went over backwards, this time catching Martin under his body, bloodying his nose and smelling him up in the barnyard straw. Back he went for another shirt and a bit of 'policing up' but he arrived in time for his appointment. It was of no avail, however; for Mrs. Cunningham looked at his leg and put him to bed. The next morning he went riding back to **The Brook** resting on a mattress placed in the bed of a wagon. Dr. Hugh Nelson came out to **The Brook** and reduced the fracture. Martin begged for a strong cast and the doctor was cooperative. With his leg thus strengthened, he soon returned to the University by riding Old Hell across country. When they reached the stone fence which enclosed the campus, Hell cleared it with inches to spare, thus bringing his rider within hopping distance of Dr. Christian's class in anatomy.

The fracture of the condyle caused a limping in the right ankle which lamed Martin for a long time, but he forgot the pain when the news reached him just before Easter, 1897, that the Deep Run Hunt Club of Richmond had set the date for its annual steeple chase. Martin knew many of the horses who were to participate and he made plans to be present. The train into Richmond, on the day of the run,

arrived late, just in time for Martin to hire a private conveyance and hurry out to the course five miles from the city. The race was about to start as he reached the stables. There he met a perturbed Englishman named White, and Mr. Cary Ruffin Randolph of Edge Hill, Virginia. They confided to the new arrival that they had entered **Captain Garland** but had no one to ride him.

Martin professed an acquaintance with **Captain Garland** by calling to Mr. Randolph's attention the fact that he had ridden him once in hurdle practice. He knew the horse had great possibilities as a steeple chaser; and although Messrs. White and Randolph agreed enthusiastically with Martin's evaluation of the horse, even adding opinions of their own, regretting all the time they talked that they were just about to be disqualified "until fortunately you came," still they made no mention of the fact that **Captain Garland** was a dangerous horse, that he had been taken off the course the previous year, that two jockeys had been killed while riding him before he had been cut back from racer to hunter. They did evidence their undying gratitude, however, when Martin indicated he would weigh in and ride **Captain Garland**, "a sure winner."

Martin was pleased, but not altogether surprised, that these experienced steeplechasers would recognize his horsemanship, and he hesitated to ride only because he had no suitable habit. A hasty check of the stables brought forth nothing that would fit a six-foot boy. The warning bell rang. The judges signalled that **Captain Garland's** rider must weigh-in or the horse would be disqualified. Martin shucked his coat, threw down his hat, picked up a saddle, and scaled in at one hundred fifty pounds, a qualifying weight.

Captain Garland was slow at the get-away. A chuckle went up from the spectators as he moved out seventh and in last place. Martin heard the jeers of the crowd and gave him rein. The Captain went rapidly to the front; in fact, he went too fast for the three and one-half mile course. Martin spied Lieutenant Walter Cowin Short a length ahead. Short, of the Sixth United States Cavalry, was recognized to be the best steeplechaser in the army. Martin was buoyed. There, only a closing length ahead, was the famed steeplechaser, entrant in seventeen horseshows and handler

of many thoroughbreds that season. What Martin did not see, and he had no way of knowing, was: Lieutenant Short and Charles Hurcamp had dual entrants in the race. Hurcamp was riding a horse that was solid and fairly fast, good for a three and one-half mile run. Short, billed in the minds of the spectators (only) as the winner, was riding their fastest short-distance horse, put there to set a pace too fast for **Captain Garland**. He was to lure **Captain Garland** into exhaustion so that Hurcamp could win in the stretch.

Martin's lack of experience accidentally changed the design. Seeing that Short was riding hard, and feeling that **Captain Garland** had a great reserve, he let him out a little more, intending to take the lead away from Short. And as the distance closed to a length, then nearly abreast, a four and one-half foot hedge skirted by a six-foot open ditch showed in the fore. Before Martin's mind could take in the situation and just as **Captain Garland** tensed for the jump, Short's horse veered from the straight-away. The horses collided. **Captain Garland** lost his balance and horse and rider piled up together in the bottom of the ditch. Both lay unconscious.

Dr. Isiah Oppenheimer suddenly appeared and looked on while Martin was being dragged out from under. The doctor was a regular attendant at steeplechases, locating himself at the worst hurdles, not being averse, so he said, "to picking up an occasional injury case and at the same time see the races." Well, when Martin had been stretched out on the turf, the doctor felt his pulse, and signalled to a passing farm wagon. The boy was lifted aboard, covered with a sheet, and trundled off toward the morgue. The doctor went along, just in case. Perhaps he, too, lacked full faith and confidence in a hasty diagnosis! As the wagon was passing **The Retreat for the Sick**, a Richmond hospital, the boy's pulse was felt again. There was a flicker. "Pull in," commanded Dr. Oppenheimer; and Martin lay nine days in the hospital before he regained full consciousness.

On that same Saturday, April 24, 1897, John Crimmins left his Hotel Savoy apartment where he had been staying while the carpenters enlarged his city home. He was to attend the dinner of the Reform Club at the **Waldorf**. It was "a largely attended dinner. Ex-President Cleveland,

and others of the cabinet, spoke." After bidding Mr. Cleveland goodbye, he took a cab over to the **Sturtevant House** and "visited with the 69th Regiment veterans at their banquet." It was the anniversary of the departure of the regiment for the war in 1861. He became disgusted with one of the speechmakers, "Mayor Gleason of Long Island, in which he prophesied he would be mayor of Greater New York and then contractors can not run it." John Crimmins bristled under the imputation and left the banquet-hall for his apartment. When he arrived at his hotel "at one o'clock from the dinner, I was greatly shocked in opening a telegram to learn that Martin, my son, was seriously injured by being thrown from his horse in a steeplechase at Richmond, Virginia. The telegram stated that he was unconscious and in a critical condition, suffering from concussion of the brain. Martin has been for three years at the University of Virginia studying medicine. He is very fond of horses and hunting. I pray the injury will not be so serious as mentioned."

Encouragement for Martin's recovery came on Sunday. Also, "many people, noticing the newspaper account of the accident, called to inquire", but Father Crimmins remained "very nervous and shattered by the anxiety." Uncle Tom left for Richmond early Sunday morning and "at 9:10 p.m. telegraphed that Martin recognized him." About three hours after Uncle Tom left New York to go to his injured nephew, Father Crimmins' anxiety caused him to "start secretary, Mr. Barry, for Richmond." At eleven-thirty that night Mr. Barry wired that "the injury is not likely to be serious."

Susie came in from Noroton Monday afternoon and attempted to divert her father's mind from Martin's mishap. They drove out to the new Grant Monument. When the drive was over they were met at the hotel by Mary, Constance, Cyril, Mercedes, Evelyn, and Clarence, who had come in from Firwood to view the grand parade which was to take place the next day, and to hear the dedication of the completed Grant Monument. President McKinley had arrived in the city. He was met by the governor and the mayor, but John Crimmins remained quietly in his hotel quarters to write in his Diary:

The telegrams from Martin are encouraging. Viewed the

parade from the windows of room. Mr. Frank Thompson, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, sent a telegram inquiring about Martin.

Martin's brother John took up the vigil at Richmond, remaining until the fourth of May. He returned home and reported Martin much improved, but two days later Father Crimmins sent him back "to persuade him to obey the doctor's instructions and remain in the hospital until he becomes stronger," explaining that "Martin is desirous of returning to the University at Charlottesville." It was plain that Father Crimmins felt his power over Martin diminishing. He was shifting responsibility to John while he turned to his ever-handy Diary to record his feelings:

On Saturday April 24, when Martin was thrown from the horse he was riding in the steeplechase, he received a serious shock to the head, producing a contusion of the brain and paralysis. I was greatly disturbed by this. Martin has met with several accidents which I attribute to his indifference to my advice. He traveled to Richmond to ride without any experience with the horse on the course he rode over. His life was spared, Thank God. And I hope he will guide his life and act under reasonable condition hereafter, at least.

John's solicitude with Martin bore no results, so he had to telegraph his father on the eighth of May that he and Martin were "back in Charlottesville much improved." Martin stuck it out at the University for ten days; then, suddenly, he decided to go back to New York where he arrived "with Will Ryan and his colored servant for a rest, weak, but in appearance looking well." Father Crimmins expected "him to grow stronger daily."

A week out at Firwood proved beneficial to the young student with the broken neck, and he was ready for company when Mr. and Mrs. Percy Evans and Miss Pizzinni of Richmond arrived to inquire about him. John Crimmins was quite pleased at their coming and immediately became the perfect host. His diary entry of that day discloses: "Mrs. Evans was the first person that recognized Martin after the fall in the steeple chase at Richmond." The visitors were importuned to remain at Noroton for the week. In their honor, John Crimmins "remained out of the city myself and with my daughters and lady guests drove to Nor-

walk and then to Canaan. The day was pleasant and all enjoyed the drive." On Sunday Father O'Brien and Captain Wilmot were invited to dine and to meet the guests. After dinner Miss McCann and Miss Cuddihy joined the visitors and together "we viewed Lily's portrait by Muzig which has been sent out from New York for the occasion."

After the departure of the guests, Martin went into the city with his father who had to attend "a meeting with the President of the Pennsylvania Railroad to discuss the purchase of the Richmond Ferry running between Bayonne and Staten Island. Mr. Green, first vice president, was present." Mr. Crimmins concluded to stay out of the ferry business and the meeting broke up, although three days later - as if by mere chance he met "Colonel Green and Mr. Barber of the Asphalt Company" with the result that "I am to use Mr. Barber's steam yacht, the **Calypso**, for the month of July. We did not settle terms. Mr. Barber said he would leave the value to me and ordered the captain to report." Terms were not settled on the purchase of the ferry, either; but the **Calypso** arrived "with a crew, Captain Small, and thirteen on board." Martin was not one of those present. He chose to remain in the city at the Madison Avenue home. He did, however, ride the train out to Noroton and take a Sunday cruise with the family, lunching aboard.

The following Sunday Martin was absent again, but the family "sailed up the Sound and around Blackwell's Island." While sailing, the **Calypso** passed **The Corsair** at anchor off Great neck. "She afterwards overhauled us and the Commodore being aboard (J. Pierpont Morgan), he saluted us as she was heading from Glen Cove." On the following Monday, Martin condescended to become a sailor for a day, and the **Calypso** took him aboard in New York. He went out to see the yacht races; but there was no wind. The next morning he boarded the steam yacht again, intending to ride into the city with his father, but the **Calypso** developed engine trouble. Father Crimmins abandoned ship and rode the train into New York, leaving Martin to finish the trip alone. It was nearly mid-afternoon before he came ashore. John Crimmins had played in better luck. Chauncey Depew was on the train and they dined together.

Yachting was not Martin's favorite sport, but he did

make one more trip on the boat when Peter Martin of San Francisco, his old Georgetown College friend, came out for a visit. They sailed "to Oyster Bay and then to Larchmount Club. The day was perfect for sailing and was very much enjoyed." At this stage John Crimmins found "my business will keep me in the city and I do not expect to have much more pleasure from yachting," so he returned the **Calypso** to the owner after he and Martin rode it into the city. Before doing so, however, he "had Steward show me his account. He has \$11.76 to my credit."

September arrived. Martin was in good health again and ready to return to his medical studies, which he did with his original enthusiasm, determined to regain his class standing. Christmas saw him out at Firwood again where his family had assembled, this year breaking a tradition of holding their celebrations in the city home. Of the day, John Crimmins wrote:

December 25th (1897) CHRISTMAS DAY — Firwood on the Sound. We are celebrating this joyous day at Firwood. On Wednesday three of the servants came with Cyril, Evelyn, and Clarence; Thursday, Constance and Mercedes; Friday, John, Martin, Mary, Tom, and myself. The carriages and butlers are here. Martin came from the University of Virginia. Today we have the Christmas tree in the Garden House . . . beautifully decorated with their and my presents. The childrens presents are placed about the tree. I could not begin to enumerate them. Susie and Albert and my grandson are the only ones absent . . . I explained to the good poor people that I could not be with them this Christmas. They said I could have a dispensation.

The absence of Susie and Albert was accounted for by the fact that "On Monday, I was blessed with a Grandson . . . hearty and looks well nourished . . . who will resemble his father." Then in a meditative mood he made a record of the improvements he had made at the country place, including the nearby farm which he had purchased to add to the environs of Firwood. Couching his language in terms which show that he knew that another generation — not his — would soon be in control of Firwood and 'the farm,' he noted the expense but did not complain of it. "Although the improvements on the farm have cost quite an amount, I have rather liked the institution and have,

by expense, made a part of it that may recompense me for the expense." That 'recompense,' he stated, is "the strong motive I have that it will be the objective place for the children to make visits. Their chickens, ducks, pheasants, rabbits and dogs will be here. Cyril, Evelyn and Clarence have planted fruit trees in the orchard, and I will endeavor to have the younger children find some attraction in the place. I expect to call the farm **Glenbreckin** or **Glen of the Little Trout**. **Glenbreckin** is borrowed from the name of a small town in Ireland. My city house promises to be all that I expected."

Martin extended his visit to **Firwood** and **Glen of the Little Trout** until after the New Year celebration at which among dozens of guests, was "Albert G. Jennings, junior (not christened); and needless to say, the grandson was the center of attraction." Mr. Crimmins had sent out "to members of the Wee Burn Golf Club and a few other residents in the city" a beautifully designed New Year card and "Firwood was honored by a large number of visitors. The table was set in the cottage and the callers expressed their great pleasure and greeted us warmly. All the children, except John and Martin, attended mass in the morning."

Although the University of Virginia resumed classes after the New Year holiday, Martin found plausible cause to tarry another two weeks in Firwood. He busied himself in packing "the remaining books selected for the library in the city." When this was accomplished he "shipped 27 cases of wine, but the day being rainy will not ship the books." Then he and his father "left Firwood to Cameron, the gardener, and three men who will look after the chickens, four cows, five horses, and two ponies in the barn stables." They went direct to the newly renovated Crimmins home in New York. There was another delay of a week in the city before the young medico saw classrooms again. Much to his delight, despite a late matriculation, a broken leg, a dislocated ankle, a fractured vertebra(and possibly a few minor feminine smashups), his name was posted for graduation in June. Within five months his goal might be reached! He might be a Doctor of Medicine.

Martin's interest in medicine was genuine but a disquietude had taken possession of him. Peaceful pursuits no long-

er appealed to him. Louise Imogene Guinney expressed his thinking when she wrote:

A short life in the saddle, Lord;
Not long life by the fire.

The cause of his great unrest came out of each morning's paper as he read of the tension in the world. Spain was being scored every hour for the hideous infamy that attended her last two years rule in Cuba. Clara Barton, with an anxiety for the suffering of soldiers and feeling that her newly organized Red Cross was to be put to a crucial test again, was stepping in and out of the offices of high-ranking officials at Washington. Theodore Roosevelt, who had abandoned his New York residence to assume the position as Assistant Secretary of the Navy at Washington, "saw Miss Clara Barton yesterday (March 28, 1898)."¹

As a subordinate official, Roosevelt was feeling his power in the administration. He was entirely in accord with Miss Barton's efforts to make ready for war. She might merely have wished to ameliorate the results of war, but Roosevelt yearned for the war itself. While he regretted that "The Assistant Secretary has properly nothing to do with military operations," he confessed he "took upon myself the responsibility of interfering with what was not my business," and he chuckled as he wrote: "I was permitted so to interfere, for I have very strong convictions on this crisis; convictions, I fear, that do not commend themselves to my official superiors."

The 'crisis' — a Rooseveltian handy-word — being read about by Martin, as well as the entire world, was not of overnight making. For three years the Cubans had been in revolt against Spanish rule. Despite drastic, often inhumane, measures, Spain had been unable to resubjugate the Island colony. Spaniards held "Havana and the seaports and all the considerable towns (but) the insurgents roamed at will over at least two-thirds of the inland country." President Cleveland's last Congress passed a resolution declaring the neutrality of the United States but "accorded belligerent rights to both parties." In other words, the

¹ The Letters of Theodore Roosevelt: Morison; Harvard Univ. Press, 1951.

United States would take no part in the fight but recognized that they had the right to fight if they so wished. At the same time he tendered "the friendly offices of the United States to Spain for the recognition of the independence of Cuba." President Cleveland would go no further than to say that "the excesses on both sides have become more frequent and more deplorable." To this mild castigation he solemnly appended the warning, however, that a situation **might** develop "in which our obligation to the sovereignty of Spain will be suspended by higher obligations." The American people interpreted this to mean: If independence is not granted to the Cuban people, the United States will enforce their liberation. The 'Yellow Press' and the 'Jingoes' trumpeted the Cause of Cuban Liberty and this pressure was felt by both the retiring Democratic and in-coming Republican administrations. So impressed was President-elect McKinley that he called upon the retiring Cleveland, the evening before the inauguration, to assure him of his approval of the status of the Cuban affair. At the same time he deplored the possibility of war:

Mr. President (said McKinley as he extended his hand): If I can only go out of office at the end of my term with the knowledge that I have done what lay in my power to avert this terrible calamity with the success that has crowned your patience and persistence, I shall be the happiest man in the world.

The new Congress seemed to favor intervention in Cuba but McKinley was content to pursue the previous administration's 'threaten-but-don't-fight' policy. He complimented himself upon having "prevented the departure of a single military expedition or armed vessel from our shores in violation of our laws." But when riots broke out on the Island and it looked as if Congress might take unto itself its exclusive right to declare war, thus sidetracking the President as the leader of the nation and the commander-in-chief of the army, McKinley softened the tones of the critics by sending the Battleship Maine to Havana as "an act of friendly courtesy." Spain immediately called the bluff by acknowledging the "act of cordial friendship" and stated she would "reciprocate such friendly and courteous demonstrations and have vessels of our squadron visit ports of the

U. S. in passing to and fro from the Island of Cuba.”

Although not authorized to speak for the Navy Department, Theodore Roosevelt grew bolder and bolder as the Cuban situation developed. He wrote his chief a memorandum sharply suggesting the allocation of all vessels of war, advising that certain ships should be returned to home bases. Nothing could have been nearer in-subordination than his memorandum:

Certain things should be done if there is any reasonable chance of trouble with Spain. For instance, the disposition of the fleet on foreign stations should be radically altered, and altered, without delay. For six or eight months we have been sending small cruiser and gunboats to various parts of the world with a total disregard of the fact that in the event of war this would be the very worst possible policy to have pursued. If scattered about the high seas they would be worse than useless. They would run the risk of being snapped up by the powerful ships of the enemy. If we have war with Spain we will have immediate need for every gunboat and cruiser that we can possibly get together to blockade Cuba.

Then in a confidential letter to Francis Kruger Moore, dated February 8, 1898, he voiced his real sentiments:

I should like myself to shape our foreign policy for the purpose of driving off this continent every European power. I would begin with Spain.

Then he added, for political security considerations: “The only reason I asked you to treat my letter as confidential is: I have no right to publish opinions which my chiefs in the administration very possibly do not share.”

It was not a case of “very possibly,” for Roosevelt knew in fact that McKinley did not share such opinions with him, although by all signs the President was weakening, and leaning more and more toward the Rooseveltian view. He still was trying to steer a course, like Grover Cleveland, which would keep the peace; but he, unlike Cleveland, was listening more and more to adamant leaders in Congress and cogitating the political effect of the attacks of the ‘jingo.’ He had no difficulty, however, in placing Theodore Roosevelt’s senatorial spokesman, Henry Cabot Lodge. That senator more nearly represented the war-party than any other man in Congress. Lodge indulged in no subter-

fuges. He spoke his mind. He believed, and so stated: "Congress has no diplomatic functions or attributes. With a foreign nation it has but one weapon - the war power."

Such a declaration, of course, focused public criticism upon the President. Roosevelt showed his displeasure - as well as grimacing big white teeth - avowing that "letters and telegrams are being received from men who consider themselves to be the ablest and most representative citizens - its leading bankers, merchants, and lawyers - and these letters and telegrams, almost without exception, are couched in terms of abject fear, and abject anger, which comes from fear." He was "amazed and horrified at the peace-at-any-price telegrams of the most abject descriptions which come from New York, Boston, and elsewhere," but he could "Thank my God; my skirts are clear." He had "spoken with the utmost plainness and directness to the President, in the presence of the Cabinet, urging the only action that seems compatible with our honor and dignity in this crisis."

On February 15, while laying at anchor in the Havana Harbor, Spain, or some of her adherents, unleashed "an act of friendly courtesy" into the prow of the Battleship **Maine**. After a succession of explosions it sank to the bottom taking with her the lives of two officers and 258 men. Now, Roosevelt confessed that "it is with great difficulty I can restrain myself (after) the treacherous destruction of the **Maine** and the murder of our men." The Secretary of the Navy was not to be stampeded so readily. Long afterwards he was able to say: "The mystery of the loss of the **Maine** yet remains to be solved."

Martin had been back in the University less than three weeks when the catastrophe of the **Maine** became front page news. He followed his idol in the Navy Department in thinking that 'Humanity requires that we should interfere on behalf of the Cubans; that we should decline longer to allow the obvious hideous welter at our doorsteps.' Too, he was not the only young man to believe Roosevelt was speaking for him when he said that the treatment of the Cubans "has been swallowed up in the **Maine** affair. For this, we demand reparations."

Theodore Roosevelt had made up his mind "to go to Cuba if there is a war." He had "preached what our oppo-

nents had been pleased to call 'Jingo doctrines' for a good many years . . . that we are armchair and parlor jingoes who wish to see others do what we only advocate doing . . . I cannot afford not to live up to the doctrines I preach." He had, however, "no desire before my time has come to go out into the everlasting darkness (but) men like myself should go to war."

Roosevelt was by no means certain how he could get into Cuba. "The army may not be employed at all, and even if it is employed, it will consist chiefly of regular troops, and as regards the volunteers only a small proportion can be taken from the multitudes who are even now coming forward . . . therefore if I stay here I shall be eating my heart out." Roosevelt had a saying that he put himself in the path of events and things happened to him. As a generality that was true, but he had nothing whatever to do with putting himself in the path of Doctor Leonard Wood one evening at Attorney Lowndes dinner party shortly after arriving in Washington fresh from the New York Police Department. That evening he met the doctor, who had come to Washington from the West and was serving as Mrs. McKinley's physician. Theodore Roosevelt was so impressed with the quiet doctor that he wrote Edith at Oyster Bay:

In the evening I dined with the Lowndes who were just dear. There was a very interesting Dr. Wood of the army there; he had been all through these last Apache campaigns, which were harassing beyond belief.

Wood and Roosevelt walked home together and it was but a matter of days until the two were "to take a walk, or a football kick, or something vigorous", Roosevelt addressing him as 'Leonard.' They put together a scheme to go to the Klondike "to supply the starving miners with reindeer meat"; but the explosion under the **Maine** diverted their attentions; and on the morning following the disaster Leonard Wood presented himself to President McKinley. With becoming sincerity, he tendered his services, not in line with his profession, but as a soldier. McKinley shook his head: "This is a time for cool heads and cautious tongues."

But there were not enough cool heads and cautious

tongues. Hot heads and incautions tongues wrought a change in the attitude of the administration, and Roosevelt "Thanked Heaven, this morning, it looks as if the administration has made up its mind to lead the movement instead of resisting it." He was right. McKinley had succumbed to the pressure, declaring an armed blockade of all Cuban ports. Then Roosevelt turned policy maker, or at least, military adviser to Elihu Root, scheduled for McKinley's Secretary of War, importuning him:

Let us fight on the broad ground of securing the independence of a people, who, whether they amount to much or not, have been treated with hideous brutality by the oppressors; and on the ground of putting a medieval power, once for all, out of the Western world; and finally with the determination to get the only satisfaction we can for our murdered men, not by taking blood money from them, but by securing the two objects outlined above.

The blockade brought the anticipated result. Two days after the American edict Spain declared her belligerency. The next day (April 25, 1898) Congress met the challenge. Now, Roosevelt was more agitated than ever. His was "bitter wrath and humiliation at the absolute lack of plans." His humiliation did not extend, however, to the Navy Department, for "We have our plans for the Navy; beyond that (and not for publication) there is absolutely nothing."

Martin Crimmins, at Charlottesville, was eagerly glean- ing rumors coming out of Washington. If Roosevelt, sitting as he was at the fountain-source, didn't have "the slightest idea what the Army intends to do, or indeed what the scheme of operation is", Martin would not be expected to understand but, even at that moment, his father's old friend, General Fitzhugh Lee, was headed toward battlefields again and Roosevelt took time out to write Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, failing to blunt the jibe he directed at the old man: "The good old Southron, General Lee, is going to Richmond on Saturday, but he has an immense amount of unopened mail on his desk, and I am not certain when his acceptance will reach you." It was openly stated in Virginia, also, that 'another good old Southron of Confederate Cavalry fame' would ride again - this time against the Spaniards and not around Union forces as had been his wont during the late

Sixties. He was none other than General John Singleton Mosby.

Mosby's reputation in Virginia was such as youth thrilled to emulate. Born in Edgemont, Virginia, he was twenty-eight years old when Fitzhugh Lee found need for his daring. He had joined the Confederate ranks as a private, but soon became a cavalryman of distinction under the command of J. E. B. Stuart and the 'Old Southron'. He was so unorthodox however, in his raids against the Union forces that General Sherman branded him as a guerilla and hanged seven of his followers without the formality of trials. Just to keep the record straight and the score even, Mosby raided again. He left behind seven suspended Union ex-cavalrymen placarded with the notice that 'he would always keep the count even.'

The end of the Civil War gave the Unionists no advantage over Mosby. General Grant interceded and Mosby moved westward where he quietly took up the practice of law in San Francisco. With trouble brewing with Spain, Dame Rumor had him back in Richmond; and Martin slipped off to the capital to join the 'Mosby Cavalry'. His absence from classes attracted the attention of the president of the University and Father Crimmins was promptly told what was in the offing. Many years later Martin found these two sentences in his father's diary:

For some time Martin has tried to join a Virginia regiment of the cavalry. He has a high opinion of Virginians, but he did not succeed in finding a regiment prepared.²

Of course the Mosby regiment was never prepared, and Martin went back to the classrooms. Roosevelt, who had done so much to bring about the war as to have it dubbed 'Roosevelt's war', found himself in the peculiar position of not being 'prepared' either. Neither was there a berth prepared for him. He thought "there would not be a chance for any of us to go in the volunteer organization" and, looking about for a place to land, he forgot his jibe at the Old Southron with the unopened mail and appealed to General Fitzhugh Lee to take him along. But there was no place for him with Lee, so he was put to the expedient of thinking of organizing a company

² Martin Crimmins did not know of his father's information and attitude until he found the notation in the diary years after John Crimmin's death.

of his own. "I shall try to raise a company in Billings County.³ Then when he cogitated with the idea, he decided it should be more than a company: "It will probably be a regiment of mounted riflemen". And of course he was thinking in terms of his own cowboy experiences. Having thus put himself in the path of events, something happened.

Two months before the declaration of war the Governor of Arizona asked permission of the War Department to raise a regiment of mounted riflemen. Perhaps this is where Roosevelt got the idea of a company of Billings men, then a regiment of riflemen. But how Senator Warren^{3x} of Wyoming took over the idea, ballooned it into a rider to the Army Bill authorizing the recruitment of "three regiments to be composed exclusively of frontiersmen possessing special qualifications as horsemen and marksmen", is not clear. Senator Warren's riders, however, became the law which authorized recruits to be drawn 'from the Rocky Mountain Region.'

Before the bill passed, Roosevelt prated his qualifications at random. To General Tillinghast he had written:

I want to go. Pray remember, in some shape, I want to go.

I was three years in the National Guard, and have had a great deal of experience in handling men.

To another he thought that having been a "sheriff in Montana" should qualify him; and besides having been a sheriff he had "a horror of the people who bark but don't bite." He wrote Wadsworth: "With Willie Chanler and myself as Lieutenant Colonels, I am sure he would be delighted to have you as a major." He even thought 'down the scale' far enough to "like to put Wood in as a major (and) we will have a jim-dandy regiment if we are allowed to go. He (Leonard Wood) is an army surgeon but he wants to go in the fighting line. He is a tremendous athlete."

Before the public had an opportunity to give the recruitment of three regiments of mounted riflemen any consideration, Secretary of War, Alger, acting for President McKinley, gave Theodore Roosevelt a shock for which he was

³ Obviously, he was thinking of Billings County, Montana, and the rough mountain men.

^{3x} Francis E. Warren (1844-1929), U. S. Senator from Wyoming from 1890 until his death. He became known as "the father-in-law of John J. Pershing".

not quite 'prepared.' He announced the appointment of Roosevelt as Colonel of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry. Being confronted with the reality of a command, Roosevelt was entirely too intelligent, despite his enthusiasm, to accept. He, therefore, presented his compliments to the Secretary of War and declined, stating that, in his opinion, the colonel of the regiment should be a man of experience in the field. Having graciously shifted the responsibility, he proposed the appointment of Captain Leonard Wood, "one of the most promising, enterprising, intelligent, fearless officers of the army, thoroughly equipped to exercise command of a regiment, a man of great ability and courage." On behalf of himself, however, he stated that he could **learn to command** "but the thirty days spent in learning would be the very thirty days needed to get into the fight."

This suggestion, of course, meant that, should Captain Leonard Wood go as colonel, Roosevelt would condescend to go in second place. The Secretary was agreeable. The commissions were issued, but not until Captain Leonard Wood with tongue in cheek - informed Roosevelt the President's original proposition really was to give each of them the command of one of the three mounted regiments. Then in typical soldier fashion Leonard Wood commandeered some experienced non-commissioned officers and set to work in an office on G Street making requisitions for every piece of equipment needed by the regiment. Forty eight hours later, Colonel Wood walked into the office of the Secretary of War. He placed the requisitions on the desk and quietly sat down to await signatures. He got them before leaving. Then he sent telegrams to the governors of the Rocky Mountain States and Indian Territory requesting formation of companies, announced that San Antonio, Texas, would be the formal concentration point, and quietly left for his new headquarters.

The newspapers of the nation immediately gave much space to the 'Rocky Mountain Boys', 'the mounted riflemen of the West.' Twenty-three thousand men and boys offered their services. Among them was Martin Crimmins. He wrote from Charlottesville direct to Theodore Roosevelt at Washington, who had been left behind by Leonard Wood to "hurry up the shipments of the troops, rifles, etc." De-

spite Roosevelt's care, the necessary army tents were forwarded to San Antonio by freight instead of express, as the War Department explained, "to save expense." Colonel Wood, as a consequence, had many an anxious moment before they arrived.

Martin Crimmins' request to "take me along" brought from Roosevelt a rejection similar to that which he had been writing thousands of men:

The men are to be raised in the Rocky Mountain States, but it may be I can get them to include a company from New York. We want nobody who has not had some experience with both the horse and the rifle, and who is not sound of heart and body. Whether I can do anything for you I do not know. If I can, I will. But you must have everything ready so I can slash you in if there is a failure of recruits in the West, as there very well may be.

Dr. Paul Barringer, president of the University of Virginia, kept himself advised on Martin's efforts to join the army and promptly posted John Crimmins on developments. Father Crimmins responded: "I'll give my approval on the condition that he enters the army through patriotic motives." Just how Dr. Barringer was to test Martin's patriotic motives, however, was not specified!

The original authorization of recruitment was for seven hundred eighty men to the regiment. Roosevelt, however, wished to put in "some Eastern men," and securing permission to increase The First Regiment to one thousand men, wired his friend, Guy Murchie: "Bring on your men so that I can enlist them at eighteen fourteen G Street, Washington, D. C., at ten Thursday morning, May fifth, without fail. Answer." But before Murchie could "bring on your men" charges of favoritism in recruiting began to appear over the nation. Joseph Lincoln Steffens, writing for the *New York Evening Post*, brought upon himself Roosevelt's ire for referring to Guy Murchie's contingent from New York as "the men with the swellest names." The Lieutenant Colonel pointedly resented the allusion in a telegraphic reply: "Hardly know what **you** would call 'swellest names.' Think it would be a little bit bad for the men to say which they were, but there are a number of Knickerbocker and Somerset Club as well as Harvard and Yale men going as troopers,

to be exactly on the level with the cowboys. They are mostly men born in the Southwest or have lived there a great deal." The Steffens' reference to the 'swellest names' was the signal for other publications to shiver arrows against the 'favorites' and they became known as 'The Swells,' 'Roosevelt's Pets,' 'Roosevelt's Terrors,' 'The Fifth Avenue Boys,' 'The Millionaires' Sons,' 'The Society Swells,' 'The New York 400,' and 'The Gentleman Bankers.' The name which stuck to them, however, was 'The Fifth Avenue Boys'.

Martin, being away from New York, missed out in recruiting with 'The Fifth Avenue Boys,' but he applied for enrollment again when he read "The Millionaire's Sons have been in Washington a day or two getting equipped for the campaign and in consulting with their junior commander, Theodore Roosevelt." The newspapers gave their Washington stop-over considerable notice, describing how they left Roosevelt's office just after the news of Dewey's victory over the Spanish navy in Manila Bay had been received "and the jubilant officials gathered in the corridors and gave them a rousing ovation as they departed."

Colonel Leonard Wood kept his lieutenant in Washington another six days after The Fifth Avenue boys passed through, "hurrying up the different bureaus and telegraphing my railroad friends so as to insure our getting the carbines, saddles and uniforms that we need from the various armories and storehouses." Bureaucratic delay irked Roosevelt and he "began to feel like Snodgrass who is always going to begin." He "hated hanging around here (he told Col. Wood) with you in all the turmoil in bringing order out of chaos. I shall wire you this afternoon hoping you will allow me to start tomorrow." To this plea he added a postscript: "Jack Astor has offered us his mountain battery and the Secretary thinks we had better accept it."⁴

Some of the leisure time of the Lieutenant Colonel was employed in writing 'the good Old Southron,' giving him information about a Dallas, Texas, boy, William Sloan Simpson, who was going down to camp with the Fifth Avenue con-

⁴ Astor's — approximate — one hundred thousand dollar gift to the regiment served a useful purpose in Cuba.

tingent, and putting in a lick for the fast-forming cavalry regiment:

My dear General Lee: Young Simpson is with me and he is a gallant young fellow. If he earns his commission I will do my best to get it for him. Meanwhile, do, for Heaven's sake, get our regiment with you when you go to Cuba! They won't be well trained at first, but by George! they will be good for outpost work from the beginning and they will just have to fight, too.

In the hurry and bustle he almost forgot he would have to have a uniform, but remembering this detail, he wired for an "Ordinary cavalry lieutenant colonel's uniform in blue Cravanette." The need of a cavalryman for a horse he had anticipated, arranging by letter to his former hunting partner, John Moore at Uvalde, Texas:

My regiment of mounted riflemen will probably be mustered in at San Antonio. Will you do me a great favor? I would like a couple of good quiet stout horses for my own use. They must not be gun-shy. They must be trained and bridle-wise, and of course, no bucking, or anything of the kind, for I will have no time to fool with anything but a broken horse.

Roosevelt left Washington on the night of May 12. His mail, which was heavy, went ahead of him. Martin Crimmins read of his friend's departure and felt he had been overlooked. There was, however, action behind the scenes which he was not to know about until years after the death of John Crimmins when he found the diary entry:

Martin made application to Lieutenant Col. Roosevelt of the First Cavalry, at San Antonio, Texas, and was advised that the regiment was completed. I then wrote a letter to Col. Roosevelt, and, at my request, his sister, Mrs. Crowley, wrote the colonel.

As soon as it was made known that the regiment would be assembled in San Antonio, **The San Antonio Light** and **The San Antonio Express** put their reporters on the alert to cover the developments of the regiment. There were some details, however, that even the alert reporter, F. Lucke, failed to observe. Bugler Jim Brown sat in an advantageous seat to see some of those things, and especially was he fortunate on the morning of May 16th.

First, let us take a look at Jim Brown, sitting in the

front seat of the Colonel's tasseled carriage. Jim was a Wills Point, Texas, boy by birth. His residence in the north section of Texas came to an early close through the death of his father, which had been hastened by wounds and enervating service in the Grand Army of the Republic. After the death of the elder Brown, Jim went to Kansas with his mother. She too died, leaving the boy to the care of an uncle. This arrangement was mutually unsatisfactory. It seemed to Jim that every day of his life drew him into a fight. First, he fought the Wills Point boys (with the encouragement of his father) when they called him "the son of that damned Yankee, John Brown." Jim's mother could not see why this was necessary, but John Brown could, since they were the "sons of Confederates who had taken one licking and now seemed to need another." In Kansas, after living with the repressive uncle a time, Jim concluded that the going would be better down in "The Territory", so he shifted his base of operations to that rough-and-ready Indian infested cow-country. There he learned to ride, rope and shoot with the best and the roughest and there he was when Lieutenant Allyn Capron found him, pronouncing him "the finest specimen we have seen in the Territory," invited him to go along with the Indian Territory contingent of the Rough Riders. At San Antonio, he grabbed up a bugle and sought to imitate the calls of the head-bugler. Colonel Wood must have been annoyed with his musical efforts for he pointed out "that boy with the bugle" to Major Dunn with the order that Trooper James Brown should report to headquarters-tent to "act as my orderly".

Jim was slight in form, lithe in movements, of medium height, with a facial expression denoting that his mother's advice: that "all fighting is unnecessary," had left a lasting impression. Colonel Woods, always a good judge of men, saw in him an ideal orderly. He may have seen the promise of a musician, for he was permitted to continue to develop a lip for a bugle.

On the morning of May 16th, Colonel Wood, speaking in his usual soft voice, came quietly to the tent where his orderly was finishing his breakfast. "Get the phaeton," said the Colonel; and Jim was off to the picket-line. There he harnessed two scrawny, heavy-footed old horses which

had come over from Fort Sam Houston. Their days as cavalry steeds were in their glorious past, as collar-marks on their shoulders testified. "They were the best we had, and the Colonel said: They will do." He hitched them to the phaeton, and brought it around before the Colonel's tent.

"Up to that time," said Jim Brown fifty-six years later as he reminisced at the Las Vegas Reunion of his old regiment, "Colonel Wood had been dressed just like all other Rough Riders. But that morning, he came out of the tent dressed in a light brown suit. It was pressed neat and trim. He wore a campaign hat of the same color of his suit. He had cords on the hat and ornaments on his high collar. His boots glistened in the morning sun. I know. I had shined them. He stepped lightly into the phaeton, speaking only once: Take me to the Western Union telegraph office."

Jim and his commander drove quietly to the city where he picked up a big handful of telegrams. Without reading them, he said: "Now to the hotel on the Plaza." Jim interpreted that to mean **The Menger Hotel**, so he trotted the horses north around the Chili Queens stands, passed the Alamo, and brought the carriage to the front door of **The Menger Hotel**. Just as he reined in the horses, a medium-sized man with a big smile, showing larger teeth, dressed precisely like Colonel Wood, burst through the door of **The Menger**. Colonel Wood stepped quickly to the sidewalk and advanced to meet the new-comer. Then much to Jim's astonishment, they hugged each other. "I had never seen anything like that before. I didn't know that men ever hugged each other. I sat there embarrassed. But the two men paid no attention to me at the time. They got into the carriage. They seemed to have so much to talk about that they did not notice that I had started the team back toward camp. The carriage was a two-seated open carriage, the top supported by four corner steel-posts. A long fringe, hanging down from the flat top around the edge, swayed with each jolt of the vehicle. "I watched the swinging fringe, and listened to "Bully! Bully!" coming from the back seat.

"Finally, Colonel Wood stated: 'By the way, Colonel; this is James Brown, one of our troopers; and a good man, too.' At that Trooper Brown became more embarrassed,

and when he who had been addressed as 'Colonel' leaned forward and smiled into his face, saying: "James Brown? James Brown? I shall remember that. I see you are a bugler, too. We shall get along well together, Bugler Brown." Speechless, Trooper James Brown, Bugler Brown, made a few guttural sounds while 'the Colonel' reached over, patted him on the shoulder and said: "I understand. We shall get along well together."

As the fringed carriage approached the camp sentry, James Brown, Bugler, started to rein in his horses so that his passengers might identify themselves, "but there was a sudden rush of Rough Riders through the gate. There were deafening yells. The horses were unhitched. The reins were pulled out of the driver's hands; the phaeton, with James Brown, Bugler, sitting in the front seat, his two passengers in the rear, moved 'horselessly' into the camp, coming to rest before the headquarter's tent. Someone brought a box. Hands reached into the carriage and the smiling man was lifted high above the soldiers. The call went up: "Speech, Colonel Roosevelt. Speech!" It was not until then that Bugler Brown was certain of the identity of his distinguished passenger. "I sat quietly listening," said Brown. "I remember nothing that he said, except his concluding sentence: 'Men, I shall spend your lives as I spend my own.' Not until I heard those words had it occurred to me that rough riding was other than a lark. I had not thought I might die. I had not thought others might be killed; so I looked around at the men. Now, they were not cheering. They were stone sober, erect, quiet. Roosevelt had registered his thought. They were soldiers, now."

The Light reporter missed the ride of the Colonels in the fringed phaeton, but it learned of Roosevelt's presence in the city, chronicling the happening of May sixteenth under the headline: **News of Colonel Wood's Men and State Militia ROOSEVELT IN CAMP WITH THE ROUGH RIDERS.**

The Express, delaying one day after the event, gave more specific attention to the newly-appointed Lieutenant Colonel under: **Theodore Roosevelt Intimate Sketches.**

Colonel Roosevelt is in camp. Rough Rider's distinguished commander arrives and took up his headquarters at barracks

immediately. Uniformed in a suit of light brown fabric resembling duck, and bearing the insignia of the cavalry commander, Theodore Roosevelt is now in camp with the regiment of Rough Riders of which he was the principal organizer and of which he is lieutenant colonel. Colonel Roosevelt arrived in the city over the Southern Pacific Railroad at seven o'clock yesterday morning. He was accompanied by a valet having in charge several grips. Colonel Roosevelt took a cab and drove to the Menger Hotel where he had breakfast immediately. After breakfast he was called on by Col. Leonard Wood, who is first in command of the regiment, and Major Dunn,⁵ who will command the First Squadron, both of whom are old acquaintances of Col. Roosevelt. They escorted (sic) him out to camp where he spent the rest of the day. He took up his headquarters in a tent next to Col. Wood at the west end of the line of officer's tents near the Exposition Building. Although it was Sunday, Colonel Roosevelt had work to do. About two hundred and fifty letters had accumulated at the Camp Post Office for him during the past week and many required immediate answers. A good many of the letters were from young men from various parts of the country who wanted to get commissions in the regiment or from influential friends of applicants for appointment. Letters of this nature came too late as there are no more appointments to be given out.

Among the two hundred and fifty letters were the Crimmins' letters. One is forced to wonder if there was a mental picture in the mind of the new Lieutenant Colonel of old New York days then gone by, a picture of himself reading the Sunday newspaper and calling out: "Edith! Are the Crimmins in sight yet?" as he read the Crimmins letters and finally dictated the telegram:

At Camp near San Antonio, Texas
May 21, 1898.

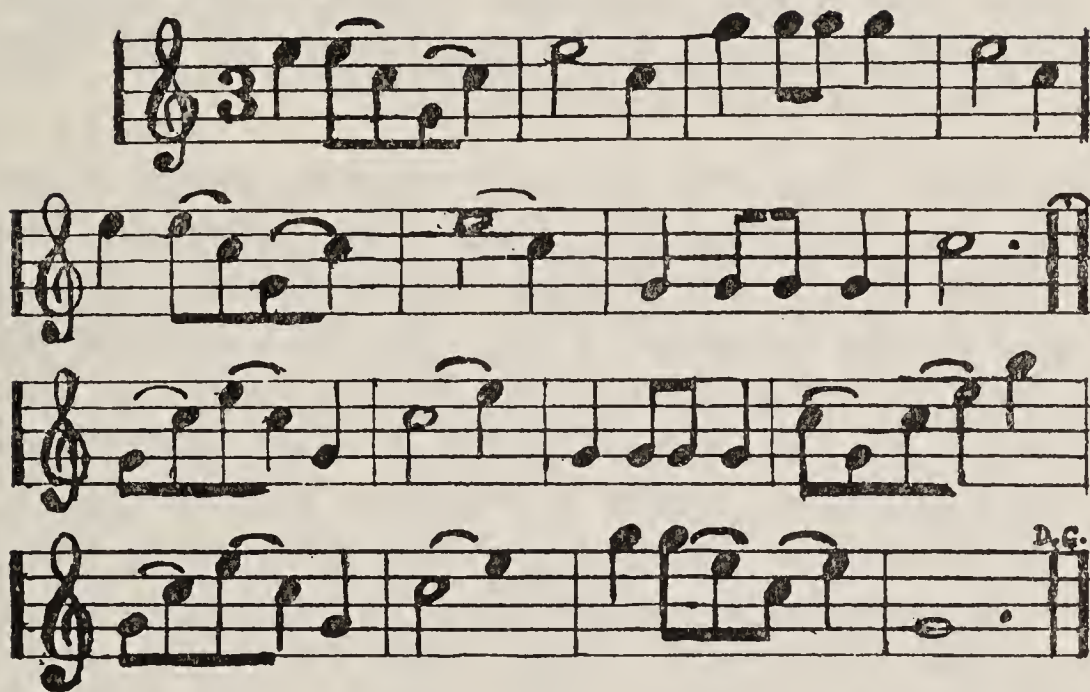
Martin L. Crimmins,
Care of the University of Virginia,
Charlottesville, Virginia.
Come immediately and I will enlist you.⁶

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

⁵ James T. Brown states positively that Major Dunn did not call on Theodore Roosevelt in company with Col. Wood.

⁶ It is evident from the delay that Roosevelt was looking for a vacancy for Martin Crimmins. On the day the telegram was dated, David M. Goodrich (Goodrich - later to become famous as a rubber tire manufacturer) was discharged from Troop B to accept a commission and Martin Crimmins was assigned to the vacancy thus created when he arrived in camp.

4. TO THE COLOR.

80 = *Andante*.

5. "YOU'RE IN THE ARMY, NOW"



Two hours after reading Theodore Roosevelt's telegram Martin Crimmins was riding a train from Charlottesville toward Texas. At dusk, May 23rd, he entered the Alamo City for the first time in his life. He inquired the way to the Rough Rider's camp. No one was able to direct him so he hired a cab. At the camp a sentinel stopped him. He produced the coveted telegram, which was a sufficient passport, and he was directed to a tent where a medical officer looked him over. Dr. Massie declared him well within Colonel Wood's order: Take no man whose belly is bigger than his chest. The medical officer marveled at his six feet of muscular body and unusual chest expansion. Then he was told to report to Troop B, Captain James McClintock commanding. That night he bunked with the boys from Arizona. It was the beginning of a long association

with Judge Roberts, Brito the Indian, and fun-loving Tom Rynning.

The Arizona recruits were proud of being the first troops to arrive in Riverside Park. Colonel Leonard Wood had designated San Antonio as the regimental concentration point because of its proximity to Fort Sam Houston and the ready access to government stores which he coveted and intended to wangle from the regular army if he could. He also thought San Antonio's climate to be favorable, a graduation from the Rocky Mountain States, from whence most of the men would come, and Cuba, where all (at that time, at least) thought they wanted to go.

Riverside Park was to have various names from time to time; for example, The State Fair Grounds, Riverside Park, Camp Wood, The Rough Riders Camp, Alyn Capron Park, and finally Roosevelt Park. **The San Antonio Express**, at the time of the arrival of the Rough Riders at the park, described it as "on the outskirts of San Antonio, in the State Fair Grounds, beside a tortuous, slow-moving stream. The vast exhibition building is some architect's bad dream of Moorish splendor made manifest in huge inverted onions; but over the wide field, ringed with hackberry and pecan, cottonwood and sycamore, the clouds move with singular majesty."

The Arizona men were proud to be the first arrivals¹ under the sign of 'the inverted onion,' but they had to slice away a piece of this honor for 189 army mules which nosed out the Westerners by arriving at the stockyards the night before. The observing F. Lucke, reporting for **The San Antonio Express**, launched a campaign of interest regarding the Rough Riders even before they began putting in their appearance at the camp. He was fair, too, giving precedence to Uncle Sam's mules:

A train of 9 stockcars brought in a pack-train for the cavalry over the International and Great Northern Railroad from St. Louis, this last night, at 8:00 o'clock. There were 189 powerful packmules and three horses on the train. The animals were unloaded at the Union Stock Yards under the supervision of Colonel Wood and Major Dunn and were taken out to the Fair Grounds. There were also two carloads of packhorses

¹ The S. A. Express, May 7, 1898.

and pack-saddles and blankets on the train. But the saddles were not satisfactory to Colonel Wood.²

The 'first honor contingent' from Missouri came without pedigree and humbly - unless approached unwarily from the wrong end. They were destined, however, to play no important part in the liberation of man. Some were left stranded in the sands of Port Tampa (Florida) in the wake of the un-horsed Rough Riders as they scrambled aboard the **Yucatan** bound for Cuba. The remainder of the Missourians had a fate meted out to them inconsistent with their placid willingness to pack the burdens of more fortunate horsemen. They were neglected, forgotten, and left behind in San Antonio.

Just how this came to pass is worthy of historical record. It seems that the "189 powerful packmules and three horses" arrived within the environs of Camp Wood under the watchful eye of one Mickey O'Hara, as competent a packer as it was the fortune of the War Department to hire. Mickey's other capacities need no emphasis. While Mickey was bedding down his charges the Arizona contingent arrived in camp. Among the boys from Arizona was one of Mickey's cherished friends, Tom Rynning.

By 1898, Tom Rynning was a 'grizzled old cavalryman,' aged 32, with a record - not exactly behind him - (it had a way of catching up with him wherever he went) of cowboy and gunman who had matched shots with Bat Masterson. He had also been a corporal in the United States Cavalry on that "long march all the way from Texas to Dakota Territory." He was one of those Westerners who thought "Leonard Wood had everything." So, when Rynning learned that Leonard Wood had been commissioned Colonel of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry he immediately lost interest in peaceful pursuits and turned his eyes toward San Antonio. He threw down his hammer "where he was building the Conductor's Hotel across the street from the Catholic Church" in Tucson, and said: "Billy, I am going to enlist." After that, he headed for Prescott and "racked into the barracks at Fort Whipple" not being "dead sure but believing" he was the first man to enlist in Arizona. He

² See also: **Leonard Wood**, Herman Hagerdorn, Vol. 1, p. 147.

took with him two "Tonto warriors." "I knew we were going to need them if the war with Spain amounted to anything. One was Seabird Henderson,³ as hard a rider as ever forked leather. The other waddy, I just don't now remember his name, was another good cavalryman in the raw." He let "a towheaded shave-tail" swear him in "until the scrimmage was finished." The shave-tail thought it would take three years to do the scrimmaging, but Tom didn't think there was anything like that much fighting to be done. He compromised with the recruiting officer on the matter of time of enlistment and, taking the oath, started off on a little 'leave of absence' which he proposed taking over at Prescott three miles away. For his convenience in making the trip he proposed to Captain Jim McClintock of B Troop, whom he spied riding along on a black horse, that he ride the horse to Prescott. If the Captain would let him have the horse he'd "be back poco tiempo" and talk over serving under him. "That didn't seem to make a hit with him," so he and his "Tonto Worriers" joined up with B Troop anyway. Pretty soon they "got shaped up to pull out of Prescott. We were two companies, Major Alexander O. Brodie in command . . . Bucky O'Neil was captain of Troop A and Jim McClintock captain of Troop B. We were about 240 men strong. Before we left, the ladies of Prescott presented us with badges to wear - **Arizona Column** - in gold letters on blue silk." The sides of the railroad coaches were decorated with streamers announcing they were the "Arizona Rough Riders." During the triumphant tour through Arizona, New Mexico and the western part of Texas some forty more war-enthusiasts boarded the train. Major Alexander O. Brodie had preceeded them.⁴ He had joined Captain Wood⁵ at San Antonio. So, on May 7, the Southern Pacific eastbound train discharged 280 Westerners who were quite capable of providing the action for the then popular song: "There will be a hot time in the old town tonight."

³ Seabird Henderson, of Globe, Arizona, was assigned to Troop B, alongside Martin Crimmins.

⁴ Major Brodie was a most colorful character, long neglected by biographers.

⁵ Leonard Wood's commission was delayed in reaching him long after Roosevelt was handed his.

The San Antonio Daily Light was not to be scooped by its competitor, **The San Antonio Express**. Reporters from both papers awaited the arrival of the train at five o'clock in the morning, having previously watched the unloading of the Missouri mules at the International & Great Northern Railroad station. **The Express**, being a morning paper, although able to report the actual arrival of the mules, had to content itself by issuing its May 7th edition with a forecast that "some two hundred Rough Rides are due to arrive today over the Southern Pacific and will be the nucleus of the regiment of cowboy cavalry which will be organized here the next several days." **The Light**, going to press at a later hour, was more expansive:

The first detachment of Colonel Wood's Rough Riders arrived this morning over the Southern Pacific at 5 o'clock from Arizona, numbering about 200 men. From the depot, the men marched to the Edison Car Line where they boarded special cars for Riverside Park. At Riverside Park everything was in readiness for the Rough Riders. Colonel Wood spent all yesterday afternoon down there superintending the work. Mr. Wakefield of the Edison Car Line had water turned through the pipes used at the recent interstate drill, and the boys will have plenty of water.

Water was not what one of the Arizona boys was thinking about. He had spied Mr. Quinn's Bar. So, when he finished making himself acquainted with the genial proprietor, at the same time evaluating his wares, he was in exactly the right mood to meet a gentleman-of-the-press. To a **Light** reporter he gave the first Rough Rider interview: "I am surprised to get a beer for five cents at Mr. Quinn's Bar. Where I come from in Arizona beer is fifteen cents a glass." The price of beer demanded that the Arizona boys "have a picnic." Consequently, Tom Rynning bought a barrel of beer. He had plenty of help rolling it out to a grove on the outskirts of the camp. When the bung was knocked in and the aroma of "San Antonio's Own, XXX Pearl Beer, The Gem of Quality (Established 1886)", sweetened the acrid odor of Missouri's nearby mules, Tom Rynning heard the unmistakable voice of Mickey O'Hara above the din of mules and men:

"Tom, you old sonofabitch, how're ye stacking up."⁶

⁶ Gun Notches: Captain H. Rynning.

The cordiality of this greeting assured Tom that Mickey, "the boss packer I worked under during the Geronimo campaign down in Mexico," was remembering him with affection. Between quaffs, foaming from the keg, Mickey praised the "youth and beauty of my mules," declaring: "If them ain't the pick of the whole damn world, Tom, I'll eat my pants." And after looking at the picket line, Tom did not think he would have to "masticate his britches."

After the 'head was off the beer-keg,' Tom Rynning went back to camp "to get a chance to speak to Wood." Of course Tom found him.

"Colonel, do you remember Mickey O'Hara?"

"Certainly I do. Is he here?"

"Sure is, he's got the best pack outfit I ever looked at . . . Want to look at it?"

"I'll say I want to look at it!"

So the Colonel and Rynning "racked right over" to where O'Hara was camped.

"Well, goddam my soul, if it aint yourself!" yelled Mickey. "How in the hell are you, Leonard Wood?"

Colonel Wood and Mickey then reminisced genially over their days together in the West fighting Apaches, until Mickey suddenly recalled, "I have some business to attend to, strictly on the low-down, private, with you, Colonel." They went off a few feet to the side and "buzzed confidential-like for half a minute. Then the Colonel grinned and nodded as he dug into his pocket. Mickey was terribly dry, I guess, for he touched the Colonel for thirty bucks. And with the money he mooched off the commanding officer he got so well organized that he was still plastered when we left. . . . So we didn't have any pack-train when we started campaigning in Cuba."

Mr. Quinn was an enterprising man. He had anticipated the commercial potentialities arising from the removal of the lank and lonesome troopers from the arid West. A change from a fifteen to a five cent schooner, and that within easy reach from the sally-port, could but bring business. He had also foreseen that soldiers would tire of the sameness of army rations, so to be doubly sure all troopers knew about his thoughtfulness, he caused **The San Antonio Daily Light**, five days after the arrival of the

Arizona boys, to advert to the fact that troopers did not have to depend wholly upon Uncle Sam for sustenance. It did so in these words:

A restaurant has been established inside the camp where food, not served in Uncle Sam's ration list, can be procured. Messrs. Quinn and Rheiner, the lessees of Riverside Park, have established a saloon at the entrance of the camp.

Just as soon as the Arizona boys got within the camp, Major Brodie took the situation promptly in hand and posted a guard "at six different places in daytime and 8 at night to prevent the men from going in and out without passes." When this had been done he "posted up a copy of an official telegram to Governor Myron H. McAnd, which says:

I congratulate you on Arizona being the first commonwealth to have its full quota mustered into the service.

WM. MCKINLEY

They had water, food, beer, and the compliments of the President, but they had no tents. The tents which had gone out from Washington by freight, to economize on shipping costs, had not reached Riverside Park by the time Colonel Wood had need for them: so **The Express** told the nation "the Troops will be quartered in the Old Exposition Building at Riverside Park. It was at first intended to have them quartered in tents in the park, but the idea had to be given up as there was not enough available tents in the commissary department at Fort Sam Houston to supply the entire regiment. Colonel Wood is thoroughly satisfied with the arrangement for quartering the men. About 20 tents were hauled out to the Fair Grounds from Fort Sam Houston yesterday."

One officer did not take the same view of the tent situation as did Colonel Wood. Admonishing the **Light** reporter to omit his name from the interview, he voiced his sentiments with emphasis:

The Rough Riders are a fine set of men, but they are not being carefully cared for by the War Department. They will have hardships enough to endure when they get to Cuba and should be offered more comforts here. The War Department has thousands of bed sacks stored away, which could have

been supplied to the men to sleep on while they are here. As it is, they are bunking on the hard floor. Better than this, with tents they could have slept on the ground which beats the soft side of a plank any day.

And it was fifteen days later before **The Light** wrote finis to the tent episode: "**Rough Riders Leaving Buildings For Tents Today.** The most important move in Camp Wood is the removal of the men from the buildings to the tents which will be completed by night . . . Tents will be erected this afternoon."

In general, the press of the nation spoke in complimentary terms of The Rough Riders, but there was an occasional discordant note. Everybody did not go along with the idea that they were the 'saviors of the country.' Some thought the regiment sprang full grown from 'pull,' and **The Cincinnati Post** boldly made the charge. **The San Antonio Express** copied it, May 7th, without comment:

CINCINNATI POST CRITICIZES THE ROUGH RIDERS:

Army officers don't believe they are so 'warm.' Teddy's Terrors, or Roosevelt's Roughs, are no more soldiers than these war correspondents around here. The trouble is these people have been puffed up so in the press that they think they are the whole thing. They have had enough of that to make any body of men conceited. I do not see why the administration should take any particular stock in those Rough Riders, and would not, if the regiment's officers did not have a big pull at Washington. The regular army had all kinds of trouble getting its equipment. These people get hats, horses, magazine rifles; in fact, anything they want, and they get it in abundance, without delay. Now, why should they be favored? They are composed of hardy men who can ride and shoot; these accomplishments don't make them soldiers, and the regular cavalry probably have them in a higher degree. The best way to make soldiers of them rapidly would be to break up the regiment and use the fragments to fill the regular cavalry to a war footing.

Instead of 'breaking up the regiment,' at four o'clock on the day following the public criticism of the regiment, eighty three more troopers, Oklahomans,⁷ "piled out and were drawn up in front of the train, the roll called, and they were marched in double column to the barracks. Most of the Arizona men were around the entrance and gave three roar-

⁷ The San Antonio Express, May 8, 1898.

ing cheers and thundering 'tiger' for the Oklahomans as they marched in. The 'tiger' must not have been thundering enough, however, for the Arizona boys brought along their mascot, a young mountain lion, which was captured near Phoenix, Arizona. They also have another mascot in the shape of a queer little dog brought from El Paso."

The men from New Mexico - "the biggest column, 300 strong"⁸ arrived on the ninth. This left only the Indian Territory troopers and the "Easterners". Both contingents were enroute. The Indian Territory men had difficulties getting to San Antonio. First, their organization was held up awaiting confirmation from Washington of the appointment of officers. Then heavy rains fell and washouts on the railroads delayed them again. Finally "their special train arrived over the International and Great Northern, but it did not arrive until 1:00 in the afternoon (May 18, 1898)."⁹ They were "switched, however, to the Aransas Pass track and pulled up to the Fair Grounds at about 3:30 o'clock. They were marched immediately to the barracks where they spent the rest of the afternoon resting up and getting acquainted with their companions-in-arms."

The 'temporary Indian Squadron' — as the newspapers referred to it — arrived under the command of Lieutenant Alyn P. Capron of the Seventh United States Cavalry, who had been detailed by the War Department to enlist men. Robert Thomas, "son of Judge Thomas,"¹⁰ as **The Express** referred to him, was First Lieutenant of the troop. Richard Cushing Day of Baniti, "a nephew of the famous torpedo inventor", was Second Lieutenant. Other officers were Ode C. Thomas, First Lieutenant, and Albert Sidney Johnson of Muskogee, Second Lieutenant.

With such notables, and sons of notables, arriving, **The Express** thought it well to generalize about their qualities:

All the officers commanding troops are splendid types of American citizens; cultured and educated, vigorous, both intellectually and physically.

It then singled out Major Alexander Oswald Brodie for

⁸ The San Antonio Express, May 9, 1898.

⁹ The San Antonio Express, May 18, 1898.

¹⁰ Judge John R. Thomas, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Indian Territory and Governor of Indian Territory.

special mention, "The name of Brodie", so ran the personal mention, "will be found familiar to those well informed on Indian warfare. He began to win distinction as an Indian fighter soon after leaving West Point. He was rated as General Crook's 'favorite lieutenant'; he was credited with having 'made a gallant fight against the Indians, fought them all day long and held them off until help came', and these experiences and his military knowledge, together with his tried courage, make him an exceptionally suitable man to help lead the cowboy cavalry against the Spaniards in the wild places of Cuba."

Then the newspaper accommodatingly let its reading public in on a military secret which it thought meet and proper to broadcast to the world:

The Rough Riders is officially designed not to have to wait to join the Cuban army of invasion. It is understood that the regiment will be sent to Cuba as soon as its organization is completed, and on a very important mission. It is the plan of the government to have the regiment form a junction with the insurgents and operate in the territory south of Havana. The object will be to cut off Havana and other northern ports from the southern coast.

After having blue-printed the anticipated campaign so as to be certain the Spaniards could have its opposition ready, **The Express** reverted again to pleasant generalizations, declaring: "The First Volunteer regiment of cavalry will present the flower of western manhood. It is composed of men picked from the thousands for their exceptional daring and endurance. They are called "Rough Riders" only with reference to their equestrian abilities, for there are no rowdies and desperadoes among them. They are full of the western spirit of hilarious bouyancy, but they have the western spirit of self-respect and chivalry. There are no outcasts and no desperadoes in the column . . . They are full of vim and vigor and they find it hard to keep still."

The heavy rains which fell north of San Antonio, washing out the railroads so that the Indian Territory troopers were forced to spend a week on the cars, also dissipated "the clouds which move with singular majesty" over San Antonio; the troopers sleeping "on the soft side of a plank" out at Camp Wood arose from their beds of solid comfort on

the morning of the ninth of May at the sound of revielle "suffering from slight colds. The raw streaks of chilliness left in the air by the farewell norther of the season caused a little coughing." The coughing increased the tribulations of the only medico in camp. **The Express** took notice of his activities:

Major J. A. Massie,¹¹ the regimental surgeon, has as yet no assistance. He is a very busy man examining the recruits and attending to the various wants of his men, who have many trifling ailments to tell him about. He has, as yet, had no severe case of sickness to attend to. Major Massie will have two assistants, a Captain and a First Lieutenant.

With nearly a thousand men in camp it was but to be expected that tragedy would strike. It did on the twenty-fourth of May. Reporter Lucke wrote the account for **The Express**.

The most solemnly impressive scene that the First Volunteer Cavalry regiment has yet witnessed was the one which Roosevelt's Rough Riders participated in at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon. It was the ceremonies of the funeral of the late Private Irad Cockran who died of cerebral meningitis Thursday afternoon. The regiment participated in the ceremony and sang the hymn. The rites were in accordance with the ritual of the Episcopal faith and were conducted by the regimental chaplain, the Reverend Henry Brown of Prescott, Arizona. Colonel Wood and Roosevelt and all the officers and men attended, and the dead young soldier was given all the honors of a military funeral. A parting salute of three volleys, the sounding of taps by the regimental bugler, were among the marks of respect that characterized the close of his brief military career. The body was shipped over the Southern Pacific to Las Vegas, New Mexico, where the mother of young Cochran resides.

Major Massie's need for hospital facilities intensified as the horses began to arrive. By the time five hundred Rough Riders had assembled in the Fair Grounds, Captain Cobert Ratcliff Stevens, assistant quartermaster at Fort Sam Houston, told a **Light** reporter he would "begin to buy horses for Colonel Wood's regiment Monday and the work

¹¹ San Antonio Express, May 9, 1898.

of purchasing will be pushed with the greatest possible rapidity.”¹²

Previously and until May seventh he had been buying for the Belknap Cavalry, but “Colonel Wood is the next man to receive horses.” The reporter took a look at those bought for the **Belknap Cavalry** and opined that “very few knew the cannon’s roar; all will have to be broken to be fit for service on the battlefield. The breaking in process will be an interesting proceeding.” And so it proved to be, despite the fact that the ‘breakers-in’ were hailed by **The Express** as coming direct from “the plains of the West, the wild and wooly West! They have a more intimate acquaintance with the festive range cattle and the acrobatic bronco than with urban ways.”

It may be assumed that the horses which went to Belknap Cavalry, having been selected first, were of better quality than the eight hundred which went to the Rough Riders. When it became known that the government was buying horses, a familiar scene on any Texas road leading to San Antonio was ‘a string of horses,’ tail tied to the head of the horse next in line. The prospective horse vender, in no instance, stressed ‘quality.’ As a consequence, **The Express** found Captain Stevens “busy at all hours of the day, inspecting and buying horses, and when he has collected as many as 20 or 30 animals, the bunch is taken out to the camp by a squad of Rough Riders.” When the Rough Rider squads showed up for their horses ‘the breaking-in process became interesting.’ “In the delivery of the horses,” announced **The Express**, “the Rough Riders give some exhibitions of their horsemanship equal to anything that can be seen in Buffalo Bill’s Wild West Show for the official price of \$1.00.” Such a free show naturally attracted onlookers. One observer, viewing the free show from a San Antonio curb thought that “if horsemanship is to win the war, the boys showed up well and look as if they could repulse an Island full of Spaniards. They are not long haired roughs like some of us expected to see.”

When the horses began to arrive, Colonel Wood found

¹² Capts. Earl D. Thomas and H. S. Bishop of the 5th Cav. were detailed by Sec. of War to proceed to Prescott, Santa Fe, Muskogee, and Guthrie to buy horses. See S. A. Express, May 10, 1898.

that the saddles requisitioned by Lieutenant Colonel Roosevelt had gone the route of the economically-shipped tents and of course were far away from San Antonio when needed. As a consequence, "most of the men rode their horses bareback from the post to the Fair Grounds with ropes slipped around the horse's nose in lieu of bridles. Several were unbroken mustanges which the Westerners controlled with grace and ease."¹³

In general, of course, the Westerners did control their horses 'with grace and ease,' but one trooper, Marshall Bird from far out in California, a member of Crimmins' troop, was unequal to his Texas mount. On the 14th day of May, **The Light** reporter visited him at the hospital and reported him "rapidly recovering and able to converse with his attendants."¹⁴

Among those with hard heads and riding skill was William O. McGinty of Stillwater, Oklahoma. By stretching a little when Dr. Massie took him into the troop, he measured five feet two inches. When quite young he had made himself a personal pledge never to walk a hundred yards if there was available transportation. His preference in modes of transportation was a horse; and he came to believe he could ride anything the hide would stay on. Theodore Roosevelt publicly confirmed this belief. Besides that, he developed a hankering to ride the wildest and the meanest; the "old Smokeys" Captain Stevens turned into the Rough Rider lot were to Little McGinty's liking. Among the first deliveries was a horse which McGinty pronounced "just my size," and when he stepped aboard, the outlaw bolted, first, into a tree, then into the picketline. The tree stood the assault but the horse and the picket-line wound up on the ground together; but Little McGinty was still there. Colonel Wood saw the destruction of government property and went immediately to McGinty. Finding him uninjured, he looked at the tree, then picking up the picket-rope said: "I'll see if you damaged the rope."

McGinty was not the only trooper who "took 'em as

¹³ See San Antonio Express, May 7, 1898.

¹⁴ Marshall Bird played in bad luck. His discharge certificate states: "Discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability. Fracture of skull and concussion of brain incurred in line of duty, August 8, 1898."

they came." William D. Wood, from Bland, New Mexico, Roscoe E. Moore, commonly called 'Smokey,' hailing from Raton, New Mexico, and Sergeant Thomas Darnell¹⁵ from Denver were willing to let Little McGinty¹⁶ pick only a few of the bad ones. Tom Rynning also volunteered for the service. According to Rynning, he, "with Sam Rodes and some others" were sent to Fort Sam Houston, "about ten miles north of San Antonio, for horses," and they brought them back as they bought them. Rynning was particularly pleased to have Sam Rodes along on this trip, for "Sam was brother to John, the celebrated Tonto Basin warrior, who was a hard man but could be counted on in a tight place." Tom Rynning found himself "in a tight place" when he realized that his orders "were to lead the horses." That order was almost impossible to execute for two reasons: Nearly all of them "being as wild as deer and me and Sam wasn't used to leading horses anyway . . . So we run the first bunch of forty right through San Antonio, whooping like Comanches. It seemed good to be among the wild ones again but it nearly caused a riot in San Antonio." If the sudden approach of forty wild horses heeled by Little McGinty, Tom and Sam, yipping and yelling like the "real and celebrated Tonto Basin warriors" was not cause for a riot, then there was nothing amiss with the equipoise of A. L. Bradford who found himself in what he thought was 'the path of destruction.'

It so happened that Bradford had stopped at a drug-store in downtown San Antonio, with the intention to offer his valor to the American cause. He had heard much about the Rough Riders, although he had up to that moment seen little. A recruiting officer had just handed him a pen, assuring him "a place could be found for you with the boys if you will sign now." With the pen poised ready for transforming a civilian into a cavalryman, a hurricane of clattering hooves bore down upon him. The air was pierced with the Tonto Basin's best war cry. Snorting broncos

¹⁵ Darnell lost his life in a "free-for-all after being discharged from the army. One of his companions said of him: "He could always be called on for a fight, but this time he was a bit slow."

¹⁶ Billy McGinty had a remarkable career, going to Cuba as a foot soldier, and is now living at Ripley, Oklahoma, and is president of The Rough Riders Association 'as long as you shall live.'

stuck their heads into the drugstore door uncertain whether to use the recruiting station for an avenue of escape. Bradford, however, was more decisive in his actions; and when he finally thought himself away from harm's range, the recruiting station was so distant that he thought it not worth while to go back. Thus was lost one of Uncle Sam's potentials. Having changed his mind, he joined the infantry and did his service in the Philippines.

Some of the other men, although at ease with a horse, did not pitch their reputations upon horsemanship. There was, for instance, the educated Pawnee Indian, Horatio C. Pollack.¹⁷ **The Express** classed him: 'an excellent soldier.' He claimed no particular skills. He "just came down to fight." But, as is the way with the army, it became known he was an efficient penman and Pollack became a regimental clerk. Then, there was "Rocky Mountain Bill" Jenkins who came down from Montana "just to be with my old boss." He told of being in "many a bear-hunting fight with Mr. Roosevelt in times of so-called peace" and as evidence of his past, exhibited his person. A piece of his ear is gone "chawed off" - and there is a long deep scar over his right eye - "where a claw struck me." **The Light** described him as having "the appearance of being constantly loaded for bear with hilts of knives and butts of revolvers sticking out of every pocket and from every angle of his anatomy, but Bill says he hasn't got his war paint on yet."

If 'Promptness' should ever be listed as one of 'the great Virtues,' then to fail to accord 'Bronco George' his place alongside her is inexcusable. Patterning after his goddess, "Bronco George" Brown from Skull Valley, lost no time with preliminaries when he heard there were Spaniards to be killed. A fortnight later, **The San Antonio Light** reporter found him convoying mustangs into Camp Wood. It is to be presumed that George's modesty inhibited him from giving the **Light** a more illuminating account of his activities in the West. However, the newspaper gleaned this much about him:

Then there is Bronco George Brown from Arizona, who lives in Skull Valley. He has a record of five men to his credit;

¹⁷ S. A. Express, May 10, 1898.

this means that he has dropped that many in righteous causes, for stealing cattle, cheating at cards, incivilities to women, etc. "Bronco" George's patriotism is undoubted. When the stage-driver brought him word a fortnight ago that Roosevelt had issued a call for troops, he got up from dinner, jumped on his wildest bronco and set off bareback through Devil's Gate and Dead Man's Gulch and over Parieta Mountains for the nearest recruiting station,¹⁸ Cripple Barracks, at Prescott. George is believed to be the wildest rider of the West.

"Dead Shot Jim" - as he preferred to be called - although he intimated his name might be Simpson - hailed from Albuquerque. He brought with him the reputation of "out-shooting all the dead shots on the range. He can bring down an Indian (so he says) at every crack when they are so far away that most people can't see them." He left it to be inferred that his shooting eye could be focused with equal precision at a like distance upon a Spaniard. His primary mission in San Antonio seemed to be to "find a fight," not necessarily to ride wild horses; but he expressed himself as not being averse to that invigorating diversion. He also thought it unfair for people to "call us long haired roughs, like some people expect to see; but I just came to fight."

A "short, slim, quiet-looking fellow with high heel boots is Robert Wilson from Montana." (At least, that was the name he gave **The Light** reporter, but the muster roll does not confirm it.) He could not recall "when anyone had called him other than 'Fightin' Bob' and he 'didn't expect this Cuban proposition will be half as excitin' as keepin' rustlers off my range.' He had just come 'because Roosevelt and my country called me.' "¹⁹

¹⁸ **Light**, May 22 1898. The reporter probably meant "Fort Whipple" Barracks, located 3 miles from Prescott.

¹⁹ The names given by some of the troopers may not have been their real names. The muster roll carries no George Brown, but it does carry Troopers Hiram T. Brown of Albuquerque, N. M., James T. Brown, bugler, Robert Brown, Gallup, N. M., and Percy Brown of Spring Hill, Tenn. The muster roll has no Jim Simpson. The explanation is undoubtedly to be found in Theodore Roosevelt's statement in **The Rough Riders**: Some of them went by their own names; yet others possessed but half a name, colored by some adjective like 'Cherokee Bill,' 'Happy Jack of Arizona', 'Smokey Moore, the bronco buster,' or 'Rattlesnake Pete.' Some may have had legal reasons for changing names, like the trooper who said to me: "You see, Colonel, my real name is not Smith. It is Yancy. I had to change it because three or four years ago I had a little trouble with a gentleman, and well - in fact - I had to kill him."

While 'Rattlesnake Pete,' 'Fightin' Bob,' 'Smokey Moore' and other lugubrious Westerners were stuffing the news reporters with truths, half-truths, and more often 'pure old baloney,' which the reporters gladly passed on to an avid public Colonel Wood (yet a captain officially) got orders from Colonel Carpenter to report to Fort Sam Houston "in compliance with instructions from the War Department, dated May 8, 1898." The purpose of the call was: "Lieutenant Colonel Whitside²⁰ is detailed to muster into the service of the United States, Captain Leonard Wood, assistant surgeon, United States Hospital, as Colonel of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry." **The Express** took notice of the event with a headline: **Col. Wood is Now Officially in Command of the Regiment**, Colonel Carpenter's order having been duly executed yesterday (May 9)."

Colorful arrivals in the city May ninth switched attention away from prosaic military orders and **The San Antonio Express** was able to report the facts behind the rumor which had been released in New York: "The Regiment will not be Composed Exclusively of Westerners."

The Express went to press too early to print that day's news, but on the morning after the official commissioning of Col. Wood, it announced officially: "12 young men are now in barracks with the Rough Riders. They are from Harvard. They abandoned the classroom and the campus just a week ago. They arrived in San Antonio over the Southern Pacific yesterday morning, and after taking lunch at the Menger Hotel, renounced luxurious living until the cruel war is over, and hastened out to camp. They are stalwart, muscular young men, and their experience on the grid-iron, the diamond, and the racing shell has given them just the physical development necessary for the service they are entering upon." They were none other than 'Roosevelt's Collegiates.' "They came in uniforms of a light brown cloth resembling duck, and they wear the regulation brown campaign hat."

The Express had a more savory morsel which it proceeded to chew to its full satisfaction the next day:

²⁰ Lt. Col. Whitside retired in 1902 as a brigadier general.

MILLIONAIRE'S SONS JOIN ROUGH RIDERS

The Society Swells are already in town! They arrived yesterday morning and temporarily took up their headquarters at the Menger Hotel. The register looks as if it had been turned into an invitation list of Mr. Bradley Martin's²¹ Empire Ball. Among the Easterners who came to join the Rough Riders were such notable figures from New York's "400" as Woodbury Kane, a cousin of the present John Jacob Astor, and a direct descendant of the 'Original John Jacob Astor.' Another is Hamilton Fish, jr., the scion of an old and aristocratic Knickerbocker family. Another is Craig Wadsworth, a favorite of cotillions in Fifth Avenue mansions; Reginald Rolands, a descendant of the first Pierre Lollilard; and then there were other equally notable. Mr. J. B. Traylor, "well known New Yorker," acted as spokesman for the Millionaire's sons, and remarked to the *Express* reporter: "We have all enjoyed the trip, and are well pleased with the prospects of having active service as that is what we came for. We stopped over in Washington on our way down here and saw Mr. Roosevelt. He is full of enthusiasm over our prospective campaign and is anxious to be with the regiment."

That night The Fifth Avenue Boys - as they were most generally dubbed²² slept under military rule in camp, for the first time, and the newspaper thought them "duly accredited Rough Riders although they have not done any riding yet." When morning came they "responded to an unusually early reveille as promptly as the rest of the cavalrymen. They filed out to the mess tables at twilight with keen appetites and left few scraps on their tin plates. After breakfast several of them were put to work. Woodbury Kane was detailed with five men to dig a ditch, and he swung his shovel cheerfully. Craig Wadsworth helped to

²¹ The Bradley-Martins of New York banking fame were under severe criticism throughout the nation at this time because of a lavish display of wealth in the form of a masquerade ball. The ball was given in the newly-finished Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, several floors of which were taken over for the purpose and were decorated in the motif of Louis XIV. The *San Antonio Express*, Feb, 11, 1897, devoted nearly two columns to this extravaganza, saying, in part:

Mrs. Bradley-Martin's Ball. A Scene of Grandeur Never Equalled in America. Imaginative Reporters and Artists Did Not Picture Scenes half so Lovely as These. Beautiful Waldorf transformed into an enchanted bower. New York's Great Social Function of Former Time Eclipsed and Mrs. Bradley-Martin is happy - of course. In retrospect, some years later, Fred Martin, with this family extravaganza in mind, wrote: *The Passing of the Idle Rich*.

²² The *San Antonio Daily Express*, May 11, 1898.

bring hay to the horses, and Reginald Rolands helped to make a mess fire to cook dinner on." Nearly all of the men were "in high spirits." "The only one who seemed to be dissatisfied was William Tiffany.²³ He seemed to find camp life a good deal more disagreeable than he expected and was in a state of distress. He found the camp fare nauseating and was especially distressed about the lack of a hot bath. He escaped ditch-digging or wood-carrying and spent most of the afternoon writing letters home. A photographer came along and wanted to take a picture of Mr. Tiffany and some of the Fifth Avenue Boys, but Mr. Tiffany refused to pose for the camera. "What do you want the picture for? One of those horrible newspapers?" he exclaimed indignantly. "It's an outrage the way the newspapers are treating us. They write about us as if we were a bunch of wild animals. Why don't they let us alone! We came down here to fight, and we don't want all this nonsense. There ought to be a law against it!"

The ribbing meted out to the Fifth Avenue Boys by the reporters on the San Antonio papers, however, lacked the bitterness which was couched in the **New York Journal's** comment about "the new and valuable additions New York was furnishing to the Rough Riders." But when Trooper Tiffany, suffering from the lack of a hot bath and still unaccustomed to the change-over from Delmonico to army ration, objected to be publicized by the **San Antonio Daily Light** the reporter thought "the following from the **New York Journal** of last Sunday anent the Rough Riders will be of timely interest to San Antonions, who are interested in anything that pertains to them at present:

The most variegated assortment of fighting men ever gathered together in modern times is the First United States Regiment of Cavalry, popularly known as the Rough Riders. It is now drilling in San Antonio. Every day brings **new and valuable additions**. . . . The previous occupations of some of these men are: dancer, football player, steeplechaser,

²³ William Tiffany had a rough time of it although he developed into a good soldier, fighting through the Cuba campaign, but died, after discharge, as Roosevelt charged, from neglect by the War Department, from the effects of yellow fever.

golfer, polo player, gourmet, oarsman, old soldier, fireman, policeman, cowboy, and bad man. Cowboys predominate. Here is the **Roll of Honor** who have left the clubs and haunts of luxury in New York and the East to fight for their country: Hamilton Fish, Jr.; Craig Wadsworth, Woodbury Kane, Willie Tiffany, Reginald Renolds, Roland G. Fortesque, Henry W. Sharp, James B. Trailer, Henry W. Bull, Kenneth Robinson, Joseph G. Stevens, Henry H. Thorp, J. William Tudor, Sumner Kemble Gerard, H. Syrant Van Schaick, Percival Gasset, Guy H. W. Ferguson, Maxwell Norman, George Kemp, William Quaid, Hamilton Scull, Dudley S. Dean, R. Henry, W. Sharp, Guy Munchie, H. J. Devereaux, Guy Hollister, J. R. Massie, I. Townsend Burden.

Here is a specimen of the enlistment certificate signed by every one of the Rough Riders:

"I, Hamilton Fish, jr., born in Berlin, Germany, age 24 years and 11 months, and by occupation a railroad man, do hereby acknowledge to have voluntarily enlisted this the 15th day of May, 1898, as a soldier in the army of the United States of America for the period of two years unless sooner discharged by proper authority, and also do agree to accept from the United States such bounties, pay, rations, and clothing as are, or may be established by law; and I do hereby swear that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the United States of America, and I will serve them honestly and faithfully against all their enemies whomsoever and that I will obey the orders of the President of the United States and the orders of the officers appointed over me according to the rules and Articles of War."

On each paper of this sort it was certified by the recruiting and examining officer that:

"The above man was free from bodily defects and mental infirmities; and that he was entirely sober when he enlisted."

The last named specification is particularly desirable in the case of Mr. Fish.²⁴

The young men from New York underwent their physical examinations in Washington before pro-

²⁴ Hamilton Fish, jr., had distinguished himself before leaving New York by being one of a group of celebrants who attracted the attention of the police with their destructive enthusiasm.

ceeding to San Antonio. They were an exceptionally well-set-up lot of men.

Their uniform is very becoming and picturesque. It is made of gray grass cloth, light in texture, and very cool. The hat is the sombrero pattern.

Every man has enlisted as a plain trooper at \$13.00 a month, with an allowance for rations and clothes. The food allowance is eighteen cents; and the diet will be very different from that at Delmonico's.

The "Swells" provided their own horses and equipment. Every man is a first class rider and horseman. One of the commissioned officers is to be George Dunn, who was last year Master-of-the-hounds in Cherry Chase at Washington.

Each man will be armed with a Krag-Jorgensen carbine, two revolvers, a machette, in place of a sword.

Troops will operate as a mounted infantry; one man in each four holding the horses while the others fight.

A few words about the distinguished troopers:

Woodbury Kane is young only in spirits. He is a cousin of **John Jacob Astor**, and is a polo player, a cross-country rider and yachtsman.

Willie Tiffiny (sic) is noted as a leader of cotillions and for his taste in fine raiment. He is a grand-nephew of Commodore Perry and a cousin of the Belmonts.

Dudley Dean is a noted quarterback.

Henry Hull, an oarsman.

Guy Hollister, a half-miler.

A. Guy Munchie, a football coach.

I. Townsend Burden, a football player and a son of a great New York millionaire.

Craig Wadsworth is one of the best cross-country riders in this vicinity.

Reggie Renolds is the son of Mrs. T. Lolliard, who lives in London and enjoys the friendship of the Prince of Wales.

Hamilton Fish is a young man of great strength

and misguided energies. He has hitherto distinguished himself by fighting with policemen and causing trouble in public. He once threw an ottoman at a music-hall singer as a mark of his esteem. A favorite sport of his was to ride furiously on the back of a cab-horse. At least, he is turning his attention to a worthy cause.

"The Swells" show themselves obedient to discipline. A pleasing incident occurred when the troops were leaving Washington. A well-known club man had engaged an entire section of a sleeper and ordered the porter to take his things in. Sergeant Kaden Higgins, an old U. S. Cavalryman, who had charge of the party, tapped him on the shoulder: "Take those things back there," jerking his thumb in the direction of the ordinary day coach provided by the government for the troopers. "There is where you belong." The clubman saw the point and obeyed.

It soon became known in San Antonio that Lieutenant Colonel Theodore Roosevelt was at the camp. After being escorted from the **Menger Hotel** to Camp Wood, he rapidly dispatched his accumulated mail; then, according to the newspaper, "held numerous consultations with officers of the regiment and received dozens of callers. One of the callers was none other than the redoubtable Lee Hall, Texas Ranger, who also 'wanted to go along.' Captain Hall, however, wanted to go in such a manner that he would share the glory, being satisfied with nothing less than a squadron with himself as commander. Hall must have talked with the reporters before he called at the tent of the lieutenant colonel, for **The Express** reported that "Lee Hall, probably the most noted and experienced frontiersman of Texas" was "seeking to recruit a squadron and march with the Rough Riders." In a later edition of the paper Hall was represented as having left the tent in dejection while Roosevelt made it known he had room for ten more Texans: "I want cracker-jacks, though; men who can ride and shoot. I already have fifty Texans who are fully up to the standard." Then he explained away (or pretended to)

Lee Hall's visit: "It was my desire to have a troop exclusively of Texans, but individual preferences for various troops on the part of those enlisting induces me to place the Texans enlisting in the troops of their choice."

After circumventing Lee Hall's ambitions to share the glory with a squadron of Texans, the Lieutenant Colonel went over to the pavilion where he listened to Dean W. E. Richardson of St. Mark's Episcopal Church and Bishop Johnson of the West Texas Diocese in "an impressive religious service." The Bishop urged the men "to go to war with the proper spirit. We should not feel we are fighting for revenge, for revenge belongs exclusively to the Almighty; but you should feel that you are warring to redress wrongs, to correct evils." Just what the Dean said is not a matter of record.

At the conclusion of the service, Roosevelt "passed from the barracks to his tent and dozens pressed forward to grasp his hand. He had a cordial greeting for all of them. He is unceasingly amiable and is a rapid talker. He has a ready wit." By this time, out at the sally-port more visitors had gathered at "Messrs. Quinn and Rheiner's popular resort than has been there since the international drill last summer. The large number was attracted by the three-fold drawing cards: Colonel Roosevelt, who went into camp at 12: The Rough Riders Camp; and the special Musical Program by Carl Beck's Band, arranged in honor of the Rough Riders. Visitors began going down to the park at one o'clock and after that until dark every motor carried two heavily loaded trailers. The visitors amused themselves in the Rough Rider's camp by prying into, and peeping into, almost everything, taking almost complete possession of the camp. They were all treated courteously by the officers and the men, and their visit was enjoyed by all, especially the soldiers who liked being visited and admired by the ladies, the fair sex being in the majority. There were no military duties during the day, except caring for the horses, and the men spent the day lolling about."²⁵

While the men were "lolling about," Lieutenant Colonel Roosevelt spent the remainder of the afternoon looking over the camp in company with Colonel Wood; then Carl Beck

²⁵ S. A. Daily Express: May 16 1898.

brought in his band, and according to that musician: "There was a hot time in Riverside Park." Of course, there was a reporter on hand to chronicle the events. "At the close of the concert," said the news-gatherer, "at Riverside Park, Professor Beck took his band over to the camp and surrounded Colonel Roosevelt's tent, where he tendered him a serenade, playing patriotic airs **as they were never played before**. As soon as the music started up, the men in the camp also surrounded the tent and called for a speech from the gallant Lieutenant Colonel. The Colonel stepped out, and in some well chosen words, thanked them for their kind reception, and told the men that they were as fine a lot of men as he had had the good fortune to see. He told them that the eyes of the civilized world were upon them; and that they were expected to do what others could do. "I expect you to acquit yourselves creditably. I know I will not be disappointed. When we get to Cuba and get to the Spaniards, I want your watch-word, my men, to be: **REMEMBER THE MAINE**. And you shall avenge **The Maine**."

This was applauded by wild cheers from every one. And the band played Yankee Doodle, which kept the patriots in a frenzy of cheering. Col. Wood and Major Dunn were each called upon in turn to deliver addresses. Both responded with patriotic, bold, and inspiring talks, which were heartily applauded. Prof. Beck was then called on for a speech, and he said: "I know that every citizen feels with me that great honor conferred upon San Antonio by the presence of the Rough Riders here. They are the finest body of men we have ever had the pleasure of entertaining. We welcome them here as long as they choose to stay. When they depart, our best wishes and prayers go with them. In the name of San Antonio, I propose three cheers for their officers and the men of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry." The cheers were given with a will; and the band played more patriotic airs. From dawn to dusk, ten thousand people visited the barracks.²⁶

When the ten thousand had gone to their homes, Colonel Wood viewed the desolation left in their wake. Monday morning he posted an order: "All Civilians, except Reporters, prohibited from Camp." When questioned, he explained that

²⁶ See the S. A. Express, May 16, 1898.

thirty-five wagon loads of ammunition and ordnance stores were arriving on the grounds; that it was to be placed in the Exhibition Building and a heavy guard was to be placed about "this stuff", hence the necessity for having the camp occupied only by troopers. But Tuesday came, and again the exclusion order went on the bulletin board. This time, so read the order, it was necessary "so that the men may go about their work in a more expeditory manner."

The crowds remained away from camp during the week days, but when Sunday came they were in such great numbers that pedestrians were permitted inside. All vehicles were ordered stopped outside, "as the dust they stir up gets into the troopers victuals."

After breakfasting at the camp, Monday morning, Lieutenant Colonel Roosevelt went into the city to meet his friend John Moore whom he had telegraphed from Washington to "buy a couple of good stout, quiet horses . . . not to be gunshy . . . trained and bridlewise . . . no bucking." One was a bay, which he dubbed 'Texas'. "In order to try the animal's metal", said the Express, "Roosevelt rode him up and down St. Mary's Street several times. The animal had plenty of metal, but Colonel Roosevelt mastered him. A large crowd of people gathered to witness Colonel Roosevelt's horsemanship."

After the St. Mary's horsemanship exhibition, Lieutenant Colonel Roosevelt rode 'Texas' back to Camp Wood. There he called out the troops. The 'display' given on St. Mary's Street was a sedate function compared with what happened at the first full formation. Tom Rynning, a participant, who never lacked descriptive words, commented in this fashion:

I'll bet there was never another rodeo in this whole world would stack up with the wholesale bucking exhibition we put on at the old fair grounds near San Antonio when we formed our regiment. Just imagine 1200 men forking that many wild ponies, all at the same moment, and then all those sun-fishers, roachers, straight-jumpers, and other varieties of four-legged cussedness cutting loose all together. Likely there wasn't a single pony that didn't pitch his head off. It was more like a condensed cyclone or an earthquake than any kind of rodeo ever before or since. Most of the boys could ride anything in reason for we were recruited mainly from Arizona, New Mexico and Oklahoma, but instead of good old reliable caques and

hulls like they'd been raised on, they hadn't anything between the ends of their backbones and those buck-jumping broncs but those dinky little army saddles. A man might as well be bareback when a pony is spreading himself as on one of those postage stamps. There was waddies on the ground, some half under their horses hanging onto their necks, others turning handsprings and wildcats high in the air, and in every position you could imagine. Some of the ponies were bunched so thick they just couldn't have elbow room enough to buck in, and went to biting each others' necks off and climbing over each other. Between all the thumping of hoofs, squealing of horses, cussing of cowpunchers, and the regimental band trying to make itself heard, that crazy rodeo sounded like the end of the world had sure enough come.

The Express was very moderate with its description. It merely said that Lieutenant Colonel Roosevelt "took two squadrons out on the march mounted on a handsome and spirited bay horse . . . He entered into the work with characteristic zeal; they marched around the camp for an hour; then out on the San Juan Mission Road for several miles. They presented an impressive war-like array as they moved along the road in a column of fours, uniformed in brown, duck, wide brimmed sombreros. The Colonel is a first class horseman, a first class cavalry commander with the entire manual at his finger's ends . . . giving orders rapidly and with precision . . . the column executing some of the most difficult and intricate field movements. He was 'de-lighted' with the efficiency of his men."

In fact, he was so thoroughly 'delighted' both with his own and the men's performance that, "when the squadron finished, he called all the men up to the bar outside the sally-port and treated them to a refreshing glass of beer."²⁷ Soon after the beer had been disposed of and the squadron dismissed, Colonel Wood entered the camp. Of course, he heard about the incident. He went direct to quarters where officers-school was in progress. He spoke with solemn face, and pointedly, about too much intimacy between the officers and men, concluding his remarks with the assertion 'that an officer who would go out with a large batch of men and drink with them was quite unfit to hold a commission.'

²⁷ San Antonio Light, May 20 1898: Also see Gun Notches: Rynning; Leonard Wood: H. Hagedorn.

Very shortly thereafter Colonel Wood “heard a scratching on my tent and Lieutenant Colonel Roosevelt presented himself under the fly.” “Colonel, you are quite right. I agree with what you said. I consider myself the damnest ass within ten miles of this camp. Good night, Sir!” ”

The self-confessed “damnest ass within ten miles of this camp” had been in San Antonio ten days before Martin Crimmins was awakened the first time by the sound of James Brown’s bugle. It was too early in the morning for him to read the orders posted on the bulletin board just in the fore of his tent near the Exposition Building which loomed gloomily in the slow approaching dawn. ‘The Board’, Crimmins was later to learn, was the source of all accurate information for the troopers. He had not yet learned that he who asked questions would get equally as many inconsistent answers. Finally from necessity he consulted the ‘board’, and read:

Revielle	5:30	
Stables	5:30	Mail is distributed at
Breakfast	6:30	4 o’clock
Guard-Mounting		
Platoonmen Drill	10:00	
Dinner	12:00	A laundry wagon will
Company Drill	5:00	make the rounds of
Retreat	6:00	the tents at 7 A.M.
Supper	6:10	
Tattoo	8:30	
Taps	9:00	

By Order of Major Brodie, Commanding.

Private Crimmins did learn, however, that he was a member of Troop B; that all the officers, even the non-commissioned officers, from Captain James McClintock down to saddler, Richard E. Goodwin, — better known as the ‘crack rifle shot of the West’ — were from Arizona, and they showed it. This, with the sole exception of ‘collegiate’, Dudley S. Dean, “perhaps the best quarterback who ever played on the Harvard team.”²⁸ Of the seventy-seven B Company troopers, there was, for instance, Walter McCann, who had started life as a buffalo hunter and wound up his civilian life as a bookkeeper; and Marshall M. Bird, from away out

²⁸ See S. A. Daily Express, May 9, 1898

in California, who lay that morning in the Fort Sam Houston Hospital with a fractured skull. Bird's indiscretion had been an attempt to ride an unmanageable bronco without other than a noose around its nose. (He had seen Little McGinty do that, and he thought it great sport.)²⁹ William B. Proffitt was another Company B trooper, whose home was actually North Carolina but he had 'put himself down' from Prescott, Arizona. (A little matter of geography was of no concern to Proffitt so long as he could get 'legal entrance' into the Rough Riders.) His Lieutenant Colonel described him as "ready to earn his living outside the law — the sharpshooter tall and sinewy, saturnine, fearless." Comrade Horacio Pollock's origin was obvious. He was "a silent, solitary fellow, a full-blood Pawnee." Probably the most conspicuous of all was Frank Harmson, farrier, who without fear or hesitation, nonchalantly picked up the feet of the meanest horses when they needed shoes. Only a few days before Martin arrived in San Antonio "a horse belonging to the First Sergeant of B Troop had come under the masterful grasp of Harmson's right hand, and struggling to free himself, reared up and fell back, striking its head against a post, and was killed instantly."³⁰

The early-rising troopers hastened out to the picket-line that first day of Martin's soldiering, paying no heed to the recruit. Crimmins looked about and seeing Dudley Dean with corporal chevrons, probably "sewn on by the two ladies who kept the house at the entrance to the sally-port," asked if there was anything he could do. Corporal Dean, already a veteran of thirteen days, jerked his thumb in the direction of Sergeant Davidson, who seemed to have all the answers. (Crimmins had yet to know him as "a hardboiled old regular non-com who did not seem to enjoy his job of directing a whole company of recruits." The time came, however, when to Crimmins it was a positive joy to hate him.) Private Crimmins approached, asking: "Is there anything I can do?" Snapping his words, the hard boiled non-com snarled: "You can go on K P until you get a uniform — and the army has no more uniforms!" At the kitchen, Private Crimmins again

²⁹ See Roosevelt's *Rough Riders*:

³⁰ See *S. A. Daily Express*: May 16, 1898.

See *S. A. Daily Light*: May 16, 1898.

asked the question: "Is there anything I can do?" The Mess Sergeant stood a moment before answering, looking him over carefully: "I don't think there is. Not much, anyway. Roast some coffee. Wash the pots and pans. Peel potatoes! Peel potatoes!"

Martin walked toward the open fire pit in the rear of the mess. There he hesitated while Frank S. Roberts took a look at him. "There stood a six foot boy", said Roberts. "who appeared as if the sun had never touched his skin. His hair grew well down into a simulation of President Chester A. Arthur's sideburns. His moustache was clipped in imitation of a seasoned medical man. His goatee, which wagged up and down as he spoke, gave evidence of his simulation of Southern aristocracy."

"Comrade", spoke Trooper Crimmins, "What may I do?"

"Roast coffee", said 'Comrade' Roberts.

Accepting a stirring-ladle, Crimmins observed the other men stripped bare to their waists and peeling off his own coat, shirt, and undershirt, stepped up to the fire and began 'turning the coffee'. The heat and aroma of green and burning coffee brought streams of tears from his eyes, but for three days Trooper Crimmins stood over the fire, raking the coffee in the pans, while his tender skin seared from the fire and the withering sun. For him there was 'no cloud moving with singular majesty' for his protection. 'Comrade' Roberts looked at the new recruit, doggedly going about his unaccustomed assignment, and registered him as his friend. "That boy", said Roberts, "has got guts."

Despite painful burns, Martin Crimmins attacked the never diminishing pile of spuds each morning while the other troopers sauntered out to the horses. His companion potato peelers and coffee roasters took to their tasks with daily diminishing enthusiasm. Martin, however, was quite sure he had a mission to perform and kept steadily to his assignment. The other coffee roasters endured their menial tasks by interspersing discussions of the rumors about the deserter, Staley, the most recent report about Marshall Bird,³¹ and, of course, not failing to repeat another story about 'Major

³¹ The Expres, May 9, 1898: "His Skull Fractured: A Private named Bird of the Arizona column, riding a horse bareback, shyed against a tree."

Brodie's Varley'.³² The probable courtmartial of Trooper Edwards was a never-failing source of speculation.

Edwards of the New Mexico troop had veered off from the 'straight and narrow path' and got himself arrested. According to **THE LIGHT** he had been found in "Warnette's saloon down on Commerce Street . . . had come in from Santa Fe where he had well-to-do relatives, but since he has been in the city, he has been on a protracted spree, caused by despondency due mainly from the death of his young wife three months ago. He deserted camp, and after a two-days search by a sergeant and several men, he was located in the city and arrested; but he gave his captor the slip and continued his spree. It is alleged he drew a check on T. C. Frost's bank for \$25, and procured the equivalent in money from Henry Gimbel, a Commerce Street saloon man. The check was not honored by the bank; hence, his arrest. Edwards is over 6 feet in height and is a fine specimen of manhood."

The K Ps also discussed a livelier incident "where a party of several Rough Riders and three citizens had a howling time of it in a saloon at the corner of Nueva and East Streets, and a pistol was exploded twice, while the saloon mirror was smashed with a beer glass." It appeared that, after the explosions and glass crashing the Rough Riders hastily "took a ride in a rubber tired hack". Of course "when the police arrived to make arrests the pistol and the Rough Riders were gone." Not so, the three citizens. They were arrested and fined five dollars.

For the edification of the nation, including a couple of Rough Riders who might be interested in current events, **THE SUNDAY LIGHT**, May 22, related another incident of exuberant horsemanship under the headline:

³² The San Antonio Express, May 14, 1898: One of the most unique and striking characters in the entire camp is an old Negro, named George Taylor, who proudly calls himself "Major Brodie's Varley" and who, incidentally sees that everything is done in the camp. Taylor is an old warrior himself. He was one of the first negroes to enlist in the Civil War and fought hard all the way through. He was shot to pieces several times, but despite this, and despite the fact that he was getting rather old, he is extremely vigorous and full of ginger. He draws a pension and owns a wellstocked ranch in Arizona, but he insisted on leaving his possessions and following Major Brodie to the front. "I want to do my part in killing off them murderers," he said.

ROWDY FRONTIERSMEN WHO ALMOST CAUSE THE
DEATH OF A YOUNG MAN WERE A COUPLE OF THE
PATRIOTIC ROUGH RIDERS WHO WERE EVIDENTLY
INTOXICATED

A very deplorable outrage perpetrated, it is said, by two of The Rough Riders occurred on South Flores Street last Thursday afternoon and as a result Mr. Henry Neal is laid up with a badly lacerated leg and a fine horse is dead.

Mr. Neal, an elderly and respected dairyman, who resides on the Castroville Road directly beyond the city limits, was driving home about dusk in his milk cart, closely followed by his son, Henry, also in a milk cart.

When near the crossing of the San Pedro Creek, Mr. Neal heard two horsemen approaching from the rear and heard one of them say: "Let's show him how we kill Spaniards in Cuba." Turning, he beheld two of the Rough Riders near him coming at a gallop. One of them went at him with a rush and when near the cart, made his horse jump, bringing the animal down into the cart with his front feet, bruising Mr. Neal's limbs and taking a wheel off the cart.

The Rough Rider's horse fell in extricating himself from the cart and the Rider's leg was also hurt. He was assisted to mount by his partner and they went off down the road at a gallop. By this time young Neal had arrived on the scene and he gave chase in his cart as far as Lamm Bros.' Store, where he jumped out and exchanged the cart for a horse which was saddled and tied in front of the store.

He then continued the chase on his horse down Flores to Mitchell Street and down that street toward the Mission Road, in close pursuit of the two men. Suddenly, young Neal's horse stumbled and fell, striking a barbed wire fence and cutting its throat. Mr. Neal was also thrown on the terrible wire and his leg almost severed and the two heartless persons made their escape.

Mr. Neal was picked up and brought back to the South Flores Street drug store where his wounds were dressed after which he was removed to his home.³³

The Light, then commented under the bold headline:

A PISTOL CONCERT — — — RIVERSIDE PARK.

Prof. Beck's band played the Cavalry Charge. The Rough Riders played hell.

Two rumors being mouthed about by the kitchen police interested Private Crimmins when he appeared for his third day of sun-torture: Professor Carl Beck of the San Antonio

³³ George Roland says "That is not the way it happened" and of course, he should know.

Band was to "play a complimentary concert in Riverside at 8 o'clock to the officers and soldiers **as they need complimenting by the citizens in some way.**" The other rumor was: The regiment is going to move. Martin could forego the 'complimenting' by Carl Beck's band but "If the regiment is going to move," said he, "I had better buy a uniform and join the cavalry." Forthwith he applied to Captain McClintock for a pass to go to the city since the "guard had been trebled at the Rough Rider Camp and strictest discipline was being enforced and sentries located at the entrance of all openings in the fence." A pass was issued. Martin, however, was delayed until the afternoon by the arrival of a few extra sacks of potatoes. Then he set out for the city. The Edison Car Line was finding mid-day fares scarce, so the cars did not run with any semblance of regularity or frequency. Consequently he walked "all the way into the city, no car passing going in my direction." He stopped at a drugstore enroute to get a drink and saw the thermometer registering 102 degrees inside the house. Despite a climbing thermometer, he finally got to town, and "bought some khaki colored clothes, a blue flannel shirt, big pearl buttons on it, a sombrero that looked somewhat like a campaign hat, and a kind of canvas coat with a corduroy collar." He bundled up his discarded clothing and shipped the bundle to his father. "I was a soldier in uniform."

Trooper Crimmins came to a halt at the gate. The guard demanded his pass. He delved into the pockets of his new uniform. He searched industriously. Then it dawned upon him: he had shipped his pass with his clothing. "This is not the first time I've heard that story," said the sergeant of the guard, "Throw him in the guardhouse." And they hustled him off to the lock-up with "a lot of drunks." After an interminable wait (as it seemed to him) Captain McClintock appeared and heard his story. Then grinning, as he looked him over critically, ordered: "Report to stables in the morning." Martin felt himself 'among the annoited.' He was to ride in drills. If a horse needed 'bustin' - and many of them yet did - he would be alongside Little McGinty. He was eager to 'take 'em on.'

While Martin was asking for a pass to go into the city,

another scene was being enacted in camp. A *Light*³⁴ reporter had been alerted to be present. "It was a flank movement," wrote the reporter in his best military vocabulary, "made by the Winchester Arms Company of New Haven, Connecticut, U. S. A. The object of the attack, this morning at Camp Wood, was Lieutenant Colonel Roosevelt of the Rough Riders. The charge was led by Charles Hummel, our popular sportsman and sporting-goods dealer, who was selected by the Winchester Arms Company to make the attack. Promptly, at ten o'clock this morning, Mr. Hummel, accompanied by some friends, boarded a car on the Edison Car Line and arriving at the camp, proceeded to the tent of Col. Roosevelt where that gentleman was found.³⁵ After a little skirmishing, and after introductions had been made, Mr. Hummel, on behalf of the Winchester Arms Company, presented "Teddy" with a handsome Winchester carbine, made especially for him. Colonel Roosevelt gathered himself after the surprise, and, through Mr. Hummel, thanked the Winchester Arms for the handsome gift and promised to use it the best he could to avenge the Maine. The Carbine is an 1895 model with nickel steel barrel, English walnut stock, and is a machine gun. The bullets used in this arm has (sic) a velocity of 2400 feet per second. As a single load it can be shot 25 times per minute from the shoulder with aim, and as a repeater, at the rate of 2 or three shots per second, with aim."

Martin missed seeing the presentation of the Winchester because of his K P duties. Now it was his fate to be down in the guardhouse, while Professor Beck marched his band into Camp Wood to play the complimentary concert. *The Light* had drummed up the crowd, proclaiming this "the last chance the citizens have of meeting the Rough Riders at any social function and give them a hearty farewell." By 8 o'clock the concert was in full blast. The program arranged was a "patriotic one," including the *Cavalry Charge*, the *Fantasia* - accompanied by cannon and anvil firing - especially arranged for the Rough Riders by Prof.

³⁴ The S. A. Light; May 20, 1898.

³⁵ Col. Roosevelt made it convenient for the attacking party to find him at his tent. The day before the Colonel had ordered: "Account the intense heat guard mount will be later in the day hereafter."

Beck - and the **Trip to Coney Island** - this, of course, for the Fifth Avenue Boys. No 7 on the program was the chief musical feature, **Hail to the Chief**. At the close of this there were three cheers for Col. Wood and Lt. Col. Roosevelt. (The regiment was beginning to have two chiefs.) **Dixie** and **Yankee Doodle** followed. Then there were three cheers for officers and soldiers of the First Volunteer U. S. Cavalry, and **The Star Spangled Banner**. President McKinley then came in for his three cheers. And they played **America**, with three cheers following for Dewey. And it was all brought to a smashing finale with **Hail Columbia** and three cheers for the citizens of the United States.

There was much suppressed excitement that night while the band played **Dixie** and **Yankee Doodle**. Orders had arrived at six o'clock (May 27, 1898) that the Rough Riders were to break camp.³⁶ Colonel Wood was busying himself to make ready. He had received a telegraphic query asking when the regiment would be ready to move. He "telegraphed that he could start at once, and he began to make arrangements to secure marching rations, extra horse-shoes and other needed supplies." One San Antonio blacksmith offered to help speed the departing guests by tendering a full barrel of horseshoes, announcing publicly as he did so, that he felt like running off and joining the Spaniards against the thoughtless Rough Riders who had induced him to buy a barrel of horseshoes. He said they had brought him "sixteen horses to be shod and had gone off promising to be right back with 80 more, but I haven't seen 'em since and I am stuck with a barrel of horseshoes. If that would not make a man swallow a live coal!"

The troops had been trained in squadron formation, but now that they were about to be shipped away to fight, it was thought wise to drill the regiment as a unit; so "they were given their first regimental drill." The main purpose of the drill, according to a spokesman who did not identify himself to the newspaper reporters, "is to get the horses broken in and used to each other and their riders. It is not considered necessary to give the troops much drilling in field movements as most of the Rough Riders know all there is to know about riding horses." In conjunction with the

³⁶ The S. A. Daily Light, May 28, 1898.

unit-drill, they were "given a lesson in standing-fire. The horses stood the fire well, but the fusilage alarmed some of the people in the vicinity." After "getting the boys accustomed to their steeds," according to **The Express**, "Colonel Roosevelt, drilling the Rough Riders, looked very soldierly mounted on his handsome dun steed, and proved he is every inch of what he looks, by putting the men through their maneuvers without a falter." When the maneuver was finished, Lieutenant Colonel Roosevelt talked some more to the newsmen, indicating that "the regiment could absorb ten more recruits." This brought five young San Antonians hurrying into camp. **The Light** listed them as "Bob Tendrick, the well-known San Antonian, Mr. Louis Maverick, well-known San Antonio boy, Sam Woodward, Sam Cunningham, and W. E. Cox." Sam's brother, Dave "made him a present of a fine horse." If there were other go-away-gifts the reporters failed to learn of them. With the San Antonians now "listed with Teddy's Terrors, Mr. A. C. McMillian claimed one of the vacancies, being assigned to Troop B," alongside Trooper Crimmins. McMillian hailed from "McKinley's birthplace, and presented a letter from Mr. Abner McKinley, brother of the President, to Colonel Roosevelt. Mr. McMillian's father is president of a big New York Land company, and besides presenting his son with a fine war charger, also shipped General Miles³⁷ a horse, 16.2 hands high." But the regiment was still short of its 'allowable' so Roosevelt confirmed the report "he was expecting thirty boys from the mountains of Virginia." He vouched for them as being all right "because they come from a section which furnished the best soldiers on both sides of the late war, as well as the most distinguished officers; and my opinion of their efficiency is doubly strengthened by the fact that they are commended to me by Senator J. W. Daniel, better known as the 'Lame Lion of Lynchburg,' who himself knows all about soldiers and warfare; and would, if he were not physically prevented from doing so, be in the service with me today."

While awaiting final instructions from Washington, Colonel Wood formed the regiment for final review. In-

³⁷ General Nelson Appleton Miles (1839 - 1935) in command during Spanish-American War.

cident to that, Trooper William Tiffany, who had found camp life a little rough upon his arrival from the East, now found keeping in the saddle equally hazardous. A **Light** reporter was on hand to give an account of the incident:

Mr. Tiffany the New York millionaire's son, who is with the Rough Riders, met with an accident at Camp Wood in which he miraculously escaped death. He had just been appointed standard bearer, and while in discharge of his duties, his horse became unmanageable; the horse reared up, and fell over backwards with its rider. Fortunately, however, Tiffany happened to fall with his breast in the saddlebow; otherwise he would have been crushed; as it was, beyond a severe shaking up, he was entirely uninjured.

With the troops recruited to almost full strength and with nothing to do but wait, Lieutenant Colonel Roosevelt, forgetting, or probably not caring for, military punctilio, addressed a farewell letter direct to the President of the United States:

My dear Mr. President - a line to tell you that we are in fine shape. We are ready to leave now at any moment.

Then came the longed-for telegram. Colonel Wood read it and quietly handed it to his lieutenant colonel. Roosevelt read it. He clicked his heels together, threw his hat in the air and shouted with glee. This was correctly interpreted by the troopers and "flying hats, blankets, tin cups, even saddles made a bedlam of the decorous camp of subjugated wild men."

Just at that precise moment an enterprising second-hand clothing dealer, by good fortune (and probably drawn there by the rumor of departure, so he, too, might be in the path of events) happened to be within the camp negotiating the purchase of articles to be discarded. With manna falling around him, he began garnering industriously. Then, much to his discomfort, he was set upon by troopers from all sides. A convenient blanket was brought out. From it he was tossed higher and higher into the air, the troopers not being scrupulously careful to break his falls. His screams for help brought an officer who rescued and escorted him through the sally-port. Exit through this particular passageway was also unfortunate, for there he met

another and even more hilarious contingent, fresh from the exultations consequent from mixing the joys of the good news with Messrs. Quinn & Rheiner's easy-access stimulants, and - but for the merchant's speed of departure - the scene would have been re-enacted.

Sunday morning reveille, May 29, 1898, brought the Rough Riders out of their 'dog tents' for the last time at Camp Wood. There was a hasty breakfast and Trooper Crimmins rode with Troop B to the Union Stock Yards, located on the Southern Pacific Railroad tracks. The railroad had failed to provide loading facilities, and the army had none, resulting in general confusion and dissatisfaction with the manner in which the movement was attempted. After struggling all day with the problems of loading, three sections left eastward. Martin rode with Troops B and C and a pack-train (Mickey O'Hara was not among those present) under the command of Captain McClintock. "The first train," said **The Express**, "which pulled out from the depot at 3:45, was made up of 36 cars, 6 day coaches, 2 baggage cars, and one box car, one Pullman and 20 stock cars."

Roosevelt marched the remainder of the regiment over to the yards as soon as he was informed that the first section was out of the way. He succeeded in getting the horses on the cars at nine o'clock. He looked around for his men, but he had few! They were gone to the saloons and dives in the neighborhood. He caused "assembly" to be blown. Those who did not appear were rounded up and brought back to the railroad tracks. Then he found that the **Southern Pacific** had failed to anticipate cars would be needed for the transportation of soldiers; so there was nothing to be done but order the men to lie down in the bushes adjacent to the railroad. There they took peaceful repose until morning came when the railroad pushed in the required number of cars, all bedecked with the insignia:

THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC - THE FRIENDLY RAILROAD

Nothing to Sell but Service —

This foresight and efficient service to its country in time of war so outraged Roosevelt's sensibilities that he wrote to Senator Lodge in disgust: "I superintended not merely my

own men, but the railroad men; and when the **delay of the latter and their ability to understand** grew past bearing, I took charge of the trains myself." What Colonel Wood was doing during the fiasco is not clear; however **The Light** stated "Colonel Wood remained here until all the trains had gone to see that everything got out all right. He followed the regiment on the regular passenger train and will overtake one of the military trains at Houston."

Several hundred people were at the depot "to bid the soldiers goodbye. There would have been a larger crowd if it had been known exactly when the trains would leave." Not knowing the time of departure, Mayor Callaghan, Colonel Frank Arnold, Captain J. W. Page, and several other prominent citizens, drove out to the Union Stock Yards while the troops were being loaded and bade the officers and men good-bye. Colonel Wood expressed his appreciation to the Mayor and visiting delegation and declared "our visit in San Antonio pleasant indeed." Lieutenant Colonel Roosevelt, although busy with troop loading and railroad management, endorsed what the Colonel had said. Martin's captain, Jim McClintock called back from the cars as the train pulled away: "When I get back after the war - if I get back - I intend to pay a long visit in San Antonio."

Trooper Crimmins found himself quite comfortable in the cane-back coach seat. Sunburned and sore, this was the nearest approach to comfort he had felt since reaching San Antonio. Four seats were allotted to three men, their excess and personal baggage going into the fourth seat and racks overhead. The railroad's promise that the trip would take only two days - an elastic promise - stretched out into four. Travel rations were eaten. The men became hungry and restless. Some unwound their lariats and practiced on little Negro boys who stood around depots, goggle-eyed with amazement that they had "seen the Rough Riders." Then the 'word was passed' that Arizona's mascot lion was getting hungry; that it would eat only little Negro boys. There was a scramble to see which trooper could catch the greatest number of 'Nittle Nigs.' One trooper deviated and flipped his rope over an inquisitive pig as the train moved slowly through a Louisiana station, and the boys helped pull the squealer through the car window. The feeding-stalls along

the railroad attracted other pigs, who suffered the same fate, "Amid cheering and squealing they were drawn aboard and installed as mascot of Troop H," wrote one trooper to a San Antonio paper. At Madison, Florida, not to be outdone by the other boys, Guy Le Sturgeon engaged with the men from the First Squadron in chasing a "hog all over town, bearing him in triumph to our car, where he resides in the water-closet. Of course, we did not make him a mascot, as our dog "Dewey" is enough for one troop."

The 'pig on the throne,' however, lost in regal position. **The San Antonio Light**, following the progress of the military trains across the nation, quoted Guy Le Sturgeon to prove it:³⁸

Waldorf, Florida: 7:30, June 2 - **At Last Something Has Happened I have been Expecting!** The hog stolen by Company F has been reported, and an effort made to discover the thief, but that is impossible, so the whole troop was drawn up and got a genteel scolding. The hog will have to be paid for. We are having other trouble, too.

'Other trouble' broke the tranquillity of the long train ride when "some ones (sic) who pretended to be Cubans were allowed to ride on the stockcars of the squadron and this morning seven horses were found to be hamstrung and the Cubans were gone. We were given strict orders to cut the throats of any Cuban sympathizers we may find in the future. Food and water is being poisoned right and left, and we are in more danger now than we will be in Cuba. Nothing is eaten by us that has not been inspected. Unless we are poisoned 'outside' we will be safe enough."

After four days the Rough Riders came into Camp Tampa, "very tired and very dirty." They were nine miles from Port Tampa. No one met them. The officers did not know where their camp was. A sergeant came along and pointing out Trooper Crimmins, commanded: "Stay with the car." He 'stayed with the car' for thirty hours before relief came. During the first twenty-four hours the Rough Riders were without food "as their troop ration had been completely exhausted." As for other troops around Camp Tampa, which added to the confusion, Roosevelt

³⁸ See also: **Gun Notches**: Tom Rynning, Stokes: p. 156, for similar prank.

found "nearly thirty thousand here, besides the sailors from their ships. Most of them are in blue, but our Rough Riders are in brown."

Amid the general confusion at the terminus someone found the area set apart for the Rough Riders. It was "on a great flat, on sandy soil without a tree, though round about are pines and palmettos.³⁹ The letter-writing Le Sturgeon was amazed at his new surroundings:

You have heard there is sand in Tampa. I have seen sand; heard of sand; read of sand; but the idea of the sandiness of sand never came to me. Although there was a hard rain day before yesterday the horses bogged, sank, and staggered like Castanola's team pulling a load out Flores Street.

Twenty-four hours after arriving at the new camp, Roosevelt and his officers, in desperation, "bought the men food out of our own pockets and seized wagons in order to get our spare baggage to the camp ground." For thirty-six hours their horses were permitted to rest. Not so, the troopers, for they underwent their "daily exercises," marching in the sand. It is a wonder they could sing:

We thud - thud- down the dusty pike;
We jingle across the plains;
We cut and thrust;
We lunge and strike.
We throttle the sons of Spain.
Going to Cuba with Roosevelt!

Just as the Rough Riders were getting their first square meal, they got a shock that took away their appetites. An order came from Washington permitting "only four troops out of the twelve to go to Cuba." And to make matters worse, they must go unmounted. Le Sturgeon prattled the gossip back to San Antonio in his daily letter to his mother: "The country around Santiago is such that they cannot use horses, and if we go at all, we must go as doughboys." The order to leave two-thirds of the regiment behind with all of the horses and packmules gave Roosevelt an "awful morning." If only a third of the troopers were to go, that meant that Roosevelt would be 'one of the majority.' He would make his military campaign from

³⁹ The Rough Riders: Roosevelt.

the sands of Florida! He had already talked too much. Now he talked much more. He even reported his "awful morning" to Senator Henry Cabot Lodge. Whether that relay of information had anything to do with developments is not plain; but the order was changed, "and they have now sent 8, and I can go."⁴⁰

Private Crimmins looked at the posted list. His morale fell like an eagle with a broken pinion. His name was not there. Then he heard troopers grouching at their hard luck in "being the first to go to Cuba and get killed while able-bodied 'horse-details' stay at home with no danger of death." Those fellows gave him an idea: he let it be known he would give fifty dollars in hard money to the first trooper on the Cuba-bound list who would change places with him. His spirits rose to a new high when nine troopers came forward claiming to be the 'first.'

Among those who did not come forward to take advantage of the fifty dollar offer were Fred Farrel, John Brown, and Private Curson. They, like Sam Miller, Samuel T. McCullough, Henry Crosley, John Jackson, Charles Thompson, and Ed. Ewell, were not present 'nor were they accounted for.' Whether this was an indication they had acquired an allergy for military service, either in the United States or Cuba, is not a matter of record. The boys, like the Greeks, had a word for it. They called it "going over the hill." But Roosevelt, in his **Rough Riders**, listed them as plain 'deserters.'⁴¹

With nine applicants for Martin's fifty dollars, Martin's spirits rose only to fall again. Captain McClintock stated in positive terms: "The list is made up. There will be no changes." The Company Clerk, however, in an aside to Martin, regretted "you did not tell me you wanted to go while I was making up the list!" That was encouraging, but it did not put him on the list.

Then another incident took place. Captain McClintock lined up his men selected for Cuba service. Among them was 'Comrade' Roberts. As the Captain brought them to 'attention' preparatory to marching away, Roberts, fatigued

⁴⁰ *The Letters of Theodore Roosevelt*: Morison, Harvard University Press, 1951.

⁴¹ See *The Rough Riders*. Roosevelt.

and exhausted from long hours over fire-pits in San Antonio and burning Tampa sands, fell unconscious. Almost before the Captain could come to him, however, he revived and took his place again. McClintock, however, would not have it so. "Let me have another man," he said to his sergeant. "We cannot take a sick man." Then Private Martin Crimmins stepped up: "Let me go, Captain."

Captain McClintock hesitated a moment; then pointing to his shirtless body, blistered by sun and fire, said: "Private Crimmins, you can not even wear a shirt. I might as well take a sick man."

Undaunted, Private Crimmins asked permission to speak with the Lieutenant Colonel. The request was granted. Roosevelt received him with patience and understanding; but he shook his head:

The roster is already made up. I appreciate your wanting to go. Two of my best friends, Elliot Cowden and Hamilton Fish,⁴² are being left behind. All cannot go. There will be no change; besides, there will be no fighting until I get the horses over. I organized this as a mounted regiment and there will be no fighting until the horses get there.

Lieutenant Colonel Roosevelt described Martin's disappointment, as well as that of many another young man, when he wrote his sister: "I wish you could see how melancholy the four troops that remain behind feel. It is very hard on them." The Lieutenant Colonel felt the pangs of disappointment himself because "they send us dismounted" but he was so "delighted" to be going under any condition that "I would be glad to go on all fours rather than not to go at all."

Marching orders came late in the evening. The officers sent their horses to Port Tampa, nine miles away. Roosevelt's mounts, "Rain-in-the-face" and "Texas," went along with Marshall, the valet. Martin remained with the thousand horses and nearly two hundred mules. The Rough Riders trudged with sand-filled shoes to the single-track railroad where they had orders to board a train yet to be furnished. They stood in the sand and fought mosquitoes from midnight until three in the morning. Then an

⁴² Roosevelt took Hamilton Fish along, despite this statement, and Fish was one of the first to be killed.

order came to move to another spur-track. There was another three hour wait but no train. However, some coal-cars came along, being shoved toward the docks. Roosevelt commandeered these, and loading the Rough Riders, the First United States Volunteer Cavalry (reduced to the indignity of riding in coal cars) moved toward the dock, nine miles from camp. One mile from their destination, they were set afoot again looking like stokers from enginerooms. The tired and sleepy troops, taking advantage of a confusion of orders, finally succeeded in boarding **The Yucatan**. They were Cuba-bound. But they were unhorsed.

Martin went back to his tent. There he consoled himself the best he could by writing his father, who took notice of his son's plight in his diary:

Martin, with a part of the regiment, was left at Tampa, greatly to his disappointment, and after many efforts to join them, offered fifty dollars to one who had been drafted for the expedition, to permit him to take his place. Martin thinks his knowledge of horses was the occasion of his not being allowed to go with the expedition. Martin's work was doubled, and from what I learn, was overworked, and perhaps imposed upon. Although weak, he continued in the work of the camp. I cannot learn from him his condition.

When Martin would not reveal 'his condition,' John Crimmins wrote his friend, Dr. Corrigan (a relative of Archbishop Corrigan of New York), who resided at Saint Leo, about thirty miles from Tampa. As a result, within a short time Trooper Crimmins had a visitor. Martin thought the visit grew out of the desire of a family-friend to pay his respects. Such may have been true, but just the same John Crimmins soon had a report of his condition! Interpreting the report, Father Crimmins was "satisfied that Martin is not comfortable; that the company is a rough lot." This conclusion prompted him to write two more letters, one went to General J. J. Coppinger, U. S. A. (Regulars), then commanding in Florida. The other was received by Colonel Duffy of the 69th United States Volunteers. Both were asked to "look him up, which they happened to do on that same day."

General J. J. Coppinger was of the family of Coppingers of Cork, Ireland, who boasted that fourteen of their clan

had been Lords-Mayor of Cork and Master-of-Hounds. In 1860, J. J. Coppinger went to Italy to join the Papal Zouaves, as was the fashion of young Irish gentlemen of the time. When Archbishop Ireland was assigned five captaincies by President Lincoln, Coppinger was among the five selected. He was thereupon made a captain in the United States army, holding also the rank of colonel in the 15th New York Cavalry. After being brevetted on three different occasions for gallantry, in 1895, Coppinger's name came up for promotion to a brigadier general. Opposition was directed to him on the ground that he was a 'foreigner and a Catholic.' John Crimmins had been one of the Democratic presidential electors and was favorably known to President Grover Cleveland. Crimmins, however, knew Coppinger only by reputation. His reputation was so good, in the mind of John D. Crimmins, that he directed a note to the President, in which he stated that if there were no objections to Coppinger's promotion, other than his Catholicism and good fortune of having been born an Irishman, then he considered the objections untenable. Needless to say, the appointment was made; and as Coppinger must have learned of the Crimmins' intervention, it is no wonder that General Coppinger and his Colonel, Duffy "happened to look up Martin."

After perfunctory questioning in the accepted military manner, General Coppinger directed Colonel Duffy to transfer Private Crimmins to the general's headquarters to serve as an orderly. The general had his headquarters at Tampa Heights about three miles from Tampa. As Colonel Wood had left behind about a thousand cavalry horses, there was 'horse flesh in abundance' in the Quarter Master's corral with which Martin might perform the duties now assigned him. "Your duties," said the General, "shall consist of selecting and making ready to ride a sufficient number of mounts for my staff."

Private Crimmins again went about his task with enthusiasm. Regardless of whether or not a horse had previously been under the saddle, Crimmins made selections only from conformation and appearance. He left the rest to the staff! The general expressed himself as being quite well pleased with the appearance of the horses. He was

even more pleased when the staff officers attempted to ride some of them. Since General Coppinger's staff officers had been selected for other qualifications than attempting to teach a West Texas cayuse the improprieties of simulating a toe-dance or attempting to jump out of his skin when a trolley passed, Orderly Crimmins had numerous 'staff horses' cut back to him for 'busting.' This assignment he enjoyed to the highest degree. In fact, General Coppinger began to enjoy his 'staff show' so thoroughly that rides with a full staff became the order of the day. At the end of each, as Private Crimmins took away the horses, the gruff old general, with a twinkle in his Irish eyes, would say: "Very well done, Crimmins. Very well done." The commendations, however, coming from the staff officers were less frequent, and lacking in enthusiasm.

General Coppinger was so well pleased with his new orderly that he suggested, one day, he should apply for a commission in the United States army. This Private Crimmins did. The general was not content at a mere suggestion; he wrote to John Crimmins in New York, indicating the propriety of making an effort through President McKinley to secure an appointment for his son. Crimmins complied, making the record in his diary:

I immediately had letters written to the President and Secretary of War. At the time the army list was full.

Colonel Duffy, however, came to the rescue with the information that he had a vacancy in the 69th New York Infantry; and in due time Private Crimmins was commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the 69th. Still wishing to oblige his general, Colonel Duffy assigned Second Lieutenant Martin Crimmins back to General Coppinger's staff. "Now," said Martin's father, "he can do better than mess with the detailed men and has a generous living."

Fever began spreading among the troops left behind with the horses. To check the disease it was concluded the men should be removed to a new and cleaner site. Fernandina, Florida, was selected. Orderly Crimmins went one day with Major Clarence Thompson, inspector general, to view the site of the new camp. Fernandina was promising in appearance. Major Thompson was aware of Orderly

Crimmins' practical knowledge of engineering, which he had acquired through association with his father, and wishing to hasten the removal of the men from the condemned camp, detailed Crimmins to assist a civilian engineer who was laying out company streets through the chaparral parallel to the railroad. One hundred and fifty husky Negroes were toiling in the summer sun while the civil engineer walked about with a parasol to protect himself from the heat. The Negroes seemed to thrive upon their work, but within a few days the engineer dropped dead from sunstroke.

The camp building was about to come to a halt for lack of supervision when Major Thompson assigned Lieutenant-elect Crimmins to the uncompleted task. But (as it is the way of the army), before the camp was ready for occupancy, it was decided that the regiment should move again, this time to Huntsville, Alabama. Lieutenant Crimmins, consequently, reported to the new location. Then, just as his work was about to come to an end, he received an order to report to New York "the following Monday to take an examination for a commission in the United States Regular Army."

Lieutenant Crimmins arrived in New York City, Saturday, August 20, 1898, and (according to the Crimmins diary) "The examinations were continued for ten days in twenty-four books." Having qualified in the 'twenty-four books,' on September 9th, he received a commission as Second Lieutenant in the United States army. There being no vacancy in the cavalry he was assigned to the infantry.

"Teddy and his Terrors" had done their fighting in Cuba by the time Martin became a Regular army officer, and as it appeared the war was shifting to the Philippine Islands, Second Lieutenant Crimmins applied for Philippine service before going back to General Coppinger in Alabama.

During Martin's tussle of "ten days with twenty-four books," he had a pleasant surprise. Lieutenant Martin, late of Camp Wood, but fresh from the fight in Cuba, - a graduate from West Point - and "Charles Hatch who joined the Rough Riders at Tampa," came out to Noroton to reminisce with their army chum. Father Crimmins welcomed them, noting that "Charles looked a wreck from fever but is better."

Martin found it extremely pleasant at Firwood as he

compared it with his Rough Rider days, despite the heat wave which had hit the City of New York, causing a greater number of heat prostrations than had ever been recorded before. Father Crimmins, probably feeling the encroachment of age and the strain of incessant work, arranged his affairs so as "not to be occupied this summer and to have exacting demands made upon me, having withdrawn in June from the management of the Street Railway Construction." But he continued to "occupy myself about property matters, and enjoyed good health." His garden was "beautiful and all fruits perfection." Melons were "abundant and numerous, jars of berries, pears and other fruit have been successfully put up by Bridget." He kept "two men on the farm at Glenbreckin, a head gardener on the place with six and seven laborers, and three men in stable. Miss Smyth, governess, a butler (two, parts of the summer), Bridget and six women servants." He "kept a naphtha launch, **Arline**, and three men for two months, which I chartered for \$900, or \$450 per month." And, too, so that Martin and his other children and their friends might have the city home available for their wants, he "kept the city home open (No. 40 East 68th Street) with two women servants and a man who occasionally drives me." Out on the Sound, he had "four milking cows, six carriage horses, four useful horses for farming and general work, two saddle horses, and a pair of Shetland ponies." He felt quite fortunate "in having friends visiting us, and enjoyment with contentment and peace prevails." This was quite sumptuous to Martin in comparison with the coffee-pits at San Antonio.

But "enjoyment with contentment and peace" for Martin and his Rough Rider visitors came to an end on September sixth as Second Lieutenant Martin Lalor Crimmins, U. S. A., headed back to General Coppinger in Alabama. But his service with the General was at an end. On the seventeenth of October, 1898, the transport **Senator** weighed anchor in San Francisco Bay, headed for a future scene of war. It was loaded with troops. None anticipated with more enthusiasm the coming adventures than did Second Lieutenant Martin L. Crimmins as he looked out across the Pacific Ocean.



6. "WE HAVE CAPTURED THE ENEMY WITH AFFECTION"



As the Senator sailed westward Second Lt. Crimmins was bouyed with the anticipation of adventure. Just why there was a stream of troops going to the Philippine Islands he did not know. This lack of information was not limited to himself. Few Americans did. Even the Secretary of War had to shift with what he could see was a changing policy within the Republican administration. Senator Williams, of the Foreign Relations Committee, probably had more information, at least about the location of the Islands, than any other United States Senator, despite the fact that this information consisted chiefly of a map posted on his office wall which showed the positions of the Islands; and the august senator was required repeatedly to stand on a stool and point out the islands to the unin-

formed and inquisitive. Actually there was little information in print about those Spanish possessions. An English manufacturer's agent, John Foreman, had published the only text in English on the subject, but now that Admiral Dewey had focused the attention of the world upon them, few copies of the Foreman book could be bought in the United States. Not only was there a paucity of information about the Philippine Islands in the United States, but the people of the United States did not understand that the Islands were involved in the Spanish-American war except incidentally. Annexation of colonies most assuredly had not been in the thinking of President McKinley when his war message was given to Congress. Those war aims were lofty; they had nothing to do with expansion, for he had said:

"Forcible annexation, according to the American code of morals, would be criminal aggression."

The Teller Resolution had affirmed that position:

Whereas, the abhorrent conditions which have existed for more than three years in the Island of Cuba, so near our own borders, has shocked the moral sense of the people of the United States, have been a disgrace to Christian civilization, culminating, as they have, in the destruction of a United States battleship with 266 of its officers and crew, while on a friendly visit in the harbor of Habana, and can no longer be endured, as has been set forth by the President of the United States in his message to Congress of April 11, 1898, upon which action of Congress was invited,

Therefore Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled:

First. That the people of the Island of Cuba are, and of right ought to be, free and independent.

Second. That it is the duty of the United States to demand, and the United States does demand, that the government of Spain at once relinquish its authority and government in the Island of Cuba and withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters.

Third. That the President of the United States be, and he is hereby directed and empowered to use the entire land and naval forces of the United States to carry these resolutions into effect.

Fourth. That the United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction or control over said Island, except for the pacification thereof,

and asserts its determination, when that is accomplished, to leave the government and control of the Island to its people.

By the end of July, 1898, the Island of Cuba had fallen to United States troops. Puerto Rico, about which nothing had been said in the propaganda for war, had also been overrun. Up to that time the war on land had been confined to the Islands of Cuba and Puerto Rico but the clash of navies had not been so restricted. The destiny of Cuba had been resolved in Oriental-Spanish waters as surely as at Santiago and San Juan Hill. Dewey, in Philippine waters, had not sealed the fate of Spanish Cuba but he had opened the 'Philippine Question' which had not entered into Congressional contemplation when authorizing war.

In planning for war, although none of this was called to the attention of Congress, the Philippine Islands had not been overlooked by the ambitious Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Also Commodore George Dewey saw the strategic position of the far-away Spanish Islands. When rumor of war reached the Narragansett under the command of Dewey on a cruise in the Gulf of California, her officers complained to their commodore that they were thousands of sea miles from Cuba, as they would have to sail around the South American continent, and they would miss the fighting. Dewey comforted them with the thought that if he were placed in command of an efficient force in the Far East "with a free hand to act, in consequence of being so far away from Washington, I can strike promptly and successfully at the Spanish force in the Philippines." Having fathered the thought, he applied for command of the Asiatic squadron. And as Roosevelt needed just such a naval commander he set the stage for Dewey's appointment.

Once Commodore Dewey was in charge of the Asiatic squadron, he sailed for Hong Kong. There he absorbed all available information about the Philippines. He even welcomed collaboration with the exiled Filipino insurrecto, Amelio Aguinaldo, then hiding out in China, and rejoiced in the Navy Department instruction which came to him:

Dewey, Hongkong.

Order the squadron except the Monacacy to Hongkong. Keep full of coal. In the event of declaration of war with Spain, your duty will be to see that the Spanish squadron does not

leave the Asiatic Coast, and offensive operation in the Philippine Islands. Keep Olymphia until further orders.

Roosevelt.

Amelio Aguinaldo was in Singapore when Dewey heard of the declaration of war. The insurrecto leader had left the Philippines by agreement with the Spaniards, but Spain had failed to keep sacred her part of the exile-pact. Since there remained no obligation on the part of Aguinaldo to stay outside Spanish jurisdiction, the United States consul believed that the exiled insurrecto leader would welcome an opportunity to return under the protection of American guns and resume leadership of the revolution against Spain. The consul, therefore, sought to bring about a meeting of the insurgent and the American Commodore, believing that military assistance on land would facilitate the task of the naval forces. When Dewey was informed of the efforts of the consul, he cabled: "Tell Aguinaldo come as soon as possible." The Asiatic squadron, however, could not await the arrival of one Filipino insurgent, so Dewey steamed toward the Philippines, leaving behind the gun-boat **McCullough** to be used by Aguinaldo for his journey.

Dewey and Aguinaldo met in the waters off Manila. What arrangements were made, if any, have been the subject of long dispute. Dewey claimed he merely told Aguinaldo to "Go ashore and start your army." However, by a cable to the Secretary of the Navy Dewey registered his opinion concerning Aguinaldo's importance:

Aguinaldo, the rebel commander in chief, was brought down by the **McCullough**. Organizing forces near Cavite, and may render assistance which will be valuable.

The rebel organized his forces near Cavite, true to his promise. Then he surrounded the city of Manila. He captured twenty-five hundred Spanish soldiers, cut off communication of the besieged by land; then, at the insistence of Dewey, lay down on his arms and awaited the arrival of United States infantrymen who desired to take part in the capture of the Philippine capital but were not yet in Philippine waters. For this service, Dewey informed Washington that he had "given Aguinaldo to understand I consider insurgents as friends, opposed to the common enemy."

For the politicians in Washington, who seemed unable to understand the plain words of the Teller Resolution or who had forgotten 'the American code of morals' and who were willing to insist the purpose of the war was inapplicable to the Philippines, Dewey added disquieting intelligence: "He (Aguinaldo) has gone to attend a meeting of insurgent leaders for the purpose of forming a civil government."

Dewey's destruction of the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay, May 1, (1898) lessened the importance of the assistance of the Filipino insurgents. When the United States infantry arrived, the need for Aguinaldo diminished again. In fact, Aguinaldo's importance deteriorated thereafter so much that Dewey said: "I had not much to do with him after the army came."

Regardless of Dewey's diminishing evaluation of the Filipino leader, General T. M. Anderson understood the value of having a united front against the Spaniards. Anderson, commanding the land forces, poured his soldiers into Cavite as fast as transports arrived and crowded the entrenched Filipinos at Caloocan. Seeing that the insurgent encirclement of Manila lessened the need for American infantryman (and not having them in abundance), General Anderson expressed his "entire sympathy and most friendly sentiments for the native people of the Philippine Islands." To Aguinaldo he made the personal appeal: "to have the most amicable relations with you and to have you and your people cooperate with us in the military operations against the Spanish forces." Then, he asked Aguinaldo to shift his entrenched forces so that American infantrymen might take a place in the established fighting line. In a spirit of genuine cooperation, Aguinaldo complied with the request.

Aguinaldo's encirclement of the city of Manila, the capture of supplies which had come across the Island of Luzon, intended for the cooped-up Spanish soldiers, and the slaughter of every Spaniard who showed himself outside the city, made the capture of Manila little more than a gesture. With Cuba, Porto Rico and now, Manila and Manila Bay in the hands of the United States forces, the backbone of Spanish resistance was broken. No recourse remained for Spain. Her national existence forced her to seek protection behind the Protocol of Peace. This was signed at Washington, August

12, 1898. In that document the armistic-makers provided a status for the Philippines:

The United States will occupy and hold the city, bay and harbor of Manila, pending the conclusion of the Treaty of Peace, which shall determine the control, disposition and government of the Philippines.

This left only one question: Would the United States Senate, acting with its treaty-making authority, adhere to the Teller Resolution and disavow the growing clamor of the American expansionists?

After the capitulation of Manila, Aguinaldo pulled his forces back from the city and waited. To make certain, however, that all understood his determination to have the Philippine Islands free and independent he published his intentions "to struggle for the independence of the Philippines until all nations, including Spain, shall expressly recognize it, and to prepare the country for a real republic." General Arthur McArthur, now on duty in the Islands, sensed the power of the insurgent leader and proclaimed him "the incarnation of the feelings of the Filipinos." He left it to be inferred that "the incarnation" was a determination to be free. Major Bell warned General Merritt: "There is not a particle of doubt that Aguinaldo and his leaders will resist any attempt of any government to reorganize a colonial government there." Aguinaldo emblazoned his intentions by unfurling a flag of the Republic of the Philippines and avowed his intention 'to fight with a firm hand the inveterate vices of the Spanish administration, substituting a more simple and expeditious system.' It should not have been difficult for United States expansionists to read "inveterate vices" into their effort to substitute America for Spain.

After signing the Protocol of Peace during the interim of treaty negotiations, there was a long period of idleness in which an army of venturesome Americans, flushed with an easy victory over an almost impotent foe, faced suspicious Filipinos who could not determine by anything said or done whether the Americans came to conquer or release the subjugated. Instead of joint participation in the pleasant fruits of victory over the Spaniards, the two armies squared

off as if in anticipation of a conflict; and the Filipinos began shifting their hatred from Spaniards to Americans who seemed to be intent upon "organizing a colonial government."

During the 'long wait,' while the treaty makers were substituting a twenty million dollar purchase for 'criminal aggression,' there was an unforeseeable development. Under the 'cease fire' agreement, the United States covenanted to keep its troops "within the city, bay, and harbor of Manila." It did not occur to the contracting parties that there might be other Spanish troops, distant from Manila and Manila Bay, whose activities might need checking. Moreover, it certainly did not occur to the protocol makers that Spanish troops might be set upon by insurgents and that the Spaniards might have to humiliate themselves by calling upon American troops for protection. Such a situation developed, however, at Iloilo, the principal city on the Island of Panay, 300 miles south of Manila, where insurgents surrounded the Spanish-held city with the obvious intention of reducing it. Being in this manner endangered, the Spanish command, joined by foreign merchants within the area, appealed to the American commander at Manila for protection. So General Otis concluded, despite the terms of the protocol, he should dispatch relief "for Spaniards in a desperate situation in Iloilo."

While the administration at Washington was keeping the true situation as quiet as possible pending an on-coming election, and at the same time doing a volte face, shifting from killing 'sons of Spain' (which was not the previously employed term of designation) to protecting these same 'sons' from erstwhile American allies, American troops were being transported to Manila. John Crimmins heard of Martin through "letters and papers describing Honolulu, where the transport stopped for stores, dated November 1. They were to proceed from there to Manila." Although **The Senator** had left San Francisco on October 17, it did not arrive in Manila Bay until the twenty-fourth of November. The Second Lieutenant went ashore and took station in the old Spanish fort, San Felipe, with the 18th Infantry. The 'long wait' was on. Increasing numbers of idle soldiers looked out across Manila Bay at Admiral Dewey's squadron. At night searchlights flashed incessantly upon the placid water.

When time weighed too heavily Martin was among those who broke away from search lights and traveled over to the little town of San Roque where a pretty Filipina lured the strangers from afar. And he heard the lonesome soldiers improvising Kipling's theme:

'Er petticoat was yaller an' 'er little cap was green,
An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat jes' the same as Theebaw's
Queen.

The besieged Spaniards at Iloilo broke the monotony by expressing "doubts that we will be able to hold out," and, holding nothing else on Panay, evacuated the capital before the arrival of the American troops which were ordered down on December 26th, 1898. Aguinaldo's insurgents, without the necessity of a fight, took over the city. General Marcus P. Miller, acting under orders from General Otis, who had succeeded to the Manila command when General Merritt was called to the Paris Peace Conference, took two sailing days between Manila and Iloilo. Probably he made slow progress purposely. Anyway he was overjoyed to learn that the Spaniards had made a hasty departure by sea, for, by the terms of the August 13th armistice, the American military jurisdiction was limited to Manila and its vicinity. To have been required to take Spanish prisoners at Iloilo would most assuredly have been a contravention of that agreement; to require the delivery of Spanish prisoners from the custody of insurgents surely would have brought into question the jurisdiction of the United States in any place in the Philippines not covered by the protocol. Besides that, General Otis had been specific in his instructions to General Miller to relieve the beleaguered Spaniards but to preserve the peace and not bring on a conflict with the insurgent Filipinos, for, to do so might endanger the ratification of the Treaty of Paris, which by Christmas had been signed by the plenipotentiaries but had not had the necessary approval of the United States Senate. A stipulation in the treaty was that, for the sum of twenty million dollars, governmental jurisdiction over the entire group of Philippine Islands would be ceded to the United States. Therefore, without ratification of the twenty million dollar purchase there was no semblance of jurisdiction over the

Islands except the rights which go with conquest. So, General Miller brough his ships to anchor off Guimaras, near Iloilo. There lying at anchor, he puzzled how to execute the President's order:

Send necessary troops to Iloilo, to preserve the peace and protect life and property. It is most important that there should be no conflict with the insurgents. Be conciliatory but firm.

General Miller's ships consisted of **The Arizona**, **The Hancock**, **The Pennsylvania**; the cruiser, **Baltimore**; and gunboat **Callao**. Second Lieutenant Crimmins was aboard **The Arizona**. The general made it known to the Filipinos that he had come for a discussion of the matters of evacuation of the property on the Island (none was being destroyed) and the authority to be asserted by the Americans over Panay Island. The latter was not subject to discussion in Filipino minds. A committee rowed out to the anchored **Arizona**. There was a long conference. The general thought he had won the natives to acquiescence. He believed the troops would be permitted to land, unmolested, the following day. In his glee he sent back the message: "We have captured the enemy with affection. Our ammunition lies boxed in the hold below."

After the sugar-coat of affection melted, the Filipinos tasted the tang of the act 'of friendly aggression,' interpreting it as a military expedition. As a consequence, the presidente, representing the Aguinaldo government, after explanations phrased courteously in the approved Castilian fashion, forbade the landing of any troops without the approval of Aguinaldo "in cases affecting our Federal Government."

The 51st Iowa Regiment had been cooped up on a transport since leaving San Francisco, November 3rd. The men were most anxious to land after eighty-nine days aboard ship, so they lowered two boats and pulled toward shore. At the water's edge they were met by a formidable force and warned back to their ship. Seeing it was impossible to make a landing without conflict, General Miller swallowed his pride, transferred the 51st Iowa from the **Arizona**, and sent them back to Cavite so they could stretch their legs on land. The Iloilo expedition was, as a consequence, short of

man-power, so General Otis traded the 2nd Tennessee for the sea-weary Iowans. The boys from Tennessee were probably being gently chastised for a recent flare-up of disorder. While the troop exchange was proceeding, General Miller 'asked permission' the second time to land his soldiers at Iloilo. This time he sent along a copy of President McKinley's Benevolent Assimilation Proclamation, which, in part, stated:

The destruction of the Spanish fleet . . . followed by the reduction of the city (Manila) and the surrender of the Spanish forces, practically effect the conquest of the Philippine Islands. With the Treaty of Peace . . . and the victories of American arms, the future control, disposition, and government of the Philippine Islands are ceded to the United States . . . the military government heretofore maintained by the United States in the city, harbor, and Bay of Manila is to be extended to the whole of the ceded territory . . . It should be the earnest wish and paramount aim of the military administration to win the confidence, respect and affection of the inhabitants of the Philippines . . . by proving that the mission of the United States is one of benevolent assimilation.

Iloilo gave a ready reply:

I have the honor to notify you that, in conjunction with the people, the army, and the committee, we insist upon our pretensions not to consent to any foreign government without express orders from the central government at Luzon with which we are one in ideas, as we have been until now, in sacrifices.

Is it any wonder that war correspondent, J. F. Bass wrote **Harper's Weekly**: "So here we are in Iloilo, an exploded bluff."

'El Presidente,' who signed himself 'Lopez of the Federal Government of Visayas,' exploded Miller's 'bluff' while that august general paced the deck of the **Newport**. The latest communication 'El Presidente' had sent out to the ship had concluded: "If you insist upon disembarking your forces, this is our final attitude: May God forgive you." The twenty-five hundred soldiers cooped up on the transports were little concerned with El Presidente's forgiveness. They wanted the liberty of the land. In fact, they preferred to fight for it; but the Treaty of Paris had not yet been approved by the Senate, and General Miller could do nothing

but keep his ammunition boxed in the hold.

Harper's Weekly's reporter, John F. Bass, having come along with the expedition to report a fight, left in disgust. From Manila, he wrote: "I returned to Manila well knowing there was nothing more to be done in Iloilo until the Senate voted on the Treaty of Peace." The soldiers, however, could not return, nor would the Filipinos let them put foot on land. The opportunities for diversion were limited. Some, who had brought along bottles of Scotch, increased in popularity in proportion to supply and generosity. As time went on, a drink had to last a long time. "Patty" Powell, who had come out from a Chicago environment of "vim, vigor and vitality" to serve as General Miller's aide, enlivened the lethargic spirits of deck sunners by singing and by none-too-graceful imitations of hula-hulas the troops had witnessed in their short sojourn in Honolulu. But the liquor got scarcer and the simulated grass-skirt dances more and more monotonous until all aboard agreed with Major Anderson that it "is extremely unfortunate for the United States as well as the Philippines that, when there were so many thousands of soldiers in the Philippines, America could not have had a Rudyard Kipling to tell the story of the Philippines . . . the everyday life of the Filipino." The 'extreme misfortune,' however, was not to hang as a blight over the ship-bound troops for long. Second Lieutenant Crimmins arose to the occasion! So, taking pen in hand, and leaning heavily upon the British bard, he wrote nostalgically of his too short stay in Manila Bay:

S A N R O Q U E

by

Martin L. Crimmins,

Second Lieutenant,

U. S. A.

By the old Fort San Felipe
Looking westward to the sea,
There's a pretty Filipina,
And I know she thinks of me,
For the wind is in the palm-trees
And the chapel bells they say:
Come you back, you Yankee soldier,
Come you back to San Roque."

Chorus

Come you back to San Roque
Where old Dewey's squadron lay,
You could hear the oar-locks chucking
Far across Cavite Bay.
On the road to San Roque,
Where the naked ninas play
And the dawn comes up like thunder
From across Manila Bay.

Her petticoat was pina,
And it had a silken sheen,
And her name was Esmeralda,
Just like the Gypsy Queen.
And I saw her first a-smokin'
A whacking big cheroot,
And a-wastin' Christian kisses
On a bloomin' second Lieut.

Chorus

Take me somewhere west of Frisco
Where the best is like the worst,
And there ain't no Ten Commandments
And a man can raise a thirst.
For the bugle call is sounding,
And it's there I'd like to be,
With my pretty Filipina,
Looking westward at the sea.

"Patty" Powell's histrionic rendition, fresh from the pen of 'the Bard of Iloilo,' revived a thousand longings for San Roque, while the author and actor imbibed royalties from the stores of the frugal, toasting each other's health:

"Here's to the glorious highball;
That fills you full of vim!
Here's to the Scotch and Rye;
Fill your glasses to the brim."

Troop tension aboard ships increased but General Miller had no means to relax it. General Otis viewed the situation from the city of Manila and expressed the opinion that "the revolutionary government is very anxious for peaceful relations." Taking this as the cue, General Miller again asked permission to land his troops. 'El Presidente' bowed his most gracious bow and invited the general to land six men each day "provided they come without arms and report to me

upon landing and before departure." Stiff-necked army officers scowled at the imputations, asserting it was beneath American dignity to account to a Filipino presidente. So they continued to pace the decks of their transports. The Second Lieutenant, however, who had acquired his military acumen out of 'twenty-four books,' took a different view of the situation. His new brass, having had no use, was not in need of burnishing; and he became an everyday applicant for shore leave. He made contact with two British merchants, Messrs. Gimrod and Buchanan, who, with eyes for the approach of the inevitable, wished to be prepared for any eventuality. They described to Lieutenant Crimmins the details of defense, the lay of the land, the strength of El Presidente's insurrecto force, his arms and positions. "If I have to fight around here," reasoned the Lieutenant, "I want to know as much about it before hand as I can learn."

Christmas Day came with John Crimmins knowing nothing more about his soldier-son than that **The Senator** had coaled at Honolulu. Only two of his sons and two of his daughters were present this Christmas to assist in serving the aged at the Little Sisters of the Poor, but John Crimmins "dished the turkey and vegetables on the plates and they were distributed to the tables by the children." Before the day was over he acknowledged his gratitude to the Good Lord for His care and the blessings of health that surround us. "To have around me on this great festival all my children living, except Martin, is a great pleasure." On New Year's Day he was almost jubilant. He had heard: "Martin is in Manila, Philippine Islands." (The administration was withholding from the press that troops were enroute to Iloilo).

The situation in the Philippines developed rapidly during February, 1899. At 8:30 P.M. on the 4th, four of Aguinaldo's men entered beyond a position designated by General Otis as 'American Territory' and which was being policed by a Nebraska regiment. As the Filipinos approached, the American sentinel called "Halt" (so he afterwards said) and one of the Filipinos moved. Then he challenged the second time: and the Filipino called back: "Halto." "Well," later explained the American soldier, "I thought

the best thing to do was to shoot him. He dropped. Then two Filipinos sprang out of the gateway about fifteen feet away from us. I called: "Halt"; and Miller fired and dropped one. I saw that another was left. I got my second Filipino that time. We retreated to where our other six fellows were, and I said: "Line up, fellows. The niggers are here."

The sound of rifles sent General Hughes rushing to General Otis at Malacanan, shouting: "The thing is on." And the 'thing' went on for two successive days. Some eleven thousand troops engaged in the battle. Dewey, from out in the Bay, added the weight of his guns to the slaughter. Two hundred and sixty-eight dead Americans and 'about' three thousand dead Filipinos was the immediate result.

The United States Senate, poised for a vote on the Treaty of Peace, got scant news from the Manila battlefield. Dewey cabled to the Secretary of the Navy:

Insurgents have inaugurated general engagement yesterday night which is continued today. The American Army and Navy is generally successful. Insurgents have been driven back and our line advanced. No casualties to Navy. In view of this and possible future expenditure request ammunition requisition doubled.

General Otis furnished even fewer details:

Action continues early morning. Losses quite heavy. Lines badly cut at first. Communication now satisfactory. Everything favorable to our arms.

One of the significant omissions from the reports was: that a member of Aguinaldos staff, bearing a white flag, had called on General Otis with the suggestion that a neutral zone be established to lessen the possibility of further clashes; and that General Otis had made crisp reply: "Since the fighting has begun, it must go on to the bitter end."

With sketchy information before it, which was made to appear that the Filipinos had launched a premeditated attack on American troops, the United States Senate voted to confirm the treaty with Spain. There was but a single vote to spare! News of Senate action was cabled to General Otis, and on the 9th of February, after laying in Iloilo Straits since December 26th (1898) General Miller received orders to land his troops "whether there is opposition or

not." The American commander gave the Filipinos twenty-four hours within which to surrender Iloilo. In the meantime the ships were brought around to facilitate landing. **The Arizona** was taking coal from "a four mast schooner from Maine." The current in the strait was holding the schooner hard against the side of the **Arizona**, thus disabling her davits on that side. Lieutenant Crimmins had good fortune. His troop was assigned to boats on the opposite side; and he went down to the water in the immediate wake of the Tennessee Regiment.

Upon reaching shore he found the troops were being held down with effectively placed shots from Iloilo insurgents; and too, there was no one ashore to lead them. No officer knew the lay of the land nor the objectives. So assuming command, Lt. Crimmins led his company toward the Plaza. The Tennesseans trailed after him. By the time they reached the Plaza fires were burning fiercely in the godows. Three sides of the Plaza flared up in flames. The Filipinos were making good their threat to burn everything before the invaders.

An old Spanish fort, now occupied by the insurgents, was sending out a steady fire at an American gunboat standing five hundred yards off shore. The gunboat returned shot for shot. Then **The Boston**, anchored three miles out, began firing, slashing the second largest city in all the Philippine Islands to a shambles. And Lieutenant Crimmins was happy. He was leading the invasion. It was his first fight.

The flaming godows on the Plaza put up a curtain of fire, but Lieutenant Crimmins, taking advantage of information acquired on his visits to the city, found a passageway; and, calling to his own captain, Wheeler, led out, his company following single file as fast as legs would take them. Battalion Adjutant, Bryan Conrad, caught the spirit of the fight and joined in the rush. When the troops cleared the flames, Lieutenant Crimmins saw a fleeing Filipino. He took off across the lot after him, wishing to be the first invader to capture a prisoner. The long legs of the Lieutenant soon brought the contest to a close, and Crimmins triumphantly herded him back to the company and turned him over to his men. One cautious soldier inquired, "Lieutenant, did you

search him?" It then dawned upon the enthusiastic captor that he had not. They pulled up his shirt. "There was a big 45 calibre revolver." It was loaded, too!

Captain Wheeler then ordered Lieutenant Crimmins ahead with a squad as an advance guard, admonishing him not to shoot Filipinos found with bolos as "they are not war weapons, only agricultural implements." But (according to Lieutenant Crimmins) "nearly every Filipino we saw was an agriculturist, so we took away his implements. We soon had so many bolos we could not carry them. We just dumped them." After thus reducing their load, some Filipinos wearing uniforms were discovered making their way down toward the big San Augustine Barracks, very recently used by the Spaniards as headquarters for a regiment. Knowing the importance of the building, the advance party drove the Filipinos away, getting out of communication with the company as a result of the diversion. Lt. Crimmins corrected his position, however, by hurrying toward the Jaro Bridge. The bridge was important, too, as it connected the main land with nearby Iloilo Island on which the city stood. Here he ran into firing which came out of a clump of bamboo less than two hundred yards away. Interested in seeing the effect of the gunfire, Crimmins overlooked the little detail of taking cover. Suddenly, he recognized Bryan Conrad's admonition: "Get down, you damn fool." These well-directed words brought the Lieutenant to consciousness and he set out at a run to keep in advance, as he had been ordered, and took cover in a building at the end of the Jaro Bridge. Captain Wheeler came up and, seeing they were far in advance of their support, which had not succeeded in penetrating the fire, suggested they retire. "We have taken a lot of trouble to get here," spoke the Lieutenant. "I'd like to stay." Battalion Adjutant Conrad voiced his approval of the bravado of the militant Lieutenant, and Wheeler agreed: "It is two to one. We will stay, but we will have to hold the bridge."

The decision 'to hold the bridge' started the enthusiastic Lieutenant on another run. He hoped to get across first. Someone pressed close behind him. He didn't look back for fear of missing a stride. But at the end of the bridge, there was the smiling face of his own captain. They, unhampered with battle equipment, had outdistanced the others. Captain

Wheeler bowed acknowledgement of having lost a foot-race and forthwith bestowed upon his lieutenant the dubious honor of holding the bridge with two platoons, one on the Jaro end, one in the middle, where recently manned insurgent breastworks of sand bags came in real handy. The bridge was about two hundred and fifty feet long. It crossed a tidewater creek on the Island of Panay. Settling down behind the sandbags, Crimmins and his men held the position until five o'clock when seven companies of the regiment came up and took over, relieving Company E. That night Lieutenant Crimmins bivouaked on the ground on the Iloilo side of the bridge. It was his first night in the open under war conditions.

No substantial effort was made during the night by the Filipinos to re-take the bridge, so, with the dawn of a new day, Company E pushed toward Jaro, a city of some twenty-five thousand natives, lying about five miles north of Iloilo. Within the first few hundred yards they passed through Major Keller's battalion holding the position Lt. Crimmins held on the other end of the bridge, then they encountered opposition; but they fought their way through. Crimmins was fortunate, but his friend, Lieutenant Frank Bolles¹ fell with a shot through the leg below the right knee. Lieutenant Crimmins hesitated long enough to speak to him and inspect his yet unbandaged wound.

Company E expected lively opposition as they took the lead into Jaro, but much to their surprise the town was deserted except for a super-abundance of dogs and pigs, a few Chinese and non-combatant natives. Captain Wheeler took his company straight through the town, advancing a mile or two, but again they found insurgents across their path, about half way to Pavia. Crimmins, acting as 'point,' had instructions not to fire but to develop the enemy and establish outposts toward Pavia so that the regiment might infest Jaro. When well outside the city, the enemy opened fire causing Lieutenant Crimmins to advise his captain: "They are shooting at us." "It is just your imagination," replied Captain Wheeler, who was quite deaf. "It is the cracking of the bamboo." Just at that moment, however, the

¹ Lt. Frank C. Bolles recovered and is now retired as a Major General and resides in San Antonio, Texas.

“cracking of bamboo” began to throw up dust around Captain Wheeler’s feet, and he, deciding they ‘had developed the enemy,’ ordered retreat to a safer position to establish outposts, “as we have accomplished our purpose.”

Lieutenant Crimmins came upon a cache of sacked sugar which looked like ideal material for building breastworks, so a five foot barricade soon appeared in the face of the enemy. It did not take long for the news of the extravagant Americans to get back to Jaro; whereupon a delegation of Chinese, versed in the art of commerce and practice of economy, presented themselves to Captain Wheeler. The ‘economists’ asked permission to replace the sugar sacks with sand bags, “much more serviceable in the art of war.” A rain had fallen during the night and Captain Wheeler was quite willing to avail himself of the economical proclivities of the ‘heathen Chinese’ and divest himself of his ‘sweet’ barricade.

The sugar barricade had served the purpose of holding back the insurgents while, on February 12th, Battery G, Sixth Artillery, and Companies A, B, C, E, H, I, K, and L of the 18th Infantry occupied Jaro. So support for the American positions, outposts, or cossack-posts, had to be constructed. This work was done chiefly by enforced labor, Chinese and Filipinos, working under American soldier guards. The insurgents, however, disrupted the working parties so effectively that artillery had to be brought up. Lieutenant Louis Ostheim came with a gun which he planted on a bridge across the Jaro River. There was a stake in the bridge which stood in the line of fire. Seeing this, Corporal Collins nonchalantly jumped over the breastwork, tore down the stake so that the Lieutenant could direct his shots properly, exposing himself to the insurgents, but returning unscathed.

One day Lieutenant Crimmins, acting under an urge of curiosity, (not to be confused with orders) took four men on a scout, intending to see how near he could get to insurgent headquarters which stood back from Jaro Bridge nearly a thousand yards. After moving into dangerous territory he discovered, with the use of his field glasses, insurgents crossing to his rear to cut him off. The Lieutenant had but one good marksman with him. He, therefore, delegated the duty of relieving them from their predicament to his ‘sure-shot’. The effectiveness of the marksman brought down a

fusillade. This, of course, alarmed the American troops and Major Keller's Battalion came out to the relief. Captain Wheeler then put his company into the fight, and, with the engagement in full force, it was decided to capture insurgent headquarters. Company E advanced rapidly, outdistancing Major Keller's forces, until his men took cover in a ditch so close to the enemy that they could hear insurgent commands. Captain Wheeler then tried to cover Keller's advance by firing well-spaced volleys to keep the insurgents down, but Keller's men, in their enthusiasm, had fired away most of their ammunition. A prisoner ammunition detail brought up an extra supply, but the prisoners had picked "light boxes" which, when opened on the battlefield, were found to contain blanks; so, without ammunition, Major Keller moved back under the protection of Captain Wheeler's guns. Company E remained in position until darkness allowed them to fall back also.

Another alarm went up one day at the East outpost on the Jaro River. Artillery was again called for; and Battery G entered the fight. Lieutenant Crimmins, who was nearby, abandoned breastwork construction and joined up with Captain Victor Horace Bridgman, Battery G, 6th Artillery. Lieutenants Lyle and York of the 2nd Tennessee, with a platoon of their men had taken over a burned sugar mill. The mill was in direct line of fire for Battery G and men in the mill were sure to be injured should shrapnel burst prematurely. Crimmins, therefore, went forward to warn Lyle and suggest he clear the structure. But Lyle thought: "Bridgman is only an artillery man. Let him use his own judgment." Crimmins also used his own judgment and scudded across a road to the left, secreting himself in some cane. It took only a shot or two from the battery, however, to demonstrate that there was more danger from the rear than from the fore, and Lt. Lyle caught up with Crimmins, then pressed forward through the sugar cane only to break into the open, facing heavy insurgent fire.

Over to the left of Crimmins' position, Battalion Adjutant Bryan Conrad had managed to stir up quite a fight on his own account. The insurgents had pinned him down behind a rice embankment, which afforded about one and a half feet of protection, and Lieutenant Crimmins lost no time in shift-

ing to the earthworks. Before reaching cover, however, he came upon Trooper Beal, shot through the heart. Dead. Needing ammunition, the Lieutenant took up the dead man's gun and ammunition and was in the act of buckling on his belt when another man at his elbow received a severe wound. A litter-bearer came up to take away the wounded while Crimmins went along to help Conrad until darkness enveloped them.

Darkness gave them protection and they were ordered to withdraw. While stumbling along in the night they came upon Colonel Dougall van Valzah, a fragile little man of some one hundred and twenty-five pounds. The Colonel won a fine reputation as a soldier in the Civil War having been brevetted for gallantry at the Battle of the Wilderness and the Campaign Around Richmond and was now "seeing one more fight before being retired for age (June 28, 1899)." Conrad and Crimmins found the Colonel so weak that they had to support him by the elbows as he withdrew. While moving along, he seemed to stumble. "They are still shooting at us," he said. "What was that?" Conrad assured him he had merely struck his toe on a stump, but when headquarters was reached, a bullet hole was found through the toe of the Colonel's boot.

The Jaro area quieted down some, although there was intermittent firing upon cossack-posts. Lieutenant Crimmins volunteered for duty as outpost inspector "just to help out my old Captain." This he found hazardous indeed, for a nervous sentinel was quite as likely to level a shot at an inspection officer, a prowling hog, an iguana startled out of its sleep or seeking food in the canebreaks, as he was to shoot a bolo-wielding insurrecto. He was, consequently, pleased when orders came to march upon the insurgents to the north at Santa Barbara.

Eight companies of the Eighteenth Infantry with Battery G of the Sixth Artillery caught up with the Filipinos at San Blas. The fire became heavy on all positions. Lieutenant Thomas F. Dwyer's company was in need of a Second Lieutenant, so Crimmins was assigned to new duties. He found Dwyer had deployed his men along the bank of a road with insufficient cover and they were being shot in the back as they lay on their bellies. While relieving the men from their position, Lieutenant Crimmins, for fear the troops would

think him 'yellow' if he took cover, stood "the longest half-hour of my life" while braving the bullets unprotected.

The insurgents gave away under American fire and retreated toward Pavia. Just as American troops were entering this village, Lieutenant Crimmins came upon Lieutenant Smith sitting on the roadside holding his stomach with his hands. Crimmins stopped long enough to say: "I am sorry old fellow."

Following the engagement with the insurrectos at Jubian, November 10, 1899, a slender, dark haired youth, who looked as if too young to shave, reported to Crimmins' company, voicing disappointment over being late for the Jubian engagement. The beardless youth was Second Lieutenant Charles Maurice Smith, formerly of Washington, D. C., whose father, recently deceased, had been a congressman. When the war came, young Smith had enlisted as a private in Company D, of the District of Columbia Infantry, being commissioned the following July. He was very much disappointed on the day of his arrival that all the fighting would be done by others; but Crimmins had consoled him with: "Wait a while and you'll get your belly full yet."

Lieutenant Crimmins watched while the wounded lieutenant was placed in a bull-cart and started back to Iloilo. The official hospital record shows: "Died of wounds received at Pavia, P. I., on November 2, 1899. His wounds were received the previous day." In fact, he had 'got his belly full,' for he had suffered seventeen abdominal penetrations.

After capturing the village of Pavia, Lieutenant Crimmins went 'looking things over.' He found a Filipino, a part of whose head had been smashed by a shell. Later, he came that way again and some Americans were throwing this insurgent into a ditch where dead insurgents were to be buried. The lieutenant interrupted the premature interment while the burying-corporal demurred: "Lieutenant, he will be dead soon, anyhow!" "Dig him out," commanded Crimmins, and the squad shoveled him out again. Shortly thereafter, Lieutenant Crimmins again passed that way. Much to his astonishment he saw the same Filipino sitting on a mat being fed by an American soldier, while puffing a cigarette.

Reports came that insurgents were creating a disturb-

ance down at Passi; so Lieutenant Dwyer and Crimmins went off to the left flank of the advancing Americans, a distance of some fifteen miles, and deployed to take the town. Captain Oliver Warwick, commanding a battalion of the Eighteenth Infantry, came up wearing a uniform faded almost white from washing and bad dye. He was not readily distinguishable from a uniformed insurgent. Crimmins pointed him out to his brother officer saying: "That man surely has more guts than I have. His own men will kill him for a gugu." And sure enough! After passing through Passi, soldiers from a re-enforcement regiment spied Warwick as he stood up. And that was all. They buried him there.

General Robert Patterson Hughes succeeded General Miller at Iloilo. Wishing to put an end to cruelties being perpetrated on the Island of Guimaras by a bloodthirsty insurgent, General Hughes selected Lieutenant Crimmins for the task. Putting him in command of L Company of the Sixth Infantry, he was ordered to the Island. Taking a launch and fifteen men, Lieutenant Crimmins left Iloilo about ten o'clock at night. They landed near Buena Vista. From there they walked overland to Colasi, hoping, but not expecting, to capture the insurgents. News of the raiding party preceded them, as they feared. Their quarry escaped. Lieutenant Crimmins then brought over his entire company to the island. He divided them into three detachments, establishing headquarters at Colibo, just across the Strait of Iloilo, in the bungalow of his Scot friend, Grimrad. On Sundays the merchant would cross the Strait to his bungalow; and merchant, soldier and a contract-doctor, enjoyed themselves fittingly amid tropical surroundings. Reports of marauding insurgents, however, had a bad way of disturbing their tranquility and the Lieutenant would head into the wilds of the Island to investigate. The Island was cut with ravines, ideal places for ambushes. Travel by day was extremely dangerous; consequently, Crimmins traveled by night, taking with him only his Filipino boy. Darkness obscured the trails but the sure-footed Filipino would take the lead feeling the path with bare feet. After negotiating some six or eight miles, on his first trip out, he came to the village of Buena Vista. There he found a Christmas celebration going on in the padre's house. Believing he would be reasonably safe under the roof

of a priest, he made himself known and was welcomed.

Two of the celebrants had the appearance of insurgent officers; however they wore no uniforms. The Lieutenant launched into an explanation of the intentions of the Americans; the 'Benevolent Assimilation' policy, the desire of the American soldiers to have peace with the Filipino. But the two men remained silent; so did the padre. A short time thereafter these two young natives surrendered to General Hughes bringing with them eight hundred rifles. Although the Island murderers were not captured, General Hughes thought well of the services Lieutenant Crimmins had rendered, so Lieutenant Frank Crandell Bolles of the Eighteenth U. S. Infantry, now recovered from his wound, was sent to relieve him, and Crimmins was assigned to special duty at the general's headquarters, at Iloilo.

Leisure around General Hughes' Headquarters was of short duration. Some American troops passing through Passi had straggled. Three of them, either of their own volition or by inducement from bland speaking Filipinos, were made drunk. When the column passed to a safe distance, the insurrectos ushered them to the plaza. Circled about with bolo-wielding natives, they were commanded to yell: "Viva la Filipinos." Two of them complied. One resolutely refused. They were then tied to stakes. Brush was piled upon them. The one who had defied the insurrectos had his throat cut. All three were burned in the pyre.

The report of the atrocity was handed to Lieutenant Crimmins with General Hughes' inquiry: "Lieutenant, how many men do you have?" He had one hundred and ten. The General asked: "Do you have enough?" "Plenty, Sir."

In the training of soldiers, it had been the practice of Lieutenant Crimmins to select men who were willing and capable of performing strenuous service. His method of selection consisted of taking the men on a ten or fifteen mile hike, halting them ten minutes each hour; then at the end of the march, the Lieutenant would strike back to quarters letting those who could keep the pace. "The bullies and the loud-mouth boys seldom qualified. There was, however, a little bowlegged Yiddish boy from Brooklyn who always stepped it off with ease." Among those who went to Passi in search of the fiends, of course, was 'the bowlegged Jewish

boy from Brooklyn', as well as fourteen other 'quality men', and of course, the Lieutenant's faithful Filipino guide. They passed through the American lines and set their course toward the village fifteen miles away. They completed the forced march by noon. At three o'clock one of the accused was in their custody. The others made good their escape. The prisoner was not willing to keep the pace set for his return, so a calasi with pony and driver was commandeered, and the prisoner was at headquarters by nine o'clock that night.

The Nineteenth Infantry under Major Joseph Francis Huston had been very active against the Filipinos on the west coast of Panay, but one company was not measuring up to the American standard and the commander asked for assistance. Of course, Lieutenant Crimmins got the assignment. Crimmins and his men made the journey by slow boat and scow, joining forces with Major Huston, who discussed plans early each morning as he, with Lt. Crimmins, took a 'constitutional' along the beach. As they discussed plans Lieutenant Crimmins expressed a desire for his company to have an early opportunity to show its mettle. The Major complied in short order.

Reports had come to the Major that the insurgents were passing to the south of them, and Crimmins was on his way within twenty minutes. The company marched to the sea where the cliffs came down to form a narrow beach, above a point of land projected into the water. The officers halted there at noon-time, far enough out, of course, to avoid sniping from the cliffs. All went well until Crimmins took a detachment forward, Lieutenant Douglas Potts following in charge of the company. When the two divisions of the company became separated by the cliff projecting into the beach, Crimmins heard firing to his rear. He made a break for the heights, going up the sloping cliff on hands and knees. Since he was not hampered with a rifle as were his soldiers he climbed much faster than his four men. When within fifteen feet of the crown of the cliff, a bullet whizzed over his head. "Did you shoot, Lieutenant?" called one of the men below who were carefully avoiding the brambles as they climbed. "No, I did not," said Crimmins. For just a moment the men were silent; then "they crawled like ants," joining him on the crest where they outflanked the insurgents with four

rifles. The firing ceased and the insurgents faded back into the roughs. When night came Crimmins and his men had covered thirty miles, but they could not say that the insurgents had suffered from their exertions.

Sanitary conditions on the west coast of Panay were far from ideal, and the Lieutenant acquired amoebic dysentery. He had to go back to the hospital at Iloilo. His normal weight fell from one hundred sixty pounds to eighty-seven. The doctors thought he would die. A report of his condition brought in the officers of the regiment to bid him farewell. The firing squad was held alert for three days to perform the rites. General Hughes called to ask if he wished his father informed of his condition, but Lieutenant Crimmins thought, "I'll be all right." And when all had gone he sent his Filipino boy to his friend Buchanan for a bottle of Scotch and some mangos. The officers came again, this time accompanied by the major surgeon, "a Bostonian," who, seeing the remnants of mangos and sniffing the aroma of Old Haig and Haig, asked: "What have you been doing?" With a stronger breath (if not voice) than had been his of late, the Lieutenant replied: "Just eating mangos and drinking whiskey." "Well", rejoined the medico, "I **thought** you were going to die. Now I **know** it." But the amoebae were unequal to their Scot diet; they fought a stubborn but losing fight while the Lieutenant began to recover.

Crimmins recuperated sufficiently to be shipped to Manila. There he again entered the hospital. One day he was visited by a tall redheaded officer with a brown beard. On his shoulders he wore the insignia: 33 U. S. V. I. He was erect. Age showed in his eyes. There were wrinkles on his weathered face. Ridges furrowed his neck. Companion officers addressed him as 'Captain,' although his insignia was that of a First Lieutenant. He introduced himself as 'Lee Hall of Texas.' He was pleased when Lieutenant Crimmins said "Lee Hall of the Texas Rangers! Captain Hall, I recognized you immediately. I used to see you passing through the Rough Riders Camp at San Antonio." He chatted quite pleasantly over affairs in the United States and how the situation was progressing in the Philippines. He made no

mention of his own misfortunes.²

Lieutenant Crimmins lay in the hospital two weeks before embarking on the transport **Sherman** for return to the United States. For some days he was able to be on his feet, but taking ill again, went to the sick bay which was provided with three-tier bunks. In the uppermost bunk was an unfortunate soldier with a piece of his skull shot away. He was very anxious to get back to Alabama where he had a son born during his absence. He survived the voyage but succumbed a few weeks after arriving in San Francisco.

On the fourth of August, 1900, Martin's brother "John started for San Francisco, accompanied by his valet."³ On the eighth John advised his father of Martin's arrival "in San Francisco. He is very weak. The transport **Sherman** arrived earlier than was expected." Two days later Martin was at "Hotel Del Monte, Monterey, California, for a few days, improving" and he did not expect to start for New York "for a few days." Monterey just at that time, by chance, was the site of the State-finals in golf, polo and tennis. This diversion — coupled with renewal of his friendship with the Tobins and Martins of Georgetown College days, to say nothing of the solicitation of Mrs. Eleanor Martin — acted as a delightful restorative; and it was not until August twenty-third that he wired his father of his intention "to start homeward at ten A. M. today." The start had been put off an extra two days while he visited "Prince Poniatowski, brother-in-law of Mr. Crocker of San Francisco."⁴

² When Lee Hall, famed Texas Ranger of days-gone-by, paid the courtesy call to the sick Lieutenant he was much more in need of encouragement than was Crimmins. Hall had surmounted Theodore Roosevelt's rebuff at San Antonio, where he was said to have been a "pilgrim and a stranger." This he did by getting permission from the War Department to recruit two companies for the First United States Volunteers. As a reward, his commission was to be a captaincy. The Rough Riders had barely cleared from Camp Wood when an advertisement appeared in the San Antonio, Texas, papers inviting men to join Lee Hall's Company of the First United States Volunteers. They were to be "The Immunes," men who had lived a time in the region subject to yellow fever therefore - theoretically - "immune from the ravages of the Cuban disease." Much to his chagrin only sixty-five 'immunes' signed enlistment papers. He had expected
—Continued on next page—

³ Crimmins' Diary.

⁴ Richard Crocker, (1843-1922) one-time powerful Irish Tammany Hall boss, married an Indian. This intelligent woman and her husband were prominent in Florida winter society.

On Monday, August 27, John Crimmins anxiously awaited the arrival of Martin's train from the west. At 4:30 P. M. he took the train for Newark, himself, to join the boys before they reached the city. "Mr. Frank Shepard, Superintendent of the Jersey City Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad was on the train. He directed the Chicago Limited, due at Newark at 6:06 P.M., to be flagged for me. I got aboard and met Martin and John. At Jersey City, Mr. Philbin, Mr. Traynor, and my brother Tom met us. John, and Tom, and Martin and myself arrived at Firwood at 9:15 P. M. Martin looks well, although he is very slight, weighing about one hundred and twenty-seven pounds." The soldier was home again.

A rest of two days at Firwood was sufficient for Lieutenant Crimmins to go into the city to "attend the Corbett and McCoy fight." Whether or not the fight had anything to do with his improvement in condition, the fact remained, he was "feeling more comfortable today." He felt even better three days later when he was complimented by a visit from his former commander. John Crimmins made a diary note of it:

General G. S. Carpenter and his wife arrived on a visit to Martin. The General commanded the 8th Regiment in the Philippines. Martin was Second Lieutenant. The General before his retirement was Colonel.

Several days after General Carpenter called to pay his respects, the wanderlust caught up with the Lieutenant and

Footnote Continued:

two hundred. These sixty-five joined the regiment at Galveston. Again Captain Hall encountered disappointment. He was declared physically unfit for military duty on account of a hernia which he had received in 1872 while attempting to ride a bucking horse while chasing an Indian out in Palo Pinto County, Texas. Petitions to the medical officers, however, at Galveston, caused Hall's reinstatement, but he was soon mustered out along with the company after his men had gone on a wild orgy in New Orleans while awaiting shipment to Cuba. But Captain Lee Hall tried again; and again he was successful, but not until he had sat at the doors of Congressmen for many hours - if not rolling a brown-paper Duke's Mixture cigarette with one hand while histing a neat one with the other down at the Metropolitan Bar. The best Captain Lee Hall could wangle out of Congressmen this time was a First Lieutenancy, but with this, he hied himself back to San Antonio, taking up headquarters at Camp Alyn K. Capron, the new name for Camp Wood, since Rough Rider Capron (along with Hamilton Fish, jr.) had immortalized himself by becoming

—Continued on next page—

he traveled over to Allenhurst, New Jersey, for a visit with his grandfather. From there he went down to Charlottesville, Virginia, which he had not seen since heading for San Antonio with Roosevelt's telegram in his pocket. On his return trip he stopped off in Washington to pay his respects to his good friend, General J. J. Coppinger, now retired and taking his ease at the capital. A call was also made to the White House. President McKinley was very cordial and complimentary. He slapped the Lieutenant on the back, saying: "Martin, I used to look like you thirty years ago." The President complimented Martin's father, too, quoting John Crimmins as having said "that McKinley represents the true principles more than Bryan." He took Martin into a private room, encouraged him to tell his experiences in the Islands, suggesting — probably facetiously — "I might be able to get your leave of absence extended so you won't have to return to the Philippines."

As a consequence of the association with General Coppinger, he having had an opportunity to observe the devastating effects of the dysentery, the General became alarmed at Martin's condition of health. Upon his own initiative he arranged for Martin to see Colonel Evets Champe Carter, attendant surgeon at the White House. Doctor Carter suggested the ipecac treatment "which has been so successful in the British army in India," - so the doctor said. The treatment turned out to be "a drastic sort of thing." Mar-

Footnote Continued:

one of the Rough Rider casualties. At Camp Capron, soldiering in the approved manner, instead of free-ranging as done by the Texas Rangers, became 'rigmarole and a damned lot of poppy cock' to the new First Lieutenant, but he survived it as did his men whom he thought resembled "human wildcats."

On the 27th of October, 1899, Lieutenant Hall docked in Manila. Three days later, by order of General Lawton, he was placed in command of the First Company of Macabebes, natives recruited to the American arms and unalterable foes of the Tagalogs, whose demi-god was Emelio Aguinaldo. Then off went Generals Arthur McArthur, S. B. M. Young, Henry W. Lawton, and Lloyd Wheaton. They were after Aguinaldo.

When it seemed Aguinaldo's flight might soon end, Lieutenant Lee Hall, climbing high in Tildad Pass, which towers 4500 feet above the sea, slipped and fell. He was carried out of the mountains only to learn his old hernia had opened again. He went back to the reserve hospital at Manila. He took fever and returned to the hospital; and then the order came: He was to be returned to the United States. But of this he said nothing to Crimmins, nothing but words of cheer and comfort to the younger soldier.

tin had to lie flat on his back, unable to move lest he "lose the large quantities he had swallowed." On the 27th of September he returned to New York. His father was again displeased with so much activity:

Martin returned from Washington. Dr. Carter, U. S. A., says he requires absolute rest, but Martin is a difficult boy to direct.

And well he may have been displeased, for Martin and General Coppinger struck out to Morris Park to the races, then to the theatre to see "David Harum," attended mass with his father, listened to the election returns which assured McKinley's continuance in office with Theodore Roosevelt as Vice-President, and then he had dinner with his brother and father at Delmonico's. He found time also to accompany General Coppinger to the cathedral, "attending services over the remains of six soldiers of the 69th Regiment who died in camp two years ago."

John D. Crimmins, normally a Democrat, broke away from his previous political affiliations, and on Election Day, voted for McKinley and Roosevelt. In the evening, to receive the election returns, "I have a Special Wire; had with me Justice Patterson, re-elected to the Supreme Court, Justice O'Brien, Mr. T. P. Fowler, President of the Ohio and Western, Doctor Herter, Mr. Schickel, John Dillon, Henry Haggerty, the two sons of Justice Gary, Albert and Susie, Mrs. O'Donohue and two daughters, Mr. Curran, Mr. Levy, and Mr. Griffin from the Trust Company." When the election results were known, John Crimmins "noticed the bright expression on the faces of the great number of business men. Everybody is jubilant over the election of Mr. McKinley and Mr. Roosevelt." There was a 'bright expression' also on John Crimmins' face when he displayed a letter signed by the Vice-President-elect which recognized the erstwhile Democrat's "statesmanlike grasp" of the political situation:

Albany, May 1, 1899

John Daniel Crimmins:

My dear Mr. Crimmins: No letter I have received gave me more genuine pleasure than yours, and if you will allow me to say so, none showed so thorough a statesmanlike grasp of the whole subject. One of the reasons why I am so

anxious to see corporations pay their full share of their taxes is because I want to prevent any just discontent becoming a factor in the socialistic movement. The average demagogue plays into the hands of the average political corruptionist. The two together marshal forces which are always a menace to the welfare of the community, and if we swell their ranks by the addition of honest men who have, or think they have, a genuine grievance, we invite disaster. I feel so strongly about the danger of legislation against property and the harm wrought by having a hostile attitude toward men of means that I am particularly desirous of seeing property so conduct itself that there can be no good ground of complaint.

With hearty thanks, believe me, Faithfully yours.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

With the election over, Theodore Roosevelt found time to go to Oyster Bay for the observance of Thanksgiving Day. Knowing that Lieutenant Crimmins was back in the United States, Roosevelt invited him over to Sagamore. Martin arrived on Wednesday and was greeted with a "Martin, my boy!" and a hug. Then the two Rough Riders put in some fast talking over the events of the past, the Philippine situation, and the influence of the Catholic Church on the Islands. The conversation went on so merrily that Roosevelt required Crimmins to remain over night. He was, however, unable to take dinner the following day with the Vice-President-elect, for he had an engagement with his father in the city, who "was not particularly well, having for nearly a year suffered from bad digestion which causes me to lose weight but am able to attend to my affairs and really have but little to complain of."

That Thanksgiving Day the Crimmins family "dined in the middle of the day (at one). John, Martin, Thomas, Mary-Christine, Constance, Mercedes, Evelyn, and Clarence with Misses Anita and Mercedes at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, and whose parents reside in San Francisco, sat at the table." While at the table, Martin announced his intention of leaving to join his regiment, the 6th Infantry, by San Francisco, to the Philippines, on Saturday. "Anticipated this. Mary and I invited about one hundred and twenty-five friends to meet Martin. There was a very pleasant gathering

and most successful in a small way.”⁵

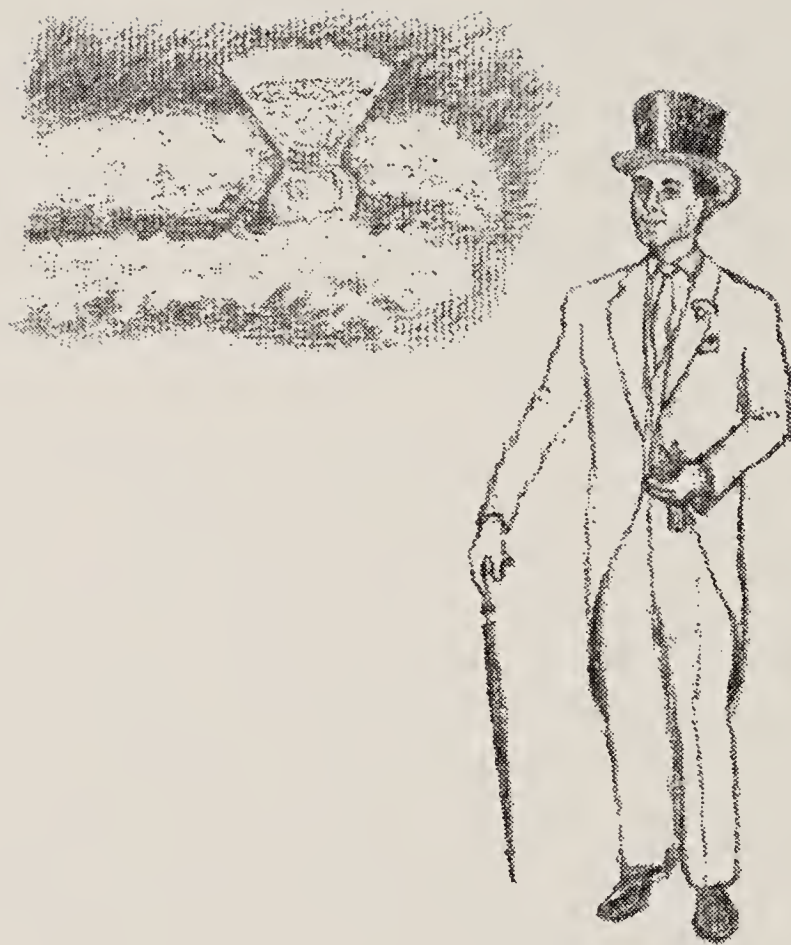
At ten A. M. on Saturday, Martin and John left for Philadelphia. They saw the Annapolis-West Point football game before Martin went on to San Francisco. Father Crimmins would also have been with them, but he had a Board of Managers meeting of the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, a report to make to the New York Charter Revision Commission, to which he had been appointed by Governor Theodore Roosevelt, and a dinner engagement at Mr. Louis Stern's. It was “a large dinner given to his associate commissioners of the Paris World's Fair. An excellent dinner and elaborate. About fifty people including the ladies present. I escorted Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh to table.”

After the dinner, ‘excellent and elaborate,’ John Crimmins called on the President of the Pennsylvania Railroad who “is to provide a car for me to visit Aiken (South Carolina);” then he “called on Mr. W. H. Taft,” after which he made preparation “to leave for Washington.” At Washington, he met Senator Platt, Edward Lauterbach, Congressman Ruppert and John Parson at the Arlington Hotel. General Coppinger “with his friend, Mr. Carbery of Queenstown, Ireland, came to the car.” Crimmins found “the car most comfortable. My room, with a double bed and brass bedstead, water and closet, is very spacious. Our dining room about twenty feet. The observation part is also large.” His traveling companions were “John, Tom, James J. Traynor, Harry V. Day, John's valet, George Miller, my valet, Henry Fields, a good cook, G. W. Savage; steward, William Easton and an excellent waiter, Doc. L. G. Watts, the last three colored and Jake Kelly and his son . . . all our house, or car holds.” At Aiken, “Colonel Henderson, the big man of the town and an eminent lawyer, came in while at dinner and remained quite a while.” After ten days on the car at Aiken, the party started its return to New York, stopping, however, at Washington so that John Crimmins could call at the War Department. There he met Secretary of War Root “who left his office with Tom and me for the White House where we were instantly received by the President. We were received in the Green Room and we chatted very pleasantly until all we could say or wish to say was said.

⁵ The Crimmins Diary.

He mentioned they were very grateful for my aid in the late election. He also spoke of the favorable impression Martin made." That night he was back in New York. Christmas Day Martin wired the season's greeting. Five days later he wired again to tell the family his intention to get married. President McKinley took notice of the newspaper announcement of the event by adverting to the incident to Father Crimmins:

I see our boy has taken a wife and that you have done the proper thing in giving your blessing.



7. " . . . WITH RARE OLD WINES"



January, 1901, was fading into history before Lieutenant Crimmins sailed again for the land of the carabao. His departure had been delayed, much to his pleasure, while 518 recruits were equipped for the Philippine service. He left San Francisco in charge of a company of the Twently-sixth Infantry with the rank of First Lieutenant. Manila, again, was his destination. Upon arrival at the Philippine capital, however, he was assigned to duty in the Southern Cambarines, two hundred miles southward. His station was Pasa Caro, regimental headquarters. The troops moved down the sea in a big transport.

Monotony again took charge of everyone, enlivened only by the presence of a big shark which circled the boat, anxious for a nip at some venturesome whiteman's leg.

The soldiers thought it might be fun to snare him, so they fashioned an immense hook with iron chain attached. Using a beer-keg for a float and a hunk of bacon for bait, they cast their lure as near to him as possible. The big squalus sniffed it several time, and finding it to his liking, attacked the enticing bacon. And the fight was on. When properly gaffed he was found to be so heavy that a winch had to be employed to bring him aboard. He was so long that he draped from the deck to the water.

After going ashore at Paso Caro, the Lieutenant was assigned to a detail to take supplies by boat to a soldier-detachment not accessible by land. This expedition almost took his life. When well out to sea in a twenty-foot boat a violent and sudden storm struck. The boat's cabin was small, affording protection to one man only. As misfortune would have it, when the storm struck, the Lieutenant was atop the cabin; and the wind came in with such fury he could not change his position. Had he been able to move, there would have been no place to go except overboard. There would have been no difficulty about that, however, for the waves swept the deck repeatedly with great force. He, therefore, lay flat on the cabin-top, clinging with all his strength to the rail until the storm passed them by; then he clambered down, exhausted and almost drowned.

Communication out of Casparas was very difficult. The insurgents had effected this by burning all interior bridges. So, again, the Lieutenant became an engineering officer and attempted to re-establish travel by using Filipinos as bridge builders under the compulsion of American troops. Insurgents, however, were lurking in the hills and bridge-building became a precarious occupation. Captain George Pool and Lieutenant Castle tried to ferret out the snipers, but - as the soldiers sang it - "Old Piang," who ought to be in jail," and his "non-combatants" were so successful in tipping off the marauders that the jail seldom served its purpose. With success always 'just over the hills' those enterprising officers tried another scheme. They took into 'protective custody' every Filipino they saw, hoping by this means to capture the informers.

¹ "Old Piang," a mythical character, was supposed to be friendly but actually helped both sides.

One of those to come into the dragnet was a "side-whiskered, intelligent Filipino, dubbed 'the Major.'" Just as the bag of informants got large enough to promise results, orders came from headquarters to release all captives against whom specific charges could not be established. This of course effected the release of 'the Major.' The be-whiskered

Filipino Hombre,
Who ate rice pescado y legumbre,
His trousers wide,
His shirt outside,
As was costumbre,

was an appreciative gentleman. He hesitated making his departure to the nipa and the protection of the "shirt-tail bamboo band" without first simulating his gratitude to the Americanos for his release, and offered in return therefor to escort the Americans to the insurgent's hiding place.

Captain Pool accepted the tender of assistance and ordered a corporal's detachment to accompany 'the Major.' After the investigating party had gone about six miles toward Casares, he deflected their course into a narrow defile covered with thorny bushes and entangling vines. The corporal was not a singing man, otherwise he would have made the hills echo with the song, then common to the lips of American soldiers:

Before an hombre gets in a place like that
He'd better mind his eye,
'Cause, before he's through, he's liable to
Want to rise and fly.

He did, however, sing out his objection, but 'the Major,' with a voice that seemed to "damn, damn the Insurrectos, cross-eyed kakiack ladrones," assured him that "to come along and follow me" was the only way to effect surprise.

The American soldiers followed a bend in the ravine. The 'Major' slithered behind a projection. Then insurgent guns shooting from above and at close range, attacked them. When the firing was over, one American lay dead, two had mortal wounds, several had been less severely wounded. One boy broke out of the ambushade, severely wounded, to wander through the hills three days before he was found.

Lieutenant Crimmins was taking the customary Philippine siesta when the noise and excitement of the arriving survivors of the ambush brought him out of his tent. Captain Pool heard the men's story and determined there should be an immediate follow up of the insurgents. He left Lieutenant Crimmins in camp while he took a party of forty men out on the trail.

Captain Pool's departure, of course, placed Lieutenant Crimmins in command. Waiting until the following day so that one of the survivors could recuperate from his experience, he took three men and followed back to the scene of the disaster. The way was well-marked with blood and flies which buzzed from pool to pool. At the end of the trail of gore lay a redheaded soldier's body. His hand still grasped his gun. The fingers had to be broken to take the gun away. Above the ravine broken palms and cigarette ashes were mute evidence of the carefully prepared ambush. Old Piang had succeeded again.

A curious and none-too-intelligent Filipino approached the American soldiers. When questioned he insisted he had not been a party to the slaughter. In the dialect of the natives (which Lieutenant Crimmins had learned to speak with a degree of fluency) he learned that the Filipino had, in fact, "been there at first," but, since his body was covered with repulsive sores, the insurgents had driven him from their midst as "mucha malo" before the Americans were assaulted.

After effective persuasion the nauseous Filipino pointed out the habitat of the erstwhile obliging guide. With this information, which proved to be true, the family of 'the Major' was located. They glibly told of his whereabouts . . . "on top of the hill," which they pointed out. With justifiable reliance upon the fidelity of the information, Lieutenant Crimmins instituted a search **in the opposite direction**. The Americans had gone but a short distance when the 'survivor' called out: "We've got the son of a bitch, Lieutenant. We've got the son of a bitch."

Waiving the accuracy of the description, which no one had any inclination to dispute, at least, the information proved to be correct: they had recaptured him. Therefore, when 'the Major' was sufficiently identified, Lt. Crimmins en-

trusted him to the care of the survivors of the ambushade, admonishing them 'at all hazards to prevent his escape.' The Lieutenant then busied himself destroying some houses of suspected insurrectos, an enterprise in which, theretofore, he had not engaged. In a short time he heard "the cracking of bamboo," which he interpreted as a rifle shot; and when his soldiers overtook him, they explained the absence of the 'Major' by stating he had 'attempted to escape.' At headquarters that explanation was repeated and accepted as a good and sufficient cause for leaving 'the Major' behind. "I suppose," (commented Lieutenant Crimmins many years later) "the men just formed their own court of justice."

Crimmins' old regiment, the Sixth Infantry, was still stationed at Iloilo. He received orders to return to that command and was assigned station in the northwestern section of Panay. In Panay, he went scouting, covering the entire region. Ordinarily four or five men were sufficient for his purpose. If he were to take an inspection party through the region such a trip would require four or five days. He, therefore, limited the formalities of his inland visits as much as possible and reverted to the practice which he had employed when first on the Island and went over the mountain trails on foot, sometimes alone, but always limiting the party to the smallest possible number. On inspection, of course, he called at the house of the Cabu de Barrio completely encircled with a bamboo fence about eight feet high. The house, like the others of the vicinity, stood within the enclosure on stilts. Not understanding the necessity for the enclosing fence, the Lieutenant peered through the reeds. Much to his astonishment he looked into the face of a reticulated python. The snake would have measured about twelve feet. The head, from pressing against the bamboo fence, was much shorter and flatter than the ordinary python. The Cabu de Barrio explained the presence of the snake as being a "rat and mice eater and besides it frightens away my enemies." He also volunteered the information that the Lieutenant might find one "three time as long and as big as a cocoanut tree down in the bosquet," nearby. Being informed that the snake roamed free in the thicket, Lieutenant Crimmins reluctantly accepted the Cabu

de Barrio's estimate of size, but he did want to see that snake!

The Sixth Infantry got its orders to return to the United States. Lieutenant Crimmins went along as far as China, but suffering another attack of dysentery, took leave from his company, not rejoining them again until after arrival at Fort Reilly, Kansas.

While Lieutenant Crimmins was serving his second tour of military duty in the Philippines, many events were taking place in the United States which had a bearing on the life of the young army officer. For example, just after Martin sailed for Manila, John Crimmins boarded **The Florida Special** for Palm Beach where he avoided the extremely cold weather in New York for a five week period. He started north again, however, in ample time to be at the festivities incident to the inauguration of the President and Vice-President. First, he stopped in Washington for a visit with Martin's old benefactor, General Coppinger. Together they visited the Senate Chamber and "had a talk with Senators Carter, Kern, Platt, and Congressman Rupert." Senator Carter was extremely courteous and did the honor of "escorting me to the member's family gallery in the Senate." After he had seen the Senate in action, he "called on Mrs. Cowles, the sister of the Vice President-elect Roosevelt, in N. Street. There he met the Vice-President and Mrs. Roosevelt, Commander and Mrs. Cowles, Miss Roosevelt, Mrs. Beales (nee Blaine)² and a number of ladies, the names of whom I have forgotten. Met Governor Odell (New York) Admiral Dewey, Mr. Proctor, Mr. Gracie, Mr. Douglas Robinson, Secretary of State, Hay, the Governor-elect of Nebraska, Craig Wadsworth,³ and many others."

The next day, being Inaugural Day, was crowded with excitement. Susie and her father went early and "sat in the south gallery of the Senate, to the right of the gallery occupied by the Lady of the White House, Mrs. McKinley, Mrs. Roosevelt and her children."⁴ They were present "dur-

² Mrs. Beales was the daughter of the Hon. James G. Blaine who lost the nomination to the presidency to James A. Garfield.

³ Craig Wadsworth had been Rough Rider with Martin Crimmins at San Antonio. He was a sergeant in Co. K, one of the "Fifth Avenue Boys."

⁴ Crimmins' Diary.

ing the taking of the oath of the Vice-President, the Senators-elect, and the re-elected Senators, the entrance to the Senate by the President, the Justice of Court of Appeals, the Ambassadors, the Ministers (foreign), the Speaker and Members of Congress. When all were seated, then the Vice-President, and last the President of the United States. The manner of announcement was very solemn and dignified. The Senators were seated on the left of the Senate Chamber. An officer of the Senate advances to the door, turns his face to the presiding officer in the chair, Senator Frye of Maine, who has been presiding since the death of Vice-President Hobart, and in a loud manner announces each of the separate divisions. The Justices of the Court of Appeals, all in the Chamber on the floor, stand. The officer conveys them to their seats, and when all are seated, the next announcement is made, etc., the Vice-President alone and the President alone in the same manner. A most dignified performance. We were kept in the gallery until the floor was empty. The Ambassadors, Judges and Ministers left first. The order coming in was the Justices. It seemed there was a question at one time who should enter first and the Ambassadors leaving first. The President takes the oath administered by the Chief Justice on the platform and before the people on the east front of the Capitol, and reaches there following those who have left the Hall or Chamber."

John Crimmins maneuvered advantageously and was therefore able to record further in his diary:

We happened, Susie and I, to meet him (President McKinley) in the corridor. We did not go out on the platform as the rain was falling hard, but listened at the door, and after forcing ourselves through a jam, made our way to the entrance under the Senate. At this point we met Mrs. Roosevelt and her children. **I offered to carry the youngest boy but he would not have it.** We gave as much aid as possible and the crowd kept pressing without any thought. The occasion of the disorder was the rain. The morning bid fair and the ladies wore their finest. The weather prophet assured them of a fine day and the rain was unexpected. So the ladies and their escorts had to come to the door for their carriages and there was a crush. Mrs. Beales, a daughter of the late J. G. Blaine, who I met at Mrs. Cowles, Mrs. Roosevelt's sister and friends were all, as it happened, at the door with us.

There were many "other incidents of the day I did not attend. Too tired," wrote John Crimmins as he put away his diary for the moment after seeing the inauguration of his and Martin's friends, the President and Vice-President of the United States.

Tuesday came and Mr. Crimmins was ready again. First he went to the Metropolitan Club. There he met "so many of the visitors participating in yesterday's parade that I will not give their names." But he did not overlook a "gentleman from Colorado who talked of copper and the amalgamated properties which are to advance in prices." General Greene "who had served as Grand Marshal Inaugural Day, Colonel Tyler, and Major MacCrowley" found a place in his record-of-the-day, for they decided to "call on Mrs. Blaine, 1735 K Street." At K Street they had tea and were entertained by Mrs. Beales, she "relating a scene she was a witness to in the Senate Gallery yesterday between the wife of Senator Chandler of New York and a lady who wished to leave the Gallery before the proceedings of the floor were concluded. The lady was stopped by Mrs. Chandler, and in vigorous language was told **she could not go out**. The lady said she **would**; and Mrs. Chandler stood in the passageway with arms akimbo and **defied** her, calling the Sergeant of Arms to her support, and **compelled** the lady to sit."

Mrs. Chandler's breach of decorum may have been attributable to the fact that just at that moment her husband was being succeeded by a newly-elected Senator, and, according to the tea-party gossip, "Mrs. Chandler was not complimentary in her expression to the Senator who was going forward to take the oath to succeed her husband; nor to Senator Clark, whose daughter sat back of her."

On Wednesday, John Crimmins called on the President at the White House. He was escorted by Senator Carter into the anteroom. Immediately he had occasion to recall Mrs. Beale's description of Mrs. Chandler, for there he was presented to Senator Chandler who, too, had called on the President to pay his respects, and, at the same time, say goodbye. Others who awaited the President were Senators Fairbanks, Burrows, Cockerill, Foster, Elkins, and the English writer, Fredericks Harrison. The President made his appearance requesting they be seated "until those in my small reception

room pass out."

When finally admitted into "my reception room," John Crimmins congratulated the President "on looking so well after the fatigue of the Fourth." The President then addressed his remarks to Senator Carter suggesting the erection of a building large enough to hold the people on "the day when the President is sworn in or takes the oath of office, providing it is raining and the ceremonies cannot, unless in danger of health, be held in the open." This led John Crimmins to prophesy that "some day the people will lose (sic) a President from causes produced by exposure," and he mentioned President Harrison in 1841, "who, it is said, contracted a cold at the inaugural and died a month later." President McKinley then suggested to Senator Carter that he cause a structure to be "built on the public reservation and (let it) be large enough to contain 45,000 people. In the evening this hall could be used for the ball. The building should be plain but substantial."

Having thus planned the building of the hall, Senator Carter and John Crimmins took their departure, but not before President McKinley inquired about "our boy," and at the same time complimenting Father Crimmins for having given "our boy and his wife your blessing." Mr. Crimmins went away saying he was "much flattered to think that he should have thought of Martin, our acquaintance being limited." Before leaving for New York, however, John Crimmins went along with General Coppinger to pay their respects to Elihu Root, Secretary of War. They also looked in upon Clarence Edwards of the Insular Department. It certainly was not amiss to be on friendly terms with War Department and Insular officials with Martin a soldier out in the Islands!

While Lieutenant Crimmins was looking aghast at reticulated pythons and setting in motion a court of justice suitable to the crimes of 'the Major,' his father in New York was contemplating an Easter Sunday which "opened with a drizzling rain." He and three of his children, however, set out for eleven o'clock mass despite the weather. By evening, the weather had cleared and he dined at Sherry's. "This is the fashionable evening fad. A gay assembly of the set are always in evidence, a scene that reminds me of the dinner

hour at the Hotel Ritz in Paris where seats and tables are engaged weeks in advance." This Easter Sunday evening he saw "Mrs. Neilson, and her daughter, Reginald Vanderbilt, and young Gilbert, Mrs. Jack Astor, Mrs. Howe, and a number of actresses. Well dressed and showy people. No doubt this character of gathering comes from Paris. It may be very proper but not ideal; nor is it a necessity in this country, for the reason that people here have houses and in Paris so many lodge. For instance, Mrs. Astor, Mrs. Neilson, and so many others I saw there have large houses with many servants and should not be eating in surroundings that didn't become them."⁵

Mr. Crimmins soon forgot the spectacle of Mrs. Astor at Sherry's and turned his attention to things financial. "Mr. James Hill of St. Paul, the head of the Great Northern Railroad properties, called, and afterwards visited the house where we sat and chatted until nearly twelve. Mr. Hill spoke of acquiring the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad for the Great Northern System; also of the great fields of coal and iron on the lines of the Great Northern System. He predicted the Erie Railroad common will, in two years, be on a dividend paying basis, and will sell at 85." Just nine days later, John Crimmins congratulated himself for resisting Mr. Hill's persuasive innuendos. For that was "the most exciting day that ever passed in the stock market. The rates for money bid was up to 70 per cent. Stock of the Northern Pacific was sold at \$1000 per share and \$160 per share. Many stocks fell off one-third of yesterday's quotations." And he must have chuckled as he concluded his record-of-the-day: "I have not been a buyer of those consolidations."

On Decoration Day Mr. Crimmins eschewed finances and "with His Eminence, Cardinal Martinelli, and the Archbishop drove to the New Orphan Asylum." Late that afternoon, "in my runabout, I drove His Eminence through the Park, both drives, and on Riverside. In the evening had as my guests at dinner, His Eminence, His Grace, the Archbishop, Bishop Farley, Mgr. Mooney, H. C. Fahnestock, General T. L. James, Bourke Cochran, George D. Mackey, John A. Sullivan, president of the Catholic Club, Judge

⁵ Crimmins' Diary

O'Brien and Tom, my son." From the pomp of the important people, he then turned to a simple pleasure with his son, going with Clarence to see him play the part of Portia in Shylock. "He was excellent." Next, he was a "pall bearer at Edward Kelly's funeral from the Cathedral. Admiral Schley walked with me. We rode in the same carriage to the ferry. We had an interesting chat about electric developments." After the pall-bearers had functioned for Mr. Kelly, Mr. Crimmins met his son, Tom. They called on Mr. August Belmont and "Tom spoke of an opportunity to estimate on a projected Hotel. Mr. Belmont to advise when plans are ready."

The hot weather of June, (1901) set John Crimmins thinking of yachting again. He, consequently, "purchased naphtha launch, **Grayling**. This launch I chartered for two seasons (heretofore 1887 and 1888). She was the **Arline**." He re-named her the **Christine**, and when he sailed out toward Norwalk found "the afternoon extreme heat less; in fact, we had a cooling breeze on the water." The weather was bad for the next three days, "wet, rain, and fogs," but with clearer weather he sailed to the Stamford Yacht Club; then he took General Coppinger aboard, and they went over to "Keyser Island and took on board several Reverend Fathers whose names I am not sure of. The day was pleasant, the fathers delightful company." July eleventh was Susie's birthday, so a sailing party celebrated the morning, General Coppinger, of course, contributing "his gracious presence to the occasion." In the evening there was a dinner. As a birthday gift Susie received from her father a "painted fan and a jewelled smelling bottle that could be placed in a glove."

After the dinner-party, for some evenings, Mr. Crimmins offset the heat of Fifth Avenue Bank meetings by 'sailing up the bay,' calling on General Coppinger "at the Island where the General is stopping, a perfect place for quiet," and "then to the rendezvous of the New York Yacht Club at Glen Cove Harbor where there were one hundred and ten vessels." The occasion was the race between the **Constitution** and the **Columbia**. On the **Christine** they "sailed about the boats; and before the start, returned to Firwood taking on board Constance, Mercedes, and Evelyn." Then they headed west to meet the yachts. "After approaching near enough to see

movements, we turned east to be near stake boat, slowed down. Saw the Constitution, the defender of the cup this year, turn first, and the Columbia, who defended two years ago, second." The Christine party then boarded the Corona where they "left a basket of vegetables (and) after a pleasant visit sailed again through the fleet. The General, a good critic, pronounced our day as perfect."

After a succession of "severe storms and frequent showers all summer" which kept him off the water, Mr. Crimmins sailed to Larchmont again. This time he "saw the race between the Constitution and the Columbia for the Larchmont Cup. The Constitution won by a minute." Bad luck plagued John Crimmins when he attempted to return. The Christine's machinery broke, and the guests, General Coppinger, Mr. Higgins, William Morse, the Commodore of the Larchmont, and the Commodore of the New York Club, as well as his son, John, "returned by train arriving at seven o'clock."

A full week elapsed before the Morris Dock had the Christine where she could be taken out again; but when it was in service, "Mr. E. R. L. Gould, President of the City and Suburban Homes Company, arrived with General Coppinger." They took off in the launch "to the races off Oyster Bay between the Constitution and the Columbia. The yachts "sailed about 12 knots and we about 10, so we kept in easy seeing-distance for two legs of the course." Again, the pleasure of the day was quickly terminated. "A sudden and heavy storm came up and the Constitution sailed to harbor. In fact, it was well that it did as it became so dark it was dangerous to navigate. The Columbia kept on her course and sailed out the race. We saw her return on the home stretch. The stake boat was off the point here. The Erin, Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht, was one of the few who were in at the finish." The storm drove the Christine to port, but the next morning, John Crimmins was out again, having attended an early mass, sailing to Oyster Bay with Mary, Evelyn, Mrs. Traynor and Miss Lewis. The Erin was anchored at the Seawanhaka Yacht Club. We went aboard, and was greeted most cordially by Sir Thomas."

It was Wednesday before Mr. Crimmins went to sea again. This time he was guest, not host. "With General

Coppinger, Tom, and a party of over twenty, took the police patrol, **Captain Smith**, from Pier A, North River, and sailed to Sandy Hook. Boarded the **Erin**, where, for the day with true Irish hospitality we were entertained by Sir Thomas Lipton. We sailed alongside the **Shamrock** for a long distance." That night "with General Coppinger and Tom, we took supper on the roof of the Metropolitan Club."

On September 6, 1901, a bullet from the pistol of assassin Leon Czolgosz, a Russian-Pole, follower of Emma Goldman, changed the course of United States history. While holding a public reception at the Pan American Exposition at Buffalo, the Detroit, Michigan, anarchist fatally shot President William McKinley. He died on September 14th. On the evening of the President's death, John Crimmins voiced the inevitable in his diary:

For a week the Country has been in great suspense in consequence of the attempt on the President's (McKinley) life. Reports for a few days were encouraging, but today a change is reported for the worse. We pray for his recovery. He has been a good and wise man in his government, and no President ever had the full voice of confidence of the people to the extent of President McKinley. Personally, I have good reason to have a strong affection for him. The President was much impressed by Martin's visit, or call, at the White House, in which he gave his views on the Philippine situation near his post in the Island. I have made note in one of the preceding books (March 6th, 1901) of the President's expression.

Martin's friend in the White House passed away only to give place to a more intimate one, Theodore Roosevelt.

The first of the trial races for the American Cup was set for September 26th. John Crimmins received an invitation for the event from Sir Thomas Lipton to watch the races from the **Erin**. It was "a pleasant day for weather, for an outing, perfect, but there was not wind enough for a race. The **Columbia** in such winds as we had, proved the best boat. For hours Sir Thomas never left the bridge and with his glasses fixed on the movements of the boats, observed every position. The strain must have been terrific. At the end he showed but little of the disappointment. Sir Thomas became so absorbed in the **Shamrock** that even at anchor he did not take his eyes from her. It was a large party on the **Erin**. The lunch most generous."

It was eight-thirty that night before the **Christine** docked back in New York. Another week passed before the second attempt was made to sail the race. Mary and Katherine McCann went out to the **Erin** with Mr. Crimmins, this time, as Sir Thomas' guests. "It was a very pleasant day, and Sir Thomas' courteous manners charm every one and win their hearts." But despite his charm as a host, he didn't win and Mr. Crimmins regretted "to see his chances of winning a race are bad."

Friday found the same guests on the **Erin** for "the last race and excitement on the **Erin** was intense. The **Shamrock** lost by 41 seconds . . . nice people, and have generally enjoyed the day."

Sir Thomas found little comfort in the fact that over the years, twenty-nine British entrants had captured the American Cup but once. He promised, however, not to leave America without being John Crimmins' guest in his New York home. The dinner was set for the twenty-first of October with fourteen at table. Mr. Crimmins pronounced it: A most satisfactory dinner and a good time. Sir Thomas, however, was more effusive: "This is the first dinner at a gentleman's house that I have ever been present at in your city . . . The most enjoyable evening I have spent in America." With such phrases ringing in his ears, as Sir Thomas left to go aboard the **Celtic** homeward bound, John Crimmins could not decline an invitation to visit London, which Sir Thomas pressed upon him. "Consequently, Sir Thomas, I shall visit you soon." And the next morning as the **Celtic** moved out from her mooring on her first eastward voyage, John Crimmins stood on Pier A shouting, 'bon voyage' to the distinguished yachtsman: "I shall see you soon."

After the **Celtic** headed out to sea, Mr. Crimmins called on his old friend, Andrew Carnegie, for a chat. He was immediately attracted to young Miss Carnegie, "A bright child with ready wit, probably four years old. She told her father she was going to take a bath and he was not invited to be present." The little Miss managed her bath without paternal aid while the men discussed Mr. Crimmins' plan, a diagram of which he brought along, "to cover the Old Croton reservoir, 33 acres, for an esplanade and other Park features." Finally arriving home, he found he had a caller: "His Grace,

the Archbishop, had brought to the house the brief from Rome in which His Holiness grants me the honor of the Knight Commander of the Order of Gregory the Great. There was with the paper a sketch of the badge and dress to wear on occasions."

Christmas day (1901) found John Crimmins, as was his custom, at the Home for the Aged. With his four sons and four daughters "we served them a good dinner." After attending "on the inmates", he returned to his own table, "a good dinner, which we enjoyed, (particularly the young pig)." In the afternoon it was difficult to determine of which he was the prouder, the decoration — The Knight Commander Order of Gregory the Great — which he showed to his many guests, "received through His Grace from His Holiness Leo XII" or a cablegram "received from Martin, dated at Iloilo, Philippine Islands."

On January 22, 1902, John Crimmins arrived in Washington in response to an invitation from President Theodore Roosevelt to be present at a reception. Captain Thompson, formerly associated with Martin during Rough Rider cantonment building days in Florida and Alabama, met him, and they dined with General Coppinger at his residence. At noon the following day, General Coppinger met Mr. Crimmins for lunch at the Metropolitan Club. That afternoon they called on Secretary of War Elihu Root and "had a pleasant chat." A part of the afternoon was employed calling on Mrs. James G. Blaine and her daughter, Mrs. Beales, and in the evening "attended reception, on invitation of President Roosevelt at the White House." While at the White House he "chatted with Miss Alice Roosevelt, and her aunt, and others." The next day he "called on the President **socially** and had a pleasant visit" before taking the train for Charleston and Palm Beach.⁶

Mr. Crimmins' rest in the South, during 1901, was of short duration. Several events of importance were scheduled in New York during February which he did not wish to miss, so after two weeks of rest, "Williams, my valet, and myself started over the Southern Railroad with a car to ourselves for few were traveling north." One function he felt he must

⁶ Crimmins' Diary.

attend was the "dinner given by Doctor Leslie D. Ward, 1058 Broad Street, Newark, in honor of the U. S. Senator elect, John F. Dryden." It turned out to be "a large affair and an excellent dinner, despite the snow and sleet and wind making the evening one of the unpleasantest of the year." The next day was Washington's Birthday. Although it was still storming, "in the evening I attended a reception at the Manhattan Club to Democrats." It, too, was "a large affair with brilliant speeches from Judge Taux, the President of the Club, ex-Senator Hill, General Hooker of Mississippi, and Patrick Collins, Mayor of Boston and an old friend. Mr. E. M. Shepard spoke the toast in memory of Washington. Good."

It was of more than ordinary importance that Mr. Crimmins show himself at the 'reception to Democrats' at the Manhattan Club, for it was being talked that he would be the next candidate for Mayor of New York. In fact, just one week after Crimmins voted for McKinley and Roosevelt, Lyman Abbott received a letter from the Vice President-elect stating that he believed "the Republican machine will accept John Crimmins for Mayor of New York." This was intended to be a feather in the wind, and although a Democrat, Crimmins was pleased with Roosevelt's support.

The "big show" scheduled for New York came on February 25th. Kaiser Wilhelm had employed Downey and Company of Staten Island to build a new yacht, a "schooner-yacht, the **Meteor**. Miss Alice Roosevelt is to christen and launch." Early on the day of the festivities, John Crimmins started toward "Shooter Island in the Kilton Kull." While on the Ferry he "happened to meet David Barrie, Sir Thomas Lipton's agent." Barrie was with Fire Commissioner Sturgis, who invited Mr. Crimmins to come aboard the fire boat **Robert A. Van Wyck**. He did so; and "in the stream we saw the **Meteor** cut lose (sic) from her cradle on the ways (and) gracefully move into the water. A most successful launching. We saw the Prince (Henry of Prussia) and the President (Roosevelt) and all the events incidental. We then sailed up to 34th Street, North River, where the Hohenzollern and the **Krown Prinz** were at dock. Steamed back to the Battery and on shore at 1:10 P. M." In the evening ("Susie with me, beautifully gowned"), Mr. Crimmins attended the Grand Opera given in honor of the Prince at the Metropolitan Opera

House. "This evening's event was the most elaborate ever presented in our city. The ladies in boxes wore the richest jewels and gowns. The house was crowded."

The Grand Opera assemblage had a strong competitor the next night when the New Yorker Staats-Zeitung gave its banquet to the visiting Prince. Of the "over one thousand editors, publishers, and prominent men" who assembled at the Waldorf-Astoria, John Crimmins was one. "The grand ball room was most elaborately decorated with flowers, flags, and electric lights. The boxes were filled with ladies and their escorts, and looked beautiful from the floor. Franko led the music and played popular airs, as this character of music was requested by the Prince. Mr. Ridder (Herman) and Edward Uhle conducted the prince to his seat on the dais. Mr. Ridder was the toastmaster. The dinner was a success from every standpoint." Among the 'prominent men present' John Crimmins recognized: Whitelaw Reid, Ambassador von Hollenben, Bishop Potter, Assistant Secretary Hill, Mayor Seth Low, Rear Admiral Evans, General von Plessen, Admiral Count von Baudissin, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Senator Chauncey Depew, Admiral von Tirpitz, Admiral von Seckendorf, Lieutenant Governor Woodruff, General Clark Corbin, Consul-General Buenz.

With the **Meteor**, **Hohenzollern** and **Krown Prinz** headed back to sea, John Crimmins dined at "Delmonico's with Mr. Copenhagen and Mr. and Mrs. Nixon." He noted with pleasure the fact that "the press referred to the dinner as semi-political." Then with but one evening intervening, Mr. Crimmins went back to Delmonico's, this time to be present on St. Patrick's Day at the 118th Banquet of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. He escorted Mayor Low to his table and "chatted with Captain Hobson of Merrimac fame." Two days later, Mr. Crimmins registered at the Arlington Hotel, Washington. He wanted to see the President on important business having to do with Martin, soon to return from the Philippines. Perhaps, too, he wished to know what the New York Republican machine would do about the mayor's race.

On the 20th day of March (1902) John Crimmins called on the President. He found the President occupied and quite busy. Mr. Roosevelt "greeted and asked us to wait." He did so, employing the time talking with Congressmen

Fitzgerald and Ruppert, "who came in with Mrs. and Miss Ashel P. Fitch and General O'Bierne." Finally, said Mr. Crimmins, "the President came to us and invited us to luncheon **tomorrow**." So there would be no conference with the President that day! The manner in which the new President disposed of his callers particularly impressed Mr. Crimmins. He wrote in his diary:

It is interesting to observe the President disposing of his callers in the ante rooms. No one was permitted to have his attention as he off-set the attack with simple pleasantries such as: "Very glad to see you," "Always pleased to see the Congressman's friends," "Knew your husband very well," etc., and in this way gets rid of a number of people. The president's attack leaves them forgetful of their mission, or so bewildered that they do not approach the subject.

Finding himself blocked from approaching his mission, and with a luncheon engagement with the President the next day, he left to call at the office of the Secretary of War. He had prepared Mr. Root for the request he was about to make by writing him on March seventeenth. The Secretary was in; and as it chanced to happen, that General Corbin, who had participated with Mr. Crimmins in the New Yorker Staats-Zeitung banquet, was Secretary Root's visitor also at the moment. The Secretary of War requested the Adjutant-General of the Army to "remain and be present at the interview." The three chatted pleasantly "while I brought up Martin's application for an attacheship in a military capacity." There was, however, "no vacancy but the Secretary will have the application in mind and inquire into Martin's eligibility." At tea-time, he was sending in his card at 1773 N Street, the home of the sister of the President, Mrs. Cowles. There he met Mr. and Mrs. Bayard Cutting and Mrs. Damrosch.⁷

At the President's luncheon, Mr. Roosevelt escorted Mrs. Cutting to the table. Judge O'Brien brought in Mrs. Roosevelt. Mr. Crimmins had Mrs. Cowles as his table-partner. "The President's second son accompanied the party at luncheon." They ate "bouillon in cups, oysters, lamb chops, and potatoes, celery, etc. rice pudding, ginger bread, etc., and on the table was sherry and whiskey, jam, cheese, and

⁷ Wife of Walter Damrosch, distinguished conductor and composer.

crackers. Tea was served."

John Crimmins left Washington without having had the opportunity to discuss Martin's 'attacheship in a military capacity' with the President. In general, he knew Roosevelt's high regard for the Lieutenant. Too, he may have known of a letter which had gone out to the Philippines to Sherrard Coleman, who had seen Rough Rider service with Martin in San Antonio, Coleman being First Lieutenant and Regimental Quartermaster attached to Roosevelt's staff. Roosevelt had written:

My dear Lieutenant:

I have just received your letter of May 16th. You are the most satisfactory correspondent I have in the Philippines. Your letter was most interesting. I can only send you a brief note, for I am almost driven to death at present . . . Later I shall probably want to get your views on the important question of the Friars. Have you ever met Crimmins, formerly of our regiment. He is a gentleman of high character, and I should think you would get along well with him. I want to find out how some of our Catholic officers, whose judgement I can implicitly rely upon, look at the general business, and what course they would advise our following . . . Nothing would please me more than to get out and make a brief visit to the Philippines myself. Warm regards to General Howze and all my friends. Faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

John Crimmins lunched again on April 19, this time with the "Japanese Counsel of Midday Club" at which affair there was "a large attendance of prominent people." He sat next to a "Japanese who spoke English and on my right sat Mr. Samuel Spencer, President of the Southern Railroad."⁸ From the Japanese luncheon, he went direct to Columbia University "to be present at the installation of Doctor Butler as President. A most imposing ceremony. The procession of distinguished men entering the Hall was the grandest I ever witnessed: the President, Mr. Roosevelt; the Governor, Mr. Odell; the Mayor, Mr. Low; the President; the ladies; and the rest of the college and university in caps and gowns; the

⁸ Mr. Spencer would have had much in common with J. D. Crimmins, for the old Richmond Terminal company was a holding company for the Southern Railway, a Morgan consolidation, and J. D. Crimmins, at one time, was president of the Richmond Terminal Company.

prelates of churches; the faculty of the college in line." Susie sat with him at the installation ceremonies. They then attended a reception given by Mrs. Robert J. Hoguet. They were late, that evening, arriving at Firwood.

On the 18th of May a letter from Martin gave good news: that he would sail for home at the end of May. Mr. Crimmins, however, had made previous arrangements to keep his promise to visit Sir Thomas Lipton, having booked passage on the **S. S. St. Louis** for Southampton, "passage for Cyril, Clarence and myself and a servant, \$720." On the 21st, the steamer left the pier. He found gifts of "fruit, cigars and liquors." He lunched at one, "sat at right of Captain Parson at table." With him on the ship was his and Martin's friend, the successful New York banker, Fred Martin.⁹ Other acquaintances were Mrs. Cramp and Miss Cramp. Ship not crowded and pleasant company."

The **S. S. St. Louis** docked during the night of May 28th. At seven-thirty the next morning, "no trouble about baggage," he left on an Express train for London. After making himself known at the Union Bank and drawing 100 pounds, he left his card at Sir Thomas Lipton's. Sir Thomas was not in. After looking in on Parliament, he went to Hyde Park, "covering Rotten Row to see the Equestrian Parade, one of the many inviting and pleasant features and phases of life of the genteel class in London. This day has been set apart as a jubilation day, peace having been signed yesterday between the Boer Commanders and Lord Kitchener and Wilson representing England. In the evening I saw the best natured and jolliest people that could have been possible to bring together in the world. We drove for two hours through the crowded and jammed streets and did not see a disorderly act except when some young men kissed young women, and that was taken in such good humor. The young women possibly enjoyed it."

Sir Thomas Lipton was back in the city on the fifth of June and Mr. Crimmins was his guest at lunch immediately

⁹ See note p. 100. The criticism of the American Press became so severe after the Bradley-Martin masque ball extravaganza that Fred and his brother, Bradley, practically abandoned New York for London. Fred Martin later wrote a book, **The Passing of the Idle Rich**. He died in London, in March, 1914. John Crimmins attended his funeral in New York, March 21, 1914.

at the Savoy. After lunch, Sir Thomas excused himself while Mr. Crimmins attended a reception at the American Embassy where he renewed his acquaintance with Ambassador and Mrs. Joseph Hodges Choate. Mr. Choate, the great New York jurist, had been serving with distinction since his appointment in 1899 by President McKinley. By a strange coincidence Mr. Crimmins "met there Mrs. Cowles, nee Roosevelt."

The day following the reception at the Embassy proved to be a busy but rainy one. There was "lunch at the Wellington, 24 at table, given in my honor by Fred Martin." Those who complimented him with their presence were: the Earl and Countess Craven, Princess Dulip Sing Don, Countess Chesterfield, Lord and Lady St. Levan, Lady Agnes Townsend, Viscount Deerhurst, Viscount Dungarven, Sir Thomas Pilkington, Hon. Alick York, Hon. Kenneth Howard, Honorable Major St. Antyne, Bradley Martin, Jr., Mrs. Cramp, Miss Cramp, Miss McKim, "our host Mr. Martin and Lady Dayce. A most generous luncheon with champagne."

After the 'luncheon with the champagne', Mr. Crimmins was the honor guest again at "a musicale at Mrs. John W. McKay's at the splendid home, Carlton Terrace." It is quite improbable that John Crimmins had prior acquaintance with Mrs. Mackay. Although an American, Mrs. Mackay spent most of her time in Paris and London. Her husband and Mr. Crimmins, however, had enjoyed each other's company, along with that of Andrew Carnegie, at Robert G. Ingersoll's Murray Hill open-houses, on Sunday afternoons in New York. ¹⁰

Carlton Terrace was an imposing place for a musicale. Before coming into the possession of Mrs. Mackay, it had been the home of the Duke of Leinster, its original cost is said to have been fabulous, a marble stair alone costing \$300,000.¹¹ It was described as of "colossal dimensions, with a library and drawing-room on the main floor and drawing-room and ballroom above, reached by a magnificent marble staircase." Its dining room seated one hundred guests.

When Mr. Crimmins arrived at **Carlton Terrace** he found Princess Colonna receiving with her mother, Mrs. Mackay. He met the daughter of Lord Lovett, "Miss Hermika, a very

¹⁰ Incredible Carnegie: John K. Winkler, the Van Guard Press, p. 157.

¹¹ Silver Kings: Oscar Lewis, Alfred A. Knopf, N. Y., 1947, pp 95-6.

stout lady, whom I am told attends all functions." He was also presented "to a number of titled people whose names I failed to catch distinctly." Heath Gregory from New York was there, and "he sang", as did Madame Blavelt and Madam Black. "The drawing-rooms were quite large and the rooms attached spacious."

The Viscount Deehurst, who had honored Mr. Crimmins with his presence at Fred Martin's Wellington party, was as conspicuous by his absence as was the stout Miss Hermika by her presence. In fact, Viscount and Viscountess Deerhurst had been de trop at No. 6 **Carlton Terrace** for eleven long years. Such had not been the case when the women's social ladders were shorter back in San Francisco.

The disfavor in which the Deerhursts were held at **Carlton Terrace** had its origin in cash-register aristocracy. It had culminated in exchanges of highly unsocial nature when John W. Mackay smashed the nose of W. C. Bonynge, the father of Countess Deerhurst in the Nevada Bank lobby, San Francisco. The encounter could well have been judged under the Marquis of Queensbury rules had the masculine heads of those families, also, aspired to titles.

W. C. Bonynge was an Englishman of some pretensions to gallantry in the famous charge at Balaklava. He had, however, been overlooked by Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, in awards of seigniorship when the cavalryman severed his connection with Her Majesty's service. Thereafter he set himself up in San Francisco in a more lucrative endeavor. As a broker he met and served John W. Mackay during the period of the development of the Comstock Lode. While this, the richest of all North American mines, was netting Mr. Mackay a trifling million dollars a month, the ex-cavalryman and the erstwhile miner grew into a financial, if not social, friendship.

The brokerage business heightened Mr. Bonynge's financial stature to the status where he could afford to acquiesce in the wishes of his wife and daughter to return to London. When within Her Majesty's realm again, he — or perhaps the distaff members of the household — recalled with poignancy his unrewarded part in the Charge of the Light Brigade. Queen Victoria also had a restoration of memory and she, forthwith, made a restitutive effort, causing both Mrs. Bonygne and her comely daughter, (soon to be

married to Viscount Deerhurst) to be presented to her sedate court. This act on the part of the dilatory but gracious Queen in no manner militated thereafter against selectivity in the Deerhurst social circle.

The career of John W. Mackay touched the lives of many Americans and Europeans much more forcefully than did his blow strike the nose of the hero of Balaklava. Inextricably intermingled with the social and financial career of John Mackay were his wife, Marie (sometimes called Louise) Hungerford Bryant Mackay, and her daughter, Eva Bryant, (adopted by Mackay) sometime wife of Ferdinand Julian Colonna, Prince of Galarto. After Eva's sensational divorce from the Prince, the fragments of which furnished luscious morsels for international gossips, she was widely known as The Princess Colonna. Others of the Mackay household were Daniel E. Hungerford, garrulous father-in-law, and Hungerford's daughter Ada.

Ada Hungerford's chief claim to fame, besides being the sister of Marie, lies in the ease with which she acquired and retained a count for a husband. That there was mystery in the acquisition must not be assumed, for Count Joseph Telferner, an Italian nobleman of much experience in the world, was fully aware, before his marriage, of the financial stature of his brother-in-law. And, too, Mackay's status lost nothing when adverted to by Ada's loquacious father, Colonel D. E. Hungerford.

Seldom in the history of men have uncultured human strains intermingled to form a bulwark such as resulted from the Hungerford-Bryant-Mackay union of blood. Mrs. Daniel E. Hungerford brought to the Hungerford family a Gallic heritage with more than a modicum of culture. Through her, the daughters became fluent linguists, although their opportunity for a general academic education was limited.

As to Daniel E. Hungerford: one might believe Haniel Long was thinking of him, instead of Walt Whitman, when he wrote: "Walt Whitman dared (and cared) to be Walt Whitman. He believed in his ability. He not only believed he could do so, he acted on his belief, and did not hesitate to avail himself of whatever promised aid in the enterprise."¹²

¹² Walt Whitman: *The Springs of Courage*: Haniel Long, The Rydal Press, Santa Fe, N. M.

Acting on his own urgings, Hungerford laid claim to many accomplishments. Son-in-law Mackay, however, failed to rate him so high. To Mackay he was "that God-damed windbag." The classification may have been unkind, but, exclusive of the descriptive adjective, he acquired it through the only occupation in which he was ever actually successful — barbering. In his trade he was known as "Jack-the-barber"; as John W. Mackay's father-in-law, he was called 'Colonel' Hungerford. He, like many a lesser military man, had a right to the appellation, having acquired it while awaiting action, which never came, during the Civil War, attached to the 36th New York Volunteer Infantry. By birth, he was an Up-State New Yorker, who, through force of penury, had earned his boyhood living where he found it. He early developed a yen for genealogy, claiming his blood flowed direct from the war-like Sir Robert de Hungerford, Knight of the Shire of Wilts of England's now forgotten bloody history. The courage of that ancestral knight was always his. If not "marching across Texas with Scott's army to fight at Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, and Chapultepec", organizing an army in California "to attack the rebels by way of Texas", scheming to divest Maximilian of his usurped Mexican crown (for which he lay in jail for his pains), then he was laying emphasis upon the fact that, at Chapultepec, he outranked Lieutenant U. S. Grant. Or he may merely have been displaying "my swords and medals" while he took from the generosity of an oft-times vexed son-in-law.

After the Mexican War came to a close, Hungerford made his way to the promising West. From working as a dock hand, he went back to his barber trade, taking employment at the Montgomery Baths with George W. Ciprico, favorably known as "Dago George". Not only did the Italian barber give "Jack-the-barber" employment but he furnished five hundred dollars for ship-fare for Mrs. Hungerford and daughters, Marie and Ada, from New York to San Francisco. When the Hungerfords arrived in San Francisco, "Dago George" accommodated them still more by sharing his home. Thus from the association with the Ciprico family Hungerford's daughters were soon speaking Italian as glibly as they spoke English and French. This was to serve them well, for they qualified as school-teachers during the period to come

when "Jack-the-barber" deserted his trade to go away to the wars "collecting swords and medals", first, to the Piute War, which came to an end before the Sierra Guard (Captain Daniel E. Hungerford commanding) arrived, then to Washington, where he failed to impress himself upon the strategy of General Darius Nash Couch.

Before taking up his sword in defense of his country against the Piutes, "Jack-the-barber" plied his trade for a time at Downieville, California, west across the mountains in the path of rumors of rich ore-strikes at Virginia City, Nevada. At Downieville, Marie met and married a promising young physician, Doctor Edmund Bryant. Dr. Bryant was a cousin of William Cullen Bryant. He, however, followed the path of liquor and drugs to his death, leaving a nineteen year old widow and an infant daughter, Eva. The broken family moved eastward to Virginia City. The town did not then have the distinction of being the home of the Comstock Lode, but its potentialities were attracting seekers of fortunes. In the embryonic mining town, the widow, Marie Hungerford Bryant, eked out a living for herself and daughter until a greater fortune came her way.¹³ That greater fortune was none other than John William Mackay.

John William Mackay was born in Dublin, Ireland, November 28, 1831. By 1840 he was "on the sidewalks of New York," legend having it that he was 'newsboy and shoe-shine.' Little is actually known of his early life. His New York status, however, was such that he was deprived of an academic education which he never ceased to regret. He tried to overcome the handicap in later years with no great success. He did, however, have an enduring physical strength, which, when the gold rush started, served him well. He was soon in California, enduring the physical strains of a miner, and ever willing to defend himself with his bare fist against any and all.

As a miner, a bit of luck came his way. As a gambler, he had the courage to increase his good fortune. This he did, first, by proposing marriage to the nineteen year old widow of Doctor Bryant. Having acquired a wife (and

¹³ Shanghai Pierce, *a Fair Likeness*: Chris Emmett: The Oklahoma University Press, 1953, 10-113: op. cit: *The San Antonio Light*, 11-25, 1885: *Silver Kings*: Lewis Knopf.

adopted a daughter), he re-invested his "streak of good luck" in mining stock and found himself one of the principal owners of the Comstock Lode, a fissure-vein, rich in gold and silver, four miles in length with a varying width up to three thousand feet. During its flush production of thirty years three hundred and forty millions in ore came out of it. He did not, however, rate himself a very rich man. He could count on "only twenty-nine hundred dollars a day."

With Mackay's income suddenly topping the coveted million-a-year, Marie Louise Hungerford-Bryant-Mackay found the discomforts of the mining site - even nearby San Francisco - not to her liking. It was not difficult to convince a rich and indulgent husband of the desirability of foreign travel. She had the complete cooperation of her mother and sister in her cajoling. Of course, they would go along! "We will go to Italy, then to France, where we know the languages!"

While in Italy, Ada's skill as a linguist, plus her brother-in-law's financial stature, netted her a husband, Count Joseph Telferner. The Count had previously engaged in South American railroad building but he had come out of that undeveloped country with an abundance of experience, an unrequited ambition to succeed as a railroad builder and colonizer of his own people but with no money with which to develop his dreams. When interest in his American wife lagged, Count Telferner listened to that "God-damned wind-bag" rehearsing his march across the Texas Coastal Plains, "following in the footsteps of General Scott." He became interested when 'the Colonel' pictured the ease with which (by using John Mackay's money) a railroad could be built "on level land along the coast of Texas ultimately to connect New York with Mexico City." Result: **The New York, Texas & Mexican Railway Company** was chartered in Texas with Joseph Telferner as President and D. E. Hungerford, Vice President. The line was completed from Rosenberg, Texas (a connection with the Southern Pacific near Houston) to Victoria. "In order that my family may live in perpetuity," the colonizer-Count and railroad builder named the stations along the route: Telferner, Mackay, Hungerford, Louise, Edna, and Inez. With railroad building on its way, Colonel Hungerford caught up with his daughter, Mrs. Mackay, in

Paris, and contributed his part to her rise into social prominence, before retiring to Castle Ada, Italy, the wedding gift from brother-in-law Mackay, overlooking the Campagna.

The Mackay European tour ended back in San Francisco the latter part of 1873. In an effort to set herself up in society, Mrs. Mackay bought a three-story house on O'Farrell Street for an outlay of thirty thousands dollars. It had little significance in her life other than to be the birthplace of her son, the illustrious Clarence Hungerford Mackay. It was not on Knob Hill; and she closed it in favor of No. 9 rue Tilsit, in Paris, France. No. 9 rue Tilsit was a four-story mansion of French Renaissance architecture encompassing an entire square alongside the Champs-Elysees within the shadow of the Arc de Triomphe. The cost was quite in keeping with her growing ambition and John W. Mackay's never-failing generosity where his wife was concerned. Its re-decoration was both expensive and appropriate for her social ambitions. She moved in near the close of 1876. Almost a half year passed, however, during which she had been unable to set her petite feet, even lightly, upon the rungs of the Parsian social ladder. Then on May 17, 1877, the newspapers of the world announced that Ex-President U. S. Grant would sail from Philadelphia for a tour around the world. The resourceful Colonel Hungerford, "not hesitating to avail himself of whatever promised aid in any enterprise," cabled the General that his daughter, Mrs. John W. Mackay and the Princess Colonna would be pleased to entertain 'my renowned comrade-in-arms' while on foreign soil at No. 9 rue Tilsit. Almost immediately Mrs. Mackay had her answer: The General would be pleased during his stay in Paris to accept the hospitality of Mrs. Mackay . . . Then the Colonel hung his swords of battle over the mantel. He had fought his fight.

Grant's arrival in London brought out the mayor "with gold chain of office around his neck." At Newcastle, all the factories of the city closed their doors and eighty thousand Britishers assembled to welcome the distinguished American. The Prince of Wales invited the General and Mrs. Grant to dinner to meet other Imperial Majesties. They dined with Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle. King Leopold of Belgium brushed aside formality and called on the General

at his hotel room; then, they had dinner with the King in state. And so it went from May until October as the Grants captured the goodwill of nations on their way to Paris.

Preparation for the coming event began immediately upon receipt of Grant's reply. The lower part of the Mackay mansion was entirely redecorated, the furniture re-upholstered in satins of red, white and blue. A pavilion was built in the garden. One entire wall was cut away to make it an enormous covered chamber. Parisians and members of the American colony looked on aghast. They, too, wondered who would be the twenty-four invited to dine; who, the three hundred at the reception and ball!

November 21, 1877, came. Ralston Balch reported the event:

I attended a fete, consisting of dinner and ball, given by Mrs. Mackay, wife of Bonanza Mackay, at her splendid mansion in rue Tilsit. It was the greatest sensational event of the season . . . The covers were for twenty four, and the guests were General Grant and family, and the members of the American Legation and Consulate and their families. The menu was inscribed on small silver tablets. After the dinner a grand reception and ball took place, at which three hundred guests were present. Among the guests were Marquis de Lafayette and M. M. Rochambeau. . . . The number of beautiful women was very remarkable.

Although the ball was in full swing until four o'clock in the morning, General Grant went off to bed early, but not until Colonel Hungerford took him aside for a chat over the days of Chapultepec and a view of 'my swords and medals'!¹⁴

Mrs. Mackay's social position in Paris, of course, was secure. It would have remained so had she not toppled it by a burst of temper. The famous painter, Messonier,¹⁵ at that particular time, was at the height of his popularity. She, therefore, engaged him to paint her portrait. Being displeased with his work, she permitted him to embroil her in a newspaper controversy over its merits, refusing to pay

¹⁴ When General Grant returned to the United States, he was met by John W. Mackay and together they went into the Bonanza Mine, Oct. 28, 1879. The heat in the mine was so intense that Grant declared he was as near Hell as he ever intended to go. In 1879 many Southerners were willing to question that.

¹⁵ Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier (1815-1891) known for his *Paul et Virginie*, the *Contes Remois* and *The Chessplayers*.

for it. Then suddenly she changed her mind, and paying his thirty thousand francs (his full demand), burned it in her home in the presence of a large group of onlookers.

Parisians thought her act an insult to their art and a public condemnation of the genius of their idol. So heavy was the weight of criticism thereafter upon the American woman, "who had money to burn," that she moved across the channel to London, hoping the Londoners would be less severe. And in **Carlton Terrace** she arose again to her former social position, seldom overlooking opportunities to do honor to prominent Americans, such as John Crimmins, the friend of her husband.¹⁶

When Mrs. Mackay set herself up in the splendor of **Carlton Terrace**, the socially envious must have found satisfaction in rumors which soon filtered, not too cleanly, into London society. The rumors had to do with her humble origin, her one-time lowly financial status when a young widow. Now, so the gossip went, the prominence of Mrs. Mackay was supported by John Mackay's money and that alone.

The alert Mrs. Mackay traced the aspersions to Mrs. Bonygne and her ambitious daughter, former San Franciscans. They, seeking the attention of Queen Victoria - to say nothing of Count Deerhurst - thought they had reason to fear the social power of this ambitious and rich American woman. Believing that the rumors were feline in character, Mrs. Mackay struck back boldly and publicly, although not effectively enough to thwart the social ascent of the Bonynges, who were bowed into the presence of Her Majesty's court, after which the daughter became the Countess Deerhurst.

During the scramble for prestige the newspapers had a field day encouraging the pot to call the kettle black. This social prattle aroused the anger of the ever-loyal husband back in San Francisco, and when John Mackay spied Bonygne in the Nevada Bank lobby, Bonygne's nose suffered. After the clash, the feud between the women became persistent and perpetual; and it was but a natural consequence that

¹⁶ John W. Mackay was not in London when John Crimmins attended the Mackay musicale. He went to London shortly thereafter and died there July 20, 1902.

John Crimmins' friend, the Count Deerhurst, should be overlooked by Mrs. Mackay when she extended invitations to the courtesy musicale honoring Mr. Crimmins.

After the musicale, Mr. Crimmins took the next day off from 'rare old wines' to 'shop for lace and collarettes' for his daughters. While doing so, by the merest chance, he met Mr. Munn of **The Scientific American**, "who had accompanying him, among other shoppers, Mr. Douglas Robinson, Mrs. Cowles, the President's sister (Roosevelt), and Mr. Harri-man." Then Fred and Bradley Martin, jr., came along with "Mrs. Cramp and Miss Cramp and Miss McKim." These additions made quite a party, consequently they repaired to the **Club House** where they had tea.

Sunday morning, Mr. Crimmins went to Trafalgar Square and, "with a good view, saw the King, the Queen, their children, generals, admirals, dukes, etc., riding in carriages to attend the function of commemoration of the Boer War Peace. All seemed happy and greeted the salutations of the people with a smile and nods." After being smiled at and nodded to by their Royal Majesties, as well as a few dukes, Mr. Crimmins accepted the invitation of Lord St. Auburn to lunch at the **St. James Club**. Lunch being over, John Crimmins presented himself as the honor guest at the home of one of Martin's Rough Rider comrades, Reginald Ronalds.

Just why **The San Antonio Express**, back in the Rough Rider days,¹⁷ had thought it right and proper to point a poisoned dart toward Reginald Ronalds, except that he was "a descendant of the First Pierre Lollilard" and was one of the New York Rough Riders wearing the brand of "Fifth Avenue Boys" and who "looked like one off an invitation list to Mr. Bradley Martin's Empire Ball," is not clear. John Crimmins, however, found Reginald's mother "still a handsome woman." She had, in his honor, "had her house decorated with American flags, and everybody was there, and a great crush." That Mrs. Ronalds was high on the London Society Calendar was noted by her guest writing: "The artists who attended her musicales make no charge. It is an introduction to London Society."

¹⁷ The San Antonio Express, May 11, 1898.

On Monday, Mr. Crimmins went "under the rail at the House of Lords with Lord St. Levan." On Tuesday, the social whirl reached its peak: "At 2, I lunched at the Marlborough Club with Captain Lord St. Aubyn, a son of Lord St. Levan, and Fred Martin. This is the King's Club, one of the smallest and most exclusive clubs in London. An excellent luncheon with rare old port wine." Leaving the club, they "rode in an electric brougham, top down. A small carriage, and judging from the attention to it, it was unique, or of the best. The carriage was Mr. Bradley Martin's, Fred Martin's brother."

The London visit was over - all except two important calls: "We left cards at Mrs. Mackay's (J. W.), at Carlton Terrace," and of course, "at Mrs. Cowles at 4 Grosvenor Crescent."

Early on the morning of June eleventh, John Crimmins, "not being able to express in due merit the enjoyment and interest I found in London," started for "another interesting country, Ireland." He was perturbed, however, and in a hurry to get back to the United States. News had come to him that Martin was ill again and was being returned to America; so Father Crimmins "visited St. Patrick's and Christ Church (in Dublin), ordered a suit of Irish tweed," lunched with the Dillons, "had a nice lunch and chatted a great deal with Miss Kennedy, stopped at Cruise's Hotel built in 1791 and, from the interior, you would say so," ate lunch at Kate Kerney Cottage, then, with a "good sized boat and four oarsmen rode in the rain to Ross Castle." Notwithstanding the rain, he "had an enjoyable day," for they "had a good cornet player in one of the boats and the stroke oar entertained us with descriptions and stories and we came upon several couples of women selling whiskey and milk. There is no begging. It is prohibited." Before traveling back to Queentown, however, he "drove to Blarney." On the fourteenth of July he was back in his New York office. Martin had already arrived. It was an occasion for a celebration, so he gave his soldier-son a luncheon at the Lawyer's Club.

Martin's return to the United States became known to President Theodore Roosevelt who forthwith extended an invitation to the Crimmins family to dine at Sagamore.

John Crimmins brought out the **Christine** and off they went across the Sound, docking first at the Seawanhaka Yacht Club, then at 12:40 at Oyster Bay. Dinner was at one; consequently the conveyance dispatched to the dock by the President had not arrived when the **Christine** passengers went ashore. Lieutenant Crimmins stayed behind to give instructions to the crew while the others started on foot toward the President's residence on Sagamore Hill. The conveyance, however, came along, and all except Martin "were transported to near the door."

The President's secretary first greeted the guests, Mr. Roosevelt being engaged at the moment with others; "then the President in the most cordial manner greeted us." Lieutenant Crimmins arrived walking, and the President, spying him, "deserted his guests to run down the steps calling out: 'Martin, my boy! Martin, my boy!' as he hugged and patted him on the back."

Then, there were "introductions to other guests. Mrs. Roosevelt and his daughter, Alice, we already knew. Mrs. Roosevelt always so womanly; Miss Alice's charming manners, fascinating. I brought her a piece of Irish lace I obtained in Ireland. She thanked me heartily."

Senator John Kean, a brother of Mrs. Roosevelt, was also introduced. "Mayor Low of New York arrived late," seating himself at John Crimmins' right. They "chatted for half an hour, then went to lunch, which because of the number of guests, was served at two tables." Martin sat with Alice and told her the story of wild Kansas mules which, he said, "gave me the idea I was a Rough Rider."

At the other table, President Roosevelt, "in his robust manner which indicates a strong mind, led the conversation, talked of Roman Catholic affairs in the Philippines and how he had strived (sic) for justice to church interests; stating the opposition to the Friars came largely from the native priests in the Philippines. He spoke of letters received in disapproval from Bishop Tierney and Gabriel and from Methodists, who charged him with partiality to the Catholic interests. He was, however, much pleased with Cardinal Rampolla's views and trusted when all his motives were understood that he would be regarded as just in the

situation.”¹⁸

Martin sat too far away from the President's table to present his impressions received while soldiering in the Island; and, too, his views were not requested by the President. When dinner was over the “afternoon turned out not pleasant and the sea was boisterous, so we returned by rail.” That evening, with three guests, the Crimmins family sat quietly at dinner in their New York home.

Once in the United States, Martin recuperated rapidly from the ‘Philippine ailment’ and took off to Charlottesville, Virginia, to see the races. His father, despite the fact that he also liked horses, stayed in New York to attend “the funeral of one of my distant cousins, a former school-teacher, Joseph W. Cremin, ‘Holy Joe,’ we called him on account of his strong religious life and acts.” After the funeral John Crimmins wrote of him: “He was a good man; and, in his field, a great man.”

After returning from the round of dinners in London and Ireland, John Crimmins’ stomach “gave so much discomfort” that he was forced to visit Doctor Delafield who “washed it,” then put him on a diet: “for breakfast, coffee and milk, bread and one egg,” and, much to his pleasure, he discovered “dieting makes me quite comfortable.” The comfort was of short duration, however. His anxiety found its way into his diary:

I have for some time been losing in weight. Possibly at my lowest today. I have been troubled with gastritis and at times have had a great deal of trouble. There are days of relief. This condition does not give me any hope of recovery. I am avoiding as much as possible business that requires application. My numerous connections can not be dismissed in a day or a week. So many relate to my investments. . . . With failing strength and increasing years, I have reason to be cautious.

Martin, on the other hand, was throwing caution to the winds, if, indeed, there was any cause for it. He hastened back from Charlottesville to join his brothers and sister. He got together a group of friends and went “with the girls to the Horse Show.” Then bidding all goodbye, he took the train for For Leavenworth, Kansas, to rejoin his regi-

¹⁸ The Diary: J. D. Crimmins.

ment which he anticipated would be sent to San Francisco at an early date.

After Martin's departure, Judge and Mrs. O'Brien stopped at Firwood on their way to Newport to the races. Since Doctor Delafield thought a good horse race a tonic for any man's stomach, all "went to the trotting match and Dan Patch paced a mile in 1:59½." Mr. Crimmins felt so much improved after the Dan Patch performance that he went into Providence "to attend a dinner given by Doctor Sullivan to the members of the Irish-American Historical Society." Mr. Crimmins, being president, presided, "and a hundred, including the Governor and his staff, sat at dinner."

As the yachting season was now far advanced and Martin gone again, Mr. Crimmins "ordered Wallace to put the launch **Christine** out of commission and store it at City Island for the winter." Then, so as to have proper transportation, he purchased a brougham for "1200, two hundred dollars to be allowed for the old." But his friends, Morse and Havemeyer, were turning to automobiles instead of carriages, and they invited him to ride out to Long Island in "Mr. Morse's Panhard (unpainted) automobile." The experiences of the afternoon, although novel, were not conducive to quieting a nervous stomach. But when the trip was over, he was yet able to write:

The route was South side passing through Jamaica, through the towns lying near the Bay. From Babylon Patchogue we passed many extensive places finely kept and the roads were excellent in parts. The machine passing so rapidly frightened many horses. There were many women driving. Those who saw us approaching, if they had any opportunity, turned into the fields, off road. Every town posted flaming notices of caution, and reward of \$50 for the apprehension of those breaking the laws; some places four and others eight miles an hour; to stop on signal. Our chauffeur, an American, and a nervy fellow, was an excellent pilot, for he could run the machine around a carriage or a store. He never heeded anything. Mr. Havenmeyer and myself were in the back seat and were up in the air at every bump and there were many. The sensation was fine but the anxiety counterbalanced. Never could we tell what was to happen to ourselves or the people in the carriages. Altogether it was interesting and instructive. We had a good dinner and retired early to quiet ourselves.

The innovation in transportation may not have had anything to do with it but a few days later John Crimmins recorded the fact that he was not "feeling extra-over-strong." This lasted until Thanksgiving Day (1902). Then came a telegram from Martin, dated at the Presidio, California. Now all it took was the arrival of General Coppinger to put him in the mood for a good dinner. With twelve at table, Mr. Crimmins served -and it was a sumptuous repast, as he noted it:

The table was decorated with four candelabras and autumn leaves were placed tastily around the glass and silver. The Menu: Oysters, fish, caught by Wallace at Noroton, Roast pig placed on the table and embellished with fruits and sprays of vegetables and delicious stuffing. I did the carving. Applesauce was served, celery from Noroton and olives passed, boiled parsnips; then two turkeys in the next course. I carved. Potatoes served, Virginia Ham cold alongside a delicious celery and lettuce salad. (For years I have had these hams sent to me from R. L. Christian & Company, Richmond.) Dessert followed, deep-dish pumpkin and mince pies. Individual ices in the form of a small roasted turkey with nutty fruit therein. The ices were artistically shaded like the roast turkey skin. Fruit, grapes, apples, bananas, figs, and dates. Coffee and wines, Sherry and excellent Chateau Rose Claret and Port Wine. All ate heartily and with much enjoyment.

After dinner John Crimmins retired to his study to make notes in his diary. He must have been feeling the effects of breaking his diet again, for he wrote:

Doctor Dalafield treats me occasionally with a tube, empties my stomach . . . There is a lack of spirit in my work that admonishes me that I should confine myself to the adjustment of the properties I possess . . . I have reason to be cautious.



8. ON POST

Captain Crimmins' assignment to the Presidio of San Francisco was pleasant, although short, covering little more than six months. His next post was Fort Lawton, near Seattle. Here he whiled away a pleasant year, interspersing three months' leave of absence with nine months of military duty.

In the early part of 1904 it became known that the War Department was going to send some officers as observers of the French army maneuvers about Brienne and Troyes.¹ Captain Crimmins was anxious to go with the American military men, and he so advised his father. Knowing something about the way things 'just happen' in Washington if the proper people are informed, and being aware

¹ On Jan. 29, 1814, Brienne was the scene of the indecisive battle fought by the armies of Napoleon and Blucher.

of the fact that Martin's services in the Philippines had on more than one occasion come to the attention of those high in government and in the War Department, John Crimmins wrote his friend, General J. J. Coppinger, that he would be in Washington on Friday, May sixth (1904.) The General, accompanied by his former aide, Colonel Dudley Winthrop, met him as he left the New York train. They went direct to the office of Surgeon-General Robert Maitland O'Reilly. After paying their personal respects, General O'Reilly accepted a dinner engagement with John Crimmins for the evening. Next, the New Yorker, with his escorts, stopped in at the office of the Secretary of War. Prior thereto, the Secretary of War, Mr. William Howard Taft, and Mr. Crimmins had not met; however, Mr. Crimmins had heard Mr. Taft's address to the New York Chamber of Commerce and the visitor took the occasion "to mention the pleasure I had in listening to your address." After this amenity, the four chatted several minutes and Martin's name was brought in. The Secretary asked where he was located. The visitors then left the capitol "accompanied by the Surgeon-General, a physician of eminence."

The following morning, they met "Admirals, Generals, Colonels, and prominent people galore, to whom General Coppinger introduced me in his hearty manner;" but when they retraced their steps to the War Department they had a disappointment: "General Chaffee was absent." They did 'next best' and visited his secretary, Captain Grote Hutchinson. As it finally turned out, the visit was fruitful for "General Bell,² commandant at the War College at Leavenworth came in. General Bell is regarded the first in efficiency in the army of the younger generals." At the conclusion of the visit, General Bell excused himself while the others "left for the Horse Show at Chevy Chase." John Crimmins appraised it as "only fair." Leaving the horse show, they returned to the residence of General Coppinger where John Crimmins, as a guest, was "most comfortably and hospitably entertained." Captain Hutchinson accepted

² James Franklin Bell (1856-1919) b. in Kentucky; served in the Philippines; 1903, made commandant of the Infantry and Cavalry School and Staff College at Leavenworth, Kansas; Chief staff, 1906; in charge of San Francisco following the earthquake.

a pressing invitation and also stayed for dinner.

The visiting about resulted in John Crimmins being informed that the designation of the military observers had not only been made but approved by the Secretary of War. However, the interest displayed by Father Crimmins resulted in an invitation to his Captain-son to "come along in an unofficial capacity." To effect this, he was granted a leave of absence of three months.

General Chaffee³ made it a point to include the Captain in the happenings on the ship while enroute to Belgium. He sat at the General's table and to all intents and purposes was a member of the party. In Brienne, however, he had to fend for himself. By good fortune he became acquainted with the celebrated author, William Maxwell,⁴ then representing **The London Daily Mail**. Maxwell was having difficulties making his expense account absorb the unexpected local transportation charges, and as Crimmins was adrift without the perquisites of the army, he and Maxwell reached an entente cordiale by sharing both lodging and transportation, much to the frugal Maxwell's satisfaction.

Maxwell proved to be a genial companion but he was hampered by the necessity of having to file daily accounts of the military maneuvers. This duty caused him to leave his observation post early and work long hours into the night to get the details of the military exercises onto the wires. Captain Crimmins deplored such arduous labor and devotion to duty and made bold to suggest a plan. In view of the fact that his military studies had made him conversant with every battle-plan to be re-enacted at the maneuvers, he got the plan of the next maneuver in advance, and with the help of a military associate, interpreted the maneuver before it occurred thus enabling Maxwell to write the dispatches in a few minutes and file them so promptly that his paper could not but notice 'the accuracy and promptness of your reporting.'

Now that William Maxwell had more leisure, he accepted an invitation from General Chaffee to view the army

³ Adna Romanza Chaffee (1842-1914), b. in Ohio; Major-General during Civil War; served in Cuba, 1898; military governor of Philippines, 1901; retired, 1906.

⁴ William Babington Maxwell, known as an English novelist; **The Last Man In; Life, a Study of Self**.

maneuvers from a high point where the American observers were stationed. Maxwell was known to the Chief of Staff through his reporting with the Japanese army during the Russo-Japanese War. General Chaffee, with an old cavalryman's abiding interest in the merits of 'horse brigades,' took his guest to task for failure to give the cavalry what he thought was their just deserts during the Manchurian campaigns. "I have studied everything I can find about the Russian-Japanese War, and, still, all of you say nothing about the cavalry." While General J. Franklin Bell, also of the cavalry, and General Crozier,⁵ Chief of Ordnance, listened sympathetically, the reporter nonchalantly admitted, according to his observations, "in its trip up through Korea the cavalry did not amount to much; that they did very little fighting of any kind. The snow was too deep." Then with a wry smile, he repeated the Japanese explanation:

If you would see the cavalry fight, wait until we get onto the plains around Antung Kiang on the Yalu. But on the plains of Antung Kiang "the going was too rough." Going through Korea, "the snow was too deep." After passing Antung Kin, "the country was too mountainous." After they got down to Liao Yong, "the kaolin was too tall"; so (concluded the Japanese version), "being a very practicable people, we transferred the cavalry horses to the transport corps and the men to other branches of service for cooks."

With General Crozier's⁶ face wreathed in a smile, General Chaffee hastily changed the subject.

By the middle of September with his leave expired, Martin was soldiering again, this time at the Infantry and Cavalry School, where General Bell was demonstrating what John Crimmins termed his 'efficiency.' About nine months of the Kansas 'hitch' put Captain Crimmins in line for another over-seas tour. On December 1, 1905, he was on the sea again headed for the Philippines. Christmas Day he cabled his safe arrival at Fort William McKinley, near Manila.

At Fort William McKinley, for the first time in his

⁵ William Crozier (1855-19) co-inventor of the disappearing gun-carriage, saw Philippine service; member of War Council, 1918. Wrote *Ordnance and the World War*.

⁶ General Crozier had been a member of the Pekin Relief Expedition and understood the Maxwell-Japanese evaluation of the cavalry.

several tours of Island duty, he had leisure to enjoy the country and his military status. His commission as Captain (dated August 8, 1905) reached him at Fort William McKinley, "signed by President Theodore Roosevelt." He was as proud of the signature as of the promotion. He had been fortunate enough to get a house on the reservation that "looks very well and am frequently complimented about it." And too it was "the best furnished house on the post." One of the pieces of furniture came from the prison at Bilibid, "a unique table." He paid "ten cents for a sword-fern and maiden-hair ferns knowing the custom of the country and buying for what the natives here do." The house was situated "on high ground I should say three hundred feet above the Pasig River, the highest point on the post." One hundred and eighteen officers were stationed there, "the 13th and 16th regiments, the 8th Cavalry, battalion of engineers, 150 hospital corps men, a signal corps - the largest post in the army."

Before a month had passed Captain Crimmins boarded the government launch, Lapindas, for a day up the Pasig River. He went as far as Laguna de Bai. He visited Malabai Island where his company was quartered, Los Banos, "where they have the famous hot springs and mineral water," then Calamba. Going up the river he passed a "shrine carved in a rock, quite large with several subterranean passages." Of the legend about the cave he wrote his sister:

A priest was in the cave for many years. He took a vow he would stay there until he could collect \$300 a year as penance; so, every boat that passed would stop and give some money. Of course the desired amount was never collected; and when the Americans came there was neither money nor priest.

Near the river he saw a large number of caraboas - this was not an unusual sight in the Islands - but one was white. Near the mouth of the lake were "numerous fish corrals covering about one thousand acres." A great number of prisoners were to be seen on Malaki Island, which had an area of 250 acres. "Acres of the lake were covered with ducks - a conservative estimate, 3,000,000. They migrate from China and Manchuria during certain times of the

year."

In June he was sick again. The Division Hospital, however, returned him to duty on the thirteenth after "finding two different germs, but this time, no amoebi; and I will not return to the States." While in the hospital he found time to formulate some "opinions about the conditions of things in the Philippines and their desire for independence." Forthwith he unburdened himself to his father, who had copies of his letter made to pass around to his friends:

It is like the feeling in those districts where attendance at school is compulsory: Those boys who have to go to school wish there was no such thing; those who do not go to school do not care. Those who have to regulate their lives so as to observe certain laws, wish there were no laws (except of their own making). And those whose principal laws are those of a master or employer do not bother with things they do not understand or cannot effect. If we leave the Islands to themselves, it will be like leaving a school without a master so that some of the neighbors might step in to put a stop to the rumpus that would follow; and **that neighbor that will step in and stay would be Japan.** Japan's army has shown what she can do. Japan had one death from disease to four wounds in the War in Manchuria and we, a few years before, had 14 from disease to one from wounds. As a result our loss from death by disease would be 56 to 1 for Japan, which would require an army of corresponding strength. I was speaking to an officer belonging to one of our transports and he told me how, during the Manchuria War, all government officials returned half their pay for the use of the government, although many, such as the custom-house people, who receive 15 yens a month (\$7.50), had families. He also told me that the jinricksha men turn in half their wages every evening to the captain of the police of their district for the same purpose.

The American people are not patriotic in the same way; and I think most of them would sooner let the Japanese take the Islands from us than to devote one percent of their income to retain them. Their argument would be: Why pay to keep what renders no return? Or in other words, he is business man first and a patriot when it does not hurt his business. I have spoken to several civilians here: They do stick by it, but to make a stake and get back to God's country as soon as possible. If we had some assurance that the Islands would be held permanently we could, to some extent, get a better class of Americans here. It is true we are spending large sums of money for unnecessary things. If the sums paid our teachers here were partly used in es-

tablishing industrial schools, we might have more young men who could make a living and fewer who could sing: **My Country Tis of Thee**. They have a printing office to print its reports, but no one to read them. We have a fine government on paper and a poor government for results. I am afraid we are not a colonizing nation. If we are to give up the Islands, I believe in giving independence now; if we are to hold them, let us get down to business.

Captain Crimmins' dissertation to his father who never lacked entree, either at the White House or the War Department, had connotations which, if to be expressed, would have been lost, probably, had they been relayed through military channels. His 'opinions,' also, had, shortly before the writing of the letter, been sharpened through observation and information which aroused his military ardor against the machinations of Japan. He was quite anxious for someone in authority to understand what was taking place out there!

It was a well-known fact that the big floating dry-dock which had been towed out to Alongopo from the United States, to sink with recurring regularity, had evolved from a 'sinking' to a 'floating' dock after the discharge by the American Navy of all who were masquerading as Filipino laborers. And, too, after the Division Hospital "found two different germs, but no amoebi," it being concluded that a three months leave in Japan for Captain Crimmins would serve better than a return to duty, the Captain set sail for the Land of the Rising Sun where he hoped to gather both strength and information about Japanese future intentions. There, he had occasion to make observations which were confirmatory of previous deductions. On yet another trip to Japan, for instance, he decided one day to go over to Korea. He stopped at a small station near Nagasaki to engage a boat. A Japanese came up, and in perfect English, asked if he would like to have a guide. The Captain did not want a guide but he was curious to know "how you speak such perfect English?" "Why, replied the Japanese, "I used to be a mess boy in the United States Navy for six years, but since the sinking of the big floating dry dock at Alongapo they discharged all Japanese servants in the American Navy." This made the Captain recall an

experience he had with two Japanese dressed inconspicuously like Filipino laborers.

While at rifle practice one morning at Fort William McKinley, Captain Crimmins saw two men approaching, "counting their steps like people saying their prayers silently." They wore "discarded blue flannel shirts which had shrunk too small for American size, khaki britches, straw hats." The Captain looked at their feet. Instead of being barefooted "as laborers would be, they wore expensive black shoes." Pretending not to notice them until they came abreast of him, Captain Crimmins suddenly said to them in Japanese: "Good morning. Didn't I meet you in Osaki?" They answered 'No; that they came from Kobi.' Crimmins then told them to wait a moment. "I was there last summer. I would like to talk with you about it." He then took the pair to his quarters, and, after some questioning, revealed the fact that they were Japanese Naval officers, but they would say nothing more.

Captain Crimmins communicated his talk immediately to General John J. Pershing by telephone with the assertion, the truth of which was plain to anyone, that they were map-making. The General, however, regretted his handicap. He could do nothing unless Captain Crimmins could establish that they were in possession of "surveyor's instruments."

After recuperating in Japan from the "two different germs" and finally stalking Japanese intentions unavailing of results, the Captain entered into the social life of Fort William McKinley and Manila, forgetting as best he could the menacing Japanese. In rapid succession he attended a dinner, a 'hop', a hop-supper, then the University Club Dance, a reception given by the Army and Navy Club to the British Squadron officers visiting in port; and he was able to write his sister that "Manila seems unusually jolly." He staged a "review for Admiral Moore and his officers right in front of the house," danced at a ball given by the Saint Andrews Society, lunched on the **Diadem** in the Captain's Cabin, and passed down the reception-line on the British flagship **King Alfred**.

Looking forward to the prospects of a merry Christmas, he installed a "Bengut pine about ten feet tall" and invited twenty-five children to be his Christmas morning guests.

For the adults, "there was egg-nog for some of the parents, but all went in to dinner at seven-thirty that night." The next day he was a guest on the gun-boat **Raleigh**, which had dropped her anchor near Cavite. After leaving the **Raleigh** he "rode horseback in the moonlight fifteen miles back to the post." On New Year's Day (1907) he was the guest of his old Rough Rider Colonel, General Wood now Governor-General of the Philippine Islands. Social functions reached their climax at a dinner which followed, his honor guests being General and Mrs.⁷ John J. Pershing. After the Manila papers had taken notice of the event, Captain Crimmins sent his father a "newspaper and clippings" and added a letter of his own inditing "relative prosperity here," believing, so he wrote, "that most of the complaints of hard times are made by Americans who seem to think that less than fifty percent profit is a sign of hard times . . . and judging from the reports of convictions of Americans, it seems that many go to Bilibid prison instead of God's country when they make their stake."

Several months before Captain Crimmins threw himself into the social whirl and while Japanese aggressions were paramount in his mind, he wrote his father his desire "to go to Manchuria, India, Egypt, and Sudan." He would like to know more about the people of those countries and study the battle-fields of the world; and "from what I have heard," he confided, "such a leave will be approved." Although John Crimmins was ill when Martin's letter arrived, so ill, in fact that it was necessary for him to be accompanied by a nurse, he "left for Washington, November 22, (1906) at 3:25 P. M., arriving at nine, Miss Handley, nurse, with me." A part of the next day he rested, "then with General Coppinger visited Trinity College. In the evening dined at General Coppinger's with General Tom Barry,⁸ on whom we called during the day at the War Department. The General is Chief of Staff." Mr. Crimmins'

⁷ Mrs. Pershing was the daughter of the rich and politically influential Senator F. E. Warren of Wyoming, who was mentioned in uncomplimentary terms by A. S. Mercer in his: **The Banditti of the Plains**, the first edition of which was suppressed (1894), then reissued (1954), Univ. of Oklahoma Press: p. 32.

⁸ Major General Thomas Henry Barry (1855-1919) one-time superintendent U. S. Military Academy, West Point; Chief of Staff of the Division of the Philippines.

indisposition necessitated his remaining in Washington over the week-end, but on Monday he was feeling better, "and dined with Surgeon-General O'Reilly." At the time, at least, John Crimmins' visit with President Roosevelt was considered 'confidential' and Crimmins made no mention of it either in his diary or in his letter to Martin; but it was no news to John Crimmins when shortly thereafter Captain Crimmins wrote: "I heard at headquarters that my leave has been approved for four months by my colonel, and one month will be added for the time it would take to get to the States if I went the usual way, so I will really get five months."

By June plans had materialized sufficiently for him to file a tentative itinerary with the army and the home-folk. It was: Nagasaki, August 21-23; Fusan, Korea, August 24; Seoul, Korea, August 26; Chemulpo, Korea, August 28; Dalny, Manchuria, August 29-30; Port Arthur, Manchuria, August 31 - September 2; Faushan, Manchuria, September 3; Liao Yang, Manchuria, September 7; Mukden, September 8-11; St. Peterburg, October 1. He was not certain as to his itinerary beyond St. Petersburg but "he thought he would go by rail to Odessa on the Black Sea and from there to Constantinople." In a speculative mood, he enlarged this plan to his sister, hoping "but not believing I will be able to get to Lake Victoria, Africa, as my time will probably be limited, although I heard the railroad would probably be completed that far by September '07. If no, I would go from Cairo, Egypt, to Kartoum, Sudan, and then back to Berber, and from there to the Red Sea; and from there by boat to Lorenzo, Marquez, in Portuguese East Africa, and then by railroad to Pretoria and Cape Town."

With his mind on a tour of the world, Captain Crimmins, however, was not taking any chances of incurring the displeasure of his commanding officers; therefore, before his leave came through, and immediately after General and Mrs. Pershing were his guests at dinner, he began "working hard preparing for an inspection of our company and barracks. Every wooden table was taken apart and turned on a lathe; every bit of brass was polished; every kitchen utensil shone; the entire barracks and ceiling was gone over twice with a scrubbing brush and soap; all metal that

could not be polished was painted; and great deal more was done in preparing for the inspection."

Inspection day came and "the results showed our work The Colonel complimented me on my barracks and told all other company commanders that they should look at my quarters and follow my example."

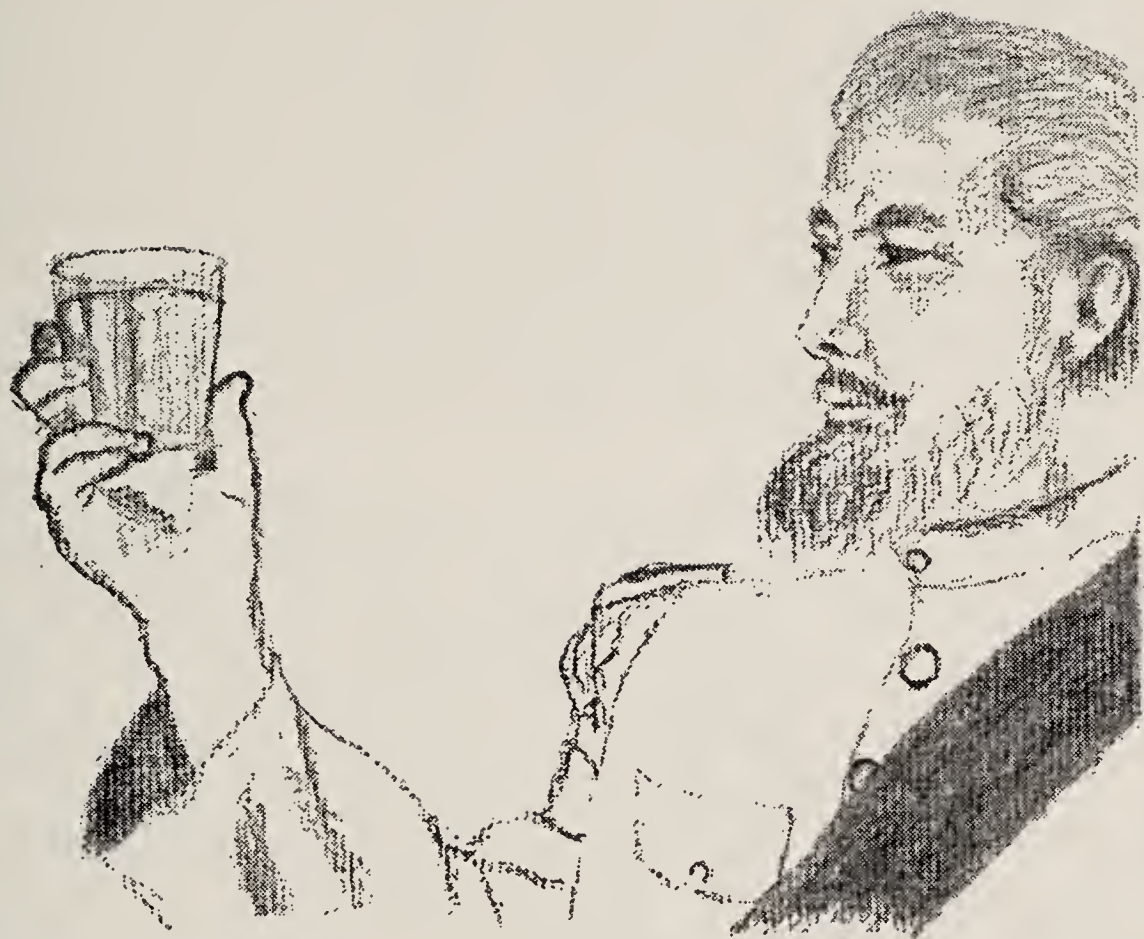
With the big brass properly polished, Captain Crimmins decided to take one more trip on the Island before heading out for a study of the battle fields of the world. He had long wanted to go to Antipolo; so he rode the railroad to Yatiag. There he had a choice of modes of travel over the seven remaining up-hill miles. He could walk, ride a two-wheel *caretta* drawn by two ponies, or recline at ease in a Bujeco Hammock carried by two Filipinos. Although he was fond of walking, he looked up the seven mile grade and concluded other means of travel more preferable. He thought he would be lacking in dignity to "loll in a hammock while the road was full of trudging women." Consequently he climbed aboard a *caretta*.

Antipolo is the site of a church in which is located the "Virgin of Antipolo," made famous, according to the captain's letter to his father, "because of the many pilgrimages made to her by women who have not been able to follow President Roosevelt's advice. Candles and little wax images of a baby are burnt and lots of prayers are said. Some women make the trip up the mountain on foot, and, by this penance, expect to be assured of success. They have a large convento (priest's house) next to the church where are 130 beds for pilgrims and visitors. I called at the convent and met the old Filipino priest; and with him was as handsome a man as I have ever seen. He was a Caputian Friar with beard - not a full beard by any means - and the most animated face, but not a bit spiritual. He looked more like paintings I have seen of Spanish Knights during the Middle Ages. The altar is in the church, all of beaten silver. It is about as large as the altar in the Dominican Church in New York. Candle-sticks, picture-frames, and absolutely everything about the altar is silver. The big candle-sticks - about five feet high with broad bases - carried in processions, also, are of silver. To see the Virgin you climb the steps behind the altar where she is in a silver

case. As we went behind the altar we could not see her face because of her veil made of the most sweet-smelling flowers - a flower about the size of a violet. I was followed by a Chinaman and another old man and his son, about two years old. I was curious to see if he kissed the Virgin's veil. He did, but his young son set up a tremendous howl when the old man tried to make him.

"I walked down allowing myself 53 minutes, as I was told that the return trip could be made in 40, but after running two miles, I missed my car, drove seven miles to Pasig, and, by crossing the ferry, arrived in Fort McKinley after a pleasant day.

"I know a man who is going to invite his wife to take the trip to Antipolo, soon, as a visitor, not as a pilgrim."



9. "MARTINSKI"

On the twentieth of August (1907) Captain Martin L. Crimmins said 'goodbye' to his regiment at Nagasaki, Japan. The men were going back to 'God's country,' while he was taking a boat to Mogi. From there he went on to Musan as he hurried along Seoul, Korea, to attend the coronation of the son of the old king, who was retiring under Japanese pressure "to be succeeded by his weak-minded son who will be easier to handle." The coronation was a "brilliant display" but its significance could be interpreted through the presence of the Japanese Railway Guards. This 'guard', Captain Crimmins deplored in a letter to his sister:

All seems very high handed. The Japanese did not fight to win either Korea or Manchuria, and, according to their treaty, they should not have anything to do with either

government, except keeping outsiders from taking their respective territories, or, in other words, following a **Monroe Doctrine**.

At the coronation he met Dr. Jones, connected with the American Mission of Seoul. From him he heard again what William Maxwell, his old friend and war correspondent of the **London Daily Mail**, had said about the importance of Willard Straight. Straight unfortunately missed the coronation, having just been appointed the first Consul General at Mukden. Tommie Cohen, advising engineer to the retiring Korean Emperor, felt at liberty to comment upon the foresight of the new Consul General, as did Mr. Cushing, American Vice Consul of Seoul, and Mr. Cecil Smith of **The Seoul Free Press**. All seemed to feel that the pilot at the helm in all the East was Willard Straight.

The morning following the coronation-reception found Captain Crimmins boarding a train for Mukden where he hoped to see the newly-appointed Consul General. Out of Seoul he "passed through a beautiful country with broad fields of rice, cane, millet, and beans." The villages were farther apart than south of Seoul, the land less cultivated. All land south of Seoul was used and "there were few places for cattle to graze." He saw "many grass-cutters cutting grass on rice dykes, railroad embankments and steep hillsides where the cattle could not graze." Weeds were also being cut to be dried and used as fuel. The trees were few, their lower limbs were "cut off every three or four years, only the tops being left." South of Seoul the steep hill-sides were terraced. To the north of that city the "land seemed richer with fields of a thousand or more acres, especially in the river bottoms, stretching as far as I could see." There were no fences, but every house or group of houses "has a stone and mud wall, the stones being held together with rice straw and plastered with mud." After traveling exactly twelve hours that day he reached Pyong Yang one hundred and twenty miles away. There he came to "a big broad river - half a mile across". It was the river used by the Japanese to get supplies to Kuroki's army in its march to the Yalu, during the Russo-Japanese fighting. Pyong Yang was said to have a population of some twenty-five thousand Koreans.¹ Although

¹ The name in 1907 was Ping Yang. Population, 1947, was 382,551.

the war had not been over very long, six thousand Japanese boasted residence there. Twenty American missionaries had come to raise their altars in Tao temples.

The enterprising Japanese railroad builders through Korean territory had located the depot of Pyong Yang, as was the case with all other stations, about two miles from the city, taking all the land suitable to Japanese convenience around the depot, knowing, of course, that the city would, if given time, grow toward the railroad. To facilitate pre-emption of the land, the 'railroad guards' stood ready at all times to enforce evictions. "Sometimes," wrote Captain Crimmins, "they pay a little — about a tenth of the value." What they did the other times the Captain did not say; however, he related the incident told to him by the hotel proprietor, M. Joanan, at Pyong Yang. It seems that a Frenchman owned four lots near the station. There was also some property in charge of a French priest adjoining. Both were summarily preempted, whereupon the Frenchman protested to his Consulate. Promptly, the Japanese railroad builders spread out a map and invited the evicted Frenchman "to select anything you want outside the military zone." The Frenchman did; whereupon a wail went up from a Korean. So far as the Captain could ever learn the Korean's wail ceased only because of a realization of futility. A little farther on, Captain Crimmins heard two similar stories. At Antung the Japanese divested two Chinese of their land, one was paid "one-tenth of the Japanese estimate of value;" the other protested when offered twenty-five cents value for each tree on the property. His protest netted him arrest and incarceration in jail for ten days "coupled with a warning that he would be shot as a spy if he protested more."

The second day of travel brought the Captain to Wyju at 5:15 after having been on the train since 8:00 A. M. Distance sixty-five miles. At least the Captain thought it was 5:15 P. M. but it might have been 5:45 P. M., "for not only do the stations carry two names, one native and the other Japanese, but they reckon with two times, one Tokio and one Seoul. Anyway, there is half an hour difference between them." Regardless of time, he got across the Yalu River into Antung, where he found "all this very high handed and the foreign element all anti-Japanese."

Mukden is one hundred and sixty-three miles from Antung. Captain Crimmins arrived there after two more full days of daylight travel. He was quite anxious to get into communication with the American Consul General, Willard Straight, of whom he had heard so much. A jinrikisha put him down at the old American Consulate. Straight was not there, so the luggage was left and Captain Crimmins went off to hunt for him. When he came back, he was surprised to learn that not only did the consul know of his arrival, but servants had called for his baggage and quarters had been provided for him as a guest in one of the nine temple buildings which at that time housed the New American Consulate.² An entire building, some thirty by fifteen feet with high ceilings, adorned with a painting of "some Korean Emperor and his horse, greatly enlarged," affording every comfort, had been reserved for the Captain.

"Straight was very much the type of man that Charles Dana Gibson made popular in his sketches. In disposition, he was a combination of Adlai Stevenson and Franklin D. Roosevelt." He was slight, tall, over six feet. "He had a most retentive memory, was a perfect listener, preferring to listen rather than talk." At least, such was Col. Crimmins' evaluation.

Willard Dickerson Straight was born in Oswego, New York, in 1880, dying in France, December 1, 1918, while serving in the First World War. He received his education at Cornell University, and, although an accomplished artist,³ went into the Chinese Maritime Customs service at Nanking and Peking. While in that service he became an acknowledged authority on Oriental railroads and financing. Harriman held none in higher esteem. He served as United States Vice Consul General and Secretary to the American Minister at Seoul and had just fitted himself comfortably into the Consul-Generalcy at Mukden when Captain Crimmins called to meet him. His Vice Consul was George Marvin, son of a one-time editor of *Century Magazine*.

² Willard Straight, Herbert Croly; The MacMillan Co., N. Y. 1924. "The Mukden Consulate in those days was a cross-roads of the East, a caravansara, a mecca. And Straight, in addition to his consular duties was host, guide, counselor, friend, and Good Samaritan."

³ See reproductions of his Oriental and other sketches in Willard Straight, by Herbert Croly; McMillan, N. Y., 1925.

Straight told his guest there was a rare treat in store for him on the night to follow. General Oshimo, commander of twenty-five thousand troops on the Liao Tung Peninsula, was to be the guest of his friend and frequent associate, Tang Shao Yi, Governor of Mukden. The Governor was a personage of importance in his country. He was educated at Yale and, subsequently the first Premier of the Chinese Republic, of course spoke English with facility. He belonged to a prominent and rich Chinese family. His family doubled his fifty-five thousand taels yearly salary in order that he might live up to the dignity of his position in the government. The Governor was to give a dinner for the General. One hundred and fifty guests had been invited; and Consul General Straight had accepted on behalf of his own guest, Captain Crimmins. The only four-wheeled European conveyance, a little Victoria, had already been engaged by Straight for the occasion. He was not derogating to himself a position beneath that, even, of the 'honorable' General, either in mode or time of arrival, for when the hour of the dinner came, the Consul General and his Captain-guest were yet lingering; "The most important guest always arrives late."

When they finally drew up in the four-wheeler, Straight was greeted by Korean and Manchurian friends to whom he spoke freely in both English and Chinese. "The Japanese treated him with great respect." Being the last to arrive, they found the twenty-five servants — "one for every other fellow" — filling champagne glasses to the brim each time a guest deigned to sip. The dinner was spread on two long tables, seating seventy guests with a shorter head table seating an additional ten. Willard Straight took his seat to the right and at the head table. Around the corner from him were the German Consul, the Viceroy, the Governor, and the Japanese General with his staff. The Viceroy, Hsu - Shih - Chang of Manchuria, led off with a speech of welcome. Tang Shaoy followed. Straight responded, speaking in English; but cries broke out from around the table: "Give it to us in Chinese", and accommodatingly, he switched, speaking in Mandarin Chinese,⁴ much to the delight of everybody — almost." The German Consul, Mezger, seated to the right

⁴ Mandarin Chinese, the court language. Willard Straight was the only American Consul at Mukden who was so accomplished.

front of Straight, had been shown great respect by Straight — probably because of his obvious propensity to keep his wine glass drained — and he, too, was called on for a toast. Herr Mezger stood; then collapsed in his chair. Servants quietly and quickly carried him out, chair and all, none turning a head for even a glance.

The morning following the Governor's dinner was spent in reviewing 'the Japanese Railway Guards' — actually, the infiltrated Japanese Army of Manchuria. The General again served champagne under a long tent from proportionate tables burdened with savory food. In leaving the parade grounds, and coming to the German Consulate, one of the extreme right temple buildings of which the American Consulate formed the left wing, Consul General Straight, with great formality, stopped with staff and guest to "express our sorrow at the German Consul's heart attack last night."

The Governor of Mukden had his residence in the palace situated in the center of the consulate group, and following Captain Crimmins' visit to the ailing German Consul, he was the Governor's guest at breakfast. For the occasion, frozen pheasants had been sent up from Shanghia. For early morning libations they drank French wines, sparkling Burgundy — and again — champagne — but this time "the occasion was carried on with a great deal of dignity."

While the spell of morning dignity was yet upon them, Willard Straight proposed a ride to the Royal Manchu Tombs. This was accomplished by using the Consul General's Shanghai racing ponies. As they passed along, they came to little mounds, like bunkers, (perhaps the last resting places of lesser dignitaries) which the Captain thought right for jumping, which he proceeded to do, showing Straight the art of making even an untrained pony enjoy the fun. Crimmins, by heart a horseman, attributed his skill to "throwing your heart over, then the horse will follow."

When the riding party returned they were informed of an invitation from General Oshumo, commander on the Lao-Tung Peninsula. It was a lawn-party "to show the progress made by our sailors in dancing American and European dances." The party was long and the viands — not to mention the champagne — ample for the five hundred who came to "view Japanese progress."

Captain Crimmins brought his visit to Willard Straight to a close; and, wishing to see the Russo-Japanese battle fields in the vicinity of Mukden, Liao Yang and Port Arthur to best advantage, set off without notifying the Japanese. Only about three years had passed since the battles had been fought and he had reason to believe the terrain would yet be substantially the same as during the war. He, therefore, wanted to make studies without Japanese promptings. The density of the kaolin in that region convinced him of the truth of William Maxwell's statement to General Chaffee, for under such conditions 'the cavalry could not amount to much.' The cane, about as large as corn stalks, and eight or ten feet high, grew thicker than grass in a Mississippi Negro's cotton patch. Through such growth there could be no 'Charge of the Light Brigade.' Finding his way around, which he was quite able to do, until the Japanese very graciously undertook to guide him, he saw as much of Liao Yang and Mukden battlefields as suited his purpose. He added a few photographs then being exhibited by the Japanese to show their slaughter of the Russians. These pictures he stored with a collection which had been handed him by friends in Korea which demonstrated with what proficiency the Japanese disposed of 'Korean brigands who were unwilling to accept Japanese authority.' Then the battle-field student left the scenes of Liao Yang and Mukden and went down to Port Arthur. He stopped at a small hotel and arranged for transportation. Here again he looked over "all the battlefields I was allowed to see," consuming an interesting week in the process. His next stop was for a day at Dalny, the leading seaport of the Russians before the war. The fine factories yet bore evidence of Japanese destruction. Next, he went to Harbin, on the Trans-Siberian Railway, the longest railroad in the world. It had been in operation at the time about five years and extended from Sverdlovsk, capital of the Ural area to Vladivostok, on the eastern coast, a distance of 4491 miles. The Trans-Siberian Express ran twice each week, "unless providentially hindered." Captain Crimmins called on the United States Consul General, who presented him with letters of introduction from leading governmental offices of Seoul, and made him acquainted with the Russian Consul General. The Russian delivered a

passport, explaining it was authority "to go through Turkestan, but not to leave the railroad — not to go down toward Kuschki Pass." Up to that time the Captain had known little about the importance of Kuschki Pass, but, not limiting his observations to the dead at Mukden, he gleaned as he went the intentions of the Russians, now that the Japanese had wrested Dalny from them, to establish a warm seaport on the Indian Ocean. Looking into the future, they envisioned using Kuschki Pass to move their commerce over the mountains; then the Indus River would float their goods to the Indian Ocean.

What apprehensions the Captain had about his welcome into Russia, during his several days wait in Harbin for the arrival of the Trans-Siberian Express, were allayed as he arrived at the depot. The Russian Consul General with the United States Consul General in tow came to the station and busied himself introducing the Captain to all about him. One new acquaintance proved to be quite genial. He was a Russian merchant travelling back into Russia, fresh from his Hankow (China) undertakings. He spoke English with great ease. The Captain understood him immediately as he proposed a 'nightcap.' Taking a bottle 'of good Scotch whiskey,' the Russo-Chinese-English-speaking merchant led the way to the dining-club car. There he introduced him to an assemblage of passengers. They toasted a pleasant journey.

At eleven o'clock the following day, the Captain was called upon by an aide to a Russian Lieutenant-General, who with his staff, was a passenger on the train. With great formality and dignity, the aide announced that Captain Crimmins of the United States Army was to report to the Lieutenant General in the club-car. As the American Captain entered the car, the Lieutenant General, with solemnity of tone, began toasting his own staff; first the highest in rank, and running the gamut, he exhausted his recognition with a thimble of vodka "to Captain Martin Crimmins of the United States Army." Several thimbles of the spirituous rye-and-potato-juice dispelled some of the initial severity of the toast to the American, so, when at the same hour the next day Captain Crimmins of the United States Army was again ordered to present himself to the Lieutenant-General of the Russian Army, he complied with a modicum of alacrity and

anticipation of exhilaration. All severity was banished this time when the General, beginning again with himself the top, as he meant it to be, ran the score and ended with: "To Crimmins!" More libations on the third day seemed to bring the toasting general to a linguistic impasse as he searched for the proper Russian word. Then, hesitating, looking first at his staff, he raised his thimble and intoned: "To Martinski!"

The next ten days, as the Trans-Siberian Express wound its way toward Moskow, Captain Crimmins had "no pleasanter time in all my life." Among those invited into the party of convivialists were a youthful Englishman enroute to Oxford, two daughters of a Russian general on their way to school in Switzerland, and a very nice "platinum blond Russian chaperone" to say nothing of the indispensable Hankow merchant, who kept the conversation going, either in Russian, Chinese, German, French, or English, while, throughout the day they talked of the passing scenery, played cards, and of course (now that Martinski was one of the accepted) obeyed orders from the General, who had concluded that "toasts, too, at five o'clock were good for afternoon appetites." In fact the days were so full that Captain Crimmins did not find time to divide as much of the day as he wished with diffident Major and Mrs. Ahern, also of the United States Army and travelling on the train. The Russians, however, included Major Ahern and Mrs. Ahern in the farewell luncheon they gave "Martinski" just before Samara was reached, which "with very fine vintages of champagne turned out to be highly successful." At this point the party separated, the two daughters of the Russian General under the chaperonage of the "very nice platinum blond Russian chaperone" who, fortunately, could understand enough of the different languages in which the Captain, by this time, was trying to speak, travelled on to Tashkent, the capital of Russian Turkestan, where a brother of the Russian women met them and all stayed a few days as his guests. The stop-over gave him an opportunity to visit the ancient city of Samarkand. Rest from travel gave him leisure to write his impressions of the country to his father. A fragment of that letter has survived:

In the morning we came to Irkoutsk (Irkutsk) where we changed cars. The city has about 90,000 inhabitants. There are

several coal mines nearby and rye is grown extensively. The next day, September 23rd, we passed through a flat country with forests of silver birch; few clearings and very few inhabitants. The next morning we came to Omsk where the Amu Darya, or the ancient Oxus, flows by. After leaving Omsk we passed immense steppes with a few crops of rye and some herds of cattle and sheep. In the morning of the 26th, we arrived at Tcheliabiuck. At all the large stations we saw 20 to 40 families of emigrants who were going east to settle the country we passed through, and each day we passed about four trains of immigrants. I have seen as many as 20 children under 6 years old sleeping on the ground near stations with the thermometer below freezing. When given anything, the mothers usually blessed themselves and said something that sounded like 'Jesus Christ, bless you.' The men wear heavy felt boots that come up above the knees and large enough for them to wrap rags around their feet and legs in winter and put grass and straw in, in winter. Both men and women wear coats with skin outside, of pony skin and sheep skin. The children sometimes wore coats lined with rabbit skin. The hats were cup-shaped worn with fur on the inside when cold and outside when not. The children were, as a rule, beautiful, although skin diseases were not uncommon. Both parents seemed to be equally attentive to the little ones. The emigrants were usually European Russians with brown hair and blue eyes, while many of the natives of Siberia showed their Mongolian extraction in their dark hair and dark almond eyes and flat faces. Some wore leather boots, usually knee-high, and as we approached the frontier near Ural Mountains, many wore slippers made of willow wythes and had pieces of sacking wrapped around the legs in opposite directions. The slippers cost about five cents and a man can make three in a day. They last two or three weeks. The people, as a rule, are dirty, and bathing seems uncommon. . . . During a trip of 5000 miles I have seen 4 mowers and one steam thresher, although they were harvesting. On the 26th we passed through the Ural Mountains where the scenery was beautiful. The firs and silver birches covered the hillsides. The latter had started to change color. In the groves of silver birch the grass seemed to grow very well, and had been cut for hay, giving a very trim appearance. At many of the stations in the Ural Mountains, they had stands where they had ornaments of iron, stone, agate, etc. Iron, coal, gold, and asbestos are mined in these mountains. After leaving the Ural Mountains about 3 P. M. we came to the steppes again and they continued until we arrived at Samara at 1 P. M. next day.

Captain Crimmins' next stop was Merv (named Mary in 1937), a city of tremendous size. Although a railroad ran

down toward India, (Kushka Pass lay in that direction and he was not permitted to go farther) Captain Crimmins turned northwest to the Caspian Sea. He skirted the Sea along the border of Persia, then taking a boat, crossed over to Baku, formerly the city of the Quebres, or Fire Worshipers. Here he saw the richest oil field in the world with its hundreds of derricks standing out in the water.

While at Baku he heard much of the scenic beauty of the Caucasus Mountains which had their footing in the Caspian Sea on the south and in the Black Sea on the north, roughly an expanse of about 750 miles. Their width varied from 50 to 125 miles, while peaks reached over 18,000 feet, Mt. Elbruz being 18,470 feet above sea level. Few routes of travel lay over them. The chief one was the old Gregorian Road, a commercial and military highway which veered northwestward from the railroad about nine miles north of Baku, passing through Dariel Gorge. Having determined to see that region, Captain Crimmins attempted to buy his ticket in that direction, but a Russian railroad agent, who could neither understand nor would try, made it seem for the time being that the Iron Curtain had been drawn before the would-be traveler. Just as all seemed hopeless, two young men, joined by an older man who obviously had heard the conversation, came to the Captain's rescue. The elder man introduced himself as the British Consul, the others as English engineering officers enroute through Persia to their stations in India. And after the intervention of the British Consul there was no difficulty at all in ticket-purchasing. Now with a ticket on the railroad as far as Dzaudzhikau, and several hours to wait before the Russian train would leave, Captain Crimmins accepted an invitation to visit the Consulate where he was provided with a letter requesting the Russian authorities to allow the American to pass over *Le chemin militaire Grousien*, through *La valle Dariel*⁵ and *La valle Kobiski*.

At Vladikavkaz,⁶ nine miles from Dariel⁵ Pass, he learned that regular transportation for the season had stopped on account of the hazardous weather in the high reaches of the mountains. By the use of the British Consul's letter, however, he succeeded in hiring a troika and set out

⁵ Often spelled 'Daryal'.

⁶ Also known as Dzaudzhikau.

toward Kabaski Pass, nine miles distant.

Although the Captain's experience with different modes of travel in the past had varied all the way from ocean-going steamers to the slogging carabao, the troika offered still another innovation. The Captain's troika consisted of a box-like arrangement not over six feet in length mounted on four heavy wagon wheels with steel tires. The bottom of the body was shaped boat-like and was held together with four encircling hoops. A box-seat was in the rear on which a passenger, should he wish, might sit instead of lying prone in the bed. The driver sat on a board fastened across the front. The troika was pulled by three horses, a big one in the middle, smaller ponies on either side, so hitched that they formed a triangle, the heads of the outside animals pointing outward.

The progress of 'Martinski' and his troika was surprisingly rapid as the horses were driven at a gallop, and changed at hourly intervals. The first nine miles of gallop brought him to Daryal Gorge where the road was cut into the cliffs several thousand feet above the White Terek River. The river, with its splash of foam from the road high above, looked very white while the grass in the valley below showed billiard-table green in contrast. High up, the weather had colored the tree leaves autumn brown and russet. Still higher was the dark green of the pines, cloaked above with snowcapped peaks and cerulean skies.

Captain Crimmins, from time to time, would have his attentions drawn from nature's beauty to pass through small stone fortresses built securely over the roadway through which all travelers must pass. Those stone structures had come into existence through what was called the robber barons, "volunteer toll collectors" whose almost impregnable position made passage over the mountains impossible without acceding to the levy. During the more than a hundred mile trip which took two days, Captain Crimmins passed through seven different tribes who had similarly fortified themselves. After the road became *Le chemin militaire Grousien*, tribal robbing was encountered almost exclusively after the route was closed for the winter. Foreigners of known wealth frequently were kidnapped on the road if without an escort of cossacks, even during periods of normal travel.

At the first stop for a change of horses on the second

day the innkeeper asked the Captain if he would take another passenger along. With visions of uncongenial company, a crowded troika, or the possibility of defending himself against a robber-baron or be held for ransom, Captain Crimmins just 'did not understand'. But after the horses had been changed and all was ready to start, a pretty little girl with blonde hair and rosy cheeks came running out of the wayside inn. The Captain then 'understood'. She was going to Tiflis. She spoke a little French and more German and her description of the country shortened the miles up La valle Daryal and down the mountain into Tiflis.⁷

The western mountain sides were so steep that it was difficult to grow grain. When it was grown, carts could not be drawn to haul away the harvest, so slides were built and the shocks were lowered into the valleys. Vineyards grew with abandon on these hills, as did small fruit trees. It was not an uncommon sight to see a herd of sheep or goats feeding along a mountain side. Sometimes the Captain could look down the mountain and see five, six, or seven loops of the road below him. Then he came to Tiflis.

Captain Crimmins rested a few days in Tiflis, having completed one half of his journey between the Caspian and Black Seas. It was still 165 miles to Batum on the shore of the Black Sea. Outstanding in its magnificance at Batum was the old Russian Monastery, its grotesqueness having been softened only with age. He thought it would be interesting to cross that storm-torn body of water, so he boarded a coast-wise trading boat. The small cabin was packed with passengers when he came aboard during a violent storm. There was but one vacant seat. This was offered to him by a Russian who was accompanying his two sisters to school in Switzerland. "One was a little blond girl; the other was a brunette with the biggest softest eyes I have ever seen." Crimmins took the unoccupied seat. His new acquaintances spoke both German and French and proved to be enjoyable companions, explaining the shore line as they sailed along. They stopped off at Sebastopol; then went by train to Balaklava, made more famous by Tennyson's Charge of the Light Brigade than by the battle

⁷ In 1936, for euphony's sake, the name was changed to Tbilisi. The population now in excess of half a million Russians.

itself. After visiting the battlefield, they were admitted to the panorama replica of the defenses of Sebastopol in an immense coliseum where the battle scene was re-enacted on a very large scale.

From Sebastopol - with Tennyson's 'Charge of the Light Brigade' ringing in his ears - Captain Crimmins crossed the Black Sea to Odessa, dallying there for several days before he took the train to Constanza. That region he found to be much like the Minnesota wheat-fields, the machinery even being American. He began to feel quite at home when he saw signs offering McCormick reapers and mowers for sale.

The Captain had been out of communication with the United States during most of his extended journey, and he arrived at Constantinople hoping to get news from home before he should turn south again for a tour of Africa. He was almost astounded, however, when he read a cablegram from his father advising of a financial panic in the United States and suggesting he shorten his trip and come home. Despite the pointed suggestion from John Crimmins that economy's path lay along a direct journey toward New York, the Captain veered through Roumania, over to Vienna, which he "enjoyed several days." From Vienna he went to Rome where he spent a week. This was made the more enjoyable by having an "Englishman as a guide and some very charming Spanish-speaking people, with whom I could converse, as sight-seeing companions." After they had seen "the sights" in Rome, he took in Naples, and visited Vesuvius, before sailing for New York.

The last news John Crimmins had from his son came by cable from Vienna. According to the cable, "Martin is well," but affairs were by no means tranquil in New York. To John Crimmins, "the intense financial situation became very oppressive. Bills are selling at a premium of 3 percent as currency is in demand. Many anticipate a great crash in the stockmarket but the market (is being) sustained by the banks." To hold up the market "last night's meeting lasted until 5 in the morning."^a The strain on Board Director Charles T. Barney, however, was too great. He became a suicide. John Crimmins, who prepared the resolution of

^a John D. Crimmins was a director of The Fifth Avenue Bank, N. Y.

respects for his associate "regarded him as a man of strong integrity with a broad clear mind."

"The great pressure in the money market" was forgotten momentarily by a visit from Colonel J. F. Huston of the 19th Infantry, who "commanded a regiment Martin was in, and Martin was indebted to him for attention." He and Mrs. Huston came to tea. They talked about Martin, not knowing he was about to arrive on American shores, which he did, unannounced, at eleven A. M. November 21st, after an absence of nearly two years. His father thought "he looked fine." His financial status, however, was such that he "visited the Trust Company of America," John Crimmings going along; then, together, they spent the afternoon at the horse show. To Father Crimmins the "day was disagreeable," but Martin was feeling fine after so long a tour. After resting Saturday in New York he went by auto to Noroton. Sunday night he boarded a New York train for Washington. On Monday the Captain filed a report of his observations with the War Department, not forgetting, of course, to make himself known at the White House. President Roosevelt showed great pleasure in seeing him but deferred their talk by asking him to dinner "tomorrow evening when Jack Greenway will be with us." Captain Crimmins suggested the lack of time, explaining to the President that his leave was expiring and he had reservations to leave that very evening for Fort Crook, Nebraska. "O," said the President, "I can arrange that."

Accepting that as an executive order, Captain Crimmins cancelled his reservations, and, on Wednesday evening, appeared at the White House. There, much to his pleasure, he met John C. Greenway, one-time Rough Rider, familiarly called 'Jack' by Theodore Roosevelt.

Greenway rated high in Theodore Roosevelt's Rough Rider score-book, alongside Capron, Brodie, Sherrard Coleman and David M. Goodrich. He had some of Little McGinty's tenacity, besides being educated and skilled as a mining engineer. He left his Arkansas home, early in life, to become an extensive miner and financier all the way from Manitoba to Arizona. Arizonians thought so much of his service to their state that, in compliance with a known request, they buried him high up the Big Ajo next to

Montezuma's Head when his time came to rest, among those delegated to select the exact spot for the interment was an old mountaineer. He pointed to the pinnacle of Montezuma's Head and said: "There!" Jeff Milton demurred: "No; can't get there!" "Can" (said the mountaineer). "Saw a mountain goat up there yistiday." "'Twant," (said Jeff) "didn't have no wings."⁹

Captain Crimmins and ex-Lieutenant Greenway were spending the time before dinner in a White House anteroom very jovially, reminiscing about 'Old San Antonio' when the doors opened and President Roosevelt, with Mrs. Roosevelt on his arm, Nicholas Longworth and Alice Roosevelt Longworth following, bowed stiffly and passed stolidly — smilelessly — into the dining room. Martin's shock at the demeanor of the President was disconcerting. Never before had the President been formal with him. In fact, his salutation normally had been: "Martin, old man! How are you?", accompanied by an embrace or a pat on the back.

The Captain was seated by the side of Alice. The dinner proceeded as "a rather formal affair — stiff and tense." The weight of the nation seemed to be upon the President until Mrs. Longworth, after expressing her pleasure in seeing the Captain again, recalled their last dinner together at Sagamore. She reminded him of having told her of riding the Kansas mule; then she requested: "Please tell father how you tried to ride the Kansas mule which gave you the idea you could become a good Rough Rider." Roosevelt's attention was instantaneous. "Please do, please do," he said. "I have never heard that."

Martin was off to a good start, Roosevelt listening intently, while Mrs. Longworth prodded him if he left out a detail. He told how he ran away from Georgetown and its Latin and Greek; rode the train; walked hungry and "busted;" ate roast turtle by the side of a pool for breakfast; tackled mule-busting while eating with the hands and bunking in the hay-loft; then he paid his respects to 'that old Kansas mule' who stretched him flat in a gully after being raked with his spurs 'just to get the pitch out of him.' Just as Martin was awakened — as he told the story — "from the involuntary suspension of normal sensibilities

⁹ Milton, in conversation with Hervey E. Chesley, Hamilton, Texas.

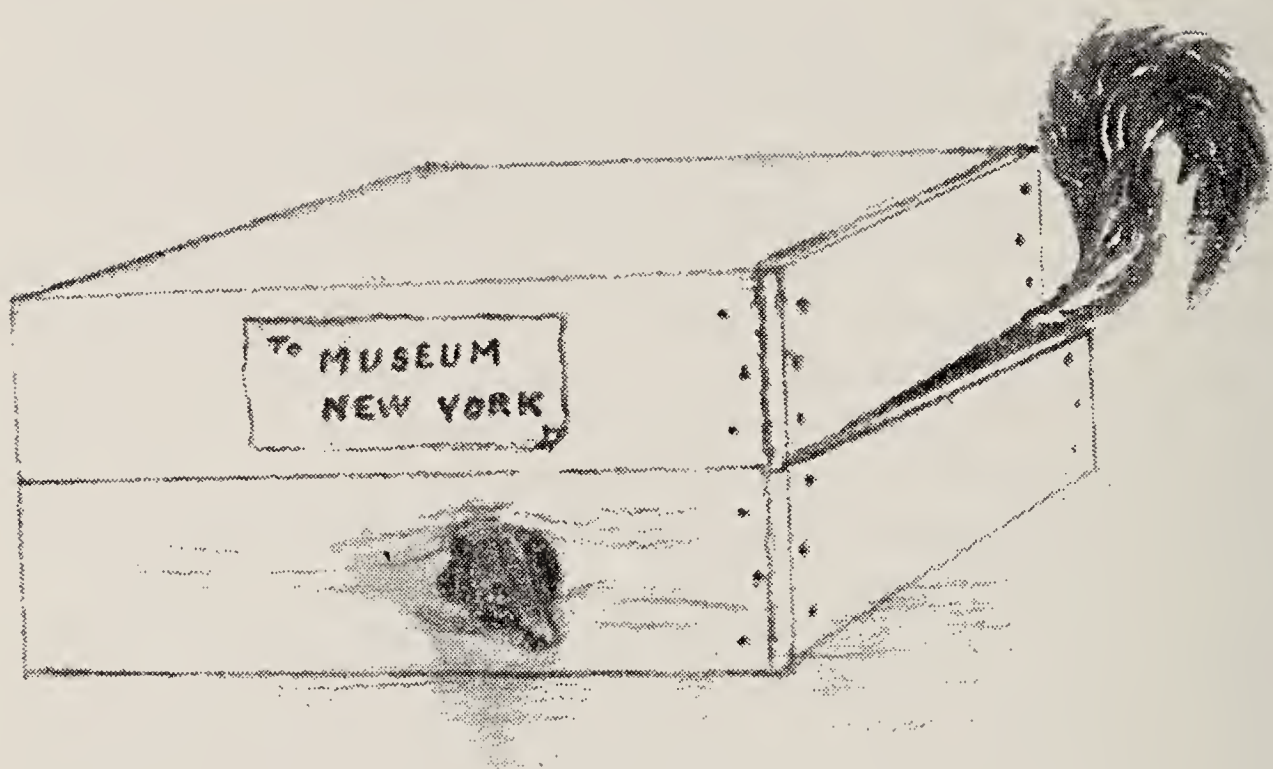
with the old mule gazing down into my face, wondering what that boy would do next, the old black Negro, who had stood motionless and silent behind the President's chair, broke into a laugh. Roosevelt chimed in with a hearty guffaw exclaiming, "Bully! Bully! My Boy! And that's the way you decided to become a rough Rider!"

The President then changed the subject, stating to the Captain that John Crimmins had called on him with reference to the proposed tour of the East; and he asked for details. Martin told the President about being granted the leave, leaving his regiment at Nagasaki, witnessing the coronation of the Korean king at Seoul, the dinners and receptions, the great services of Willard Straight, the infiltration of the Japanese, the execution of 'so-called robbers,' the battle fields in Manchuria, the heavy hand of the Rising Sun in Mukden, the Trans-Siberian Express, the tour of the Volga, travel in Turkestan, oil in Baku, the military road across the Caucasus Mountains, and the commerce of Odessa. The President plied him with questions until the hour was late. Then he said "Martin, that is just the trip I want to make, but I can't make it as President. I don't want to make it after I am President," (and he hesitated a moment as if conjuring current problems). "If I ever meet the German Kaiser abroad I want to meet him as an equal, not as a has-been."¹□

The President's dinner kept Martin in Washington too late to return that night to New York. Next day was Thanksgiving Day. He whiled away the day on a train. John Crimmins postponed his own Thanksgiving dinner until December 1 so that Martin might be with him. Before going to the table on December 1, John Crimmins wrote of the occasion:

I now make a record of the auspicious event: Martin, now a Captain in the army, has returned from an extended trip. On this day, and on this occasion, when we are to sit at luncheon in re-union, we make our first acknowledgement to God in Heaven and Earth and His Divine Son, for the blessings He, in His mercy, has bestowed on each of us.

¹□ Theodore Roosevelt did meet the Kaiser after the famous South African tour, when, like Grant, during his tour, he was about the most famous man alive. He then reviewed the German troops accompanied by the Kaiser.



10. NOTHING BUT A COYOTE, A RABBIT AND A BOX OF SKUNKS



heodore Roosevelt's intercession resulted in an extension of leave which gave Captain Crimmins two more days with the New York family. He left home, however, on the late evening of December 3, with a ticket to Omaha, Nebraska, but it was necessary, in order to clear with the War Department, to tarry two more days in Washington. Completing the journey, he left the train at Omaha, a few miles from his new post.

Fort Crook had the 'eminence' (as O. Henry might have phrased it) in military sites to receive the description as "a United States military post situated on the Burlington and Missouri Pacific railways in Nebraska." Its location was little more definite in Captain Crimmins' mind when he sought his way out to the station. He knew, however, that

the man from whom it took its name, General George Crook (1828-1890), had been an important factor in army circles from the day he was graduated from West Point (1852) until he completed his tasks in subjugating the Indians all the way from Arizona to the Pacific Northwest; and the Captain was soon to believe the general deserved a better namesake. The barren western plains, the site of the fort, the inclement weather, had not the lure of the myriad-colored Caucasus. The Indian battlegrounds lacked Mukden and Balaklava monuments; and soldiering was cut from the standard pattern - Monotony.

As if to add tension to his growing restlessness, he was "placed in quarantine on account of measles" which "made things more or less disrupted."¹ Of course, he was "not allowed to visit anybody or stay in the same room with the soldiers." Thus bound down, he reverted to the thrills of his youth. With horses in abundance at the Fort, he rode out for a hunt. He "got six rabbits and had a chase after a large coyote which seemed a cross between a coyote and a gray wolf. It was as large as a collie dog. All my dogs ran him, two hounds, two airdales and a setter that always goes with me, and two dogs of McCarthy's." The Captain's dogs "came back last, although none of them ran very long on account of the soil being so dry. They ran down a ridge, and he turned off into the woods and that was the last I saw of him." The next day he forgot his quarantine again and "got out a little while and got a rabbit." This gave him an idea: All his life he had been interested in natural history, especially since Richards, back in Georgetown College, had substituted a practical course in classification for the dreaded Latin and Greek. He, therefore, determined to spend "dreary leisure in collecting speciman."

In fact, even during Philippine days, Captain Crimmins had, at intervals, sent back to New York to the American Museum of Natural History specimens of anthropology. One of the recipients was Dr. William T. Horniday.

Dr. Horniday held the position of director of the New York Zoological Society for many years. The friendship of the learned doctor and Martin Crimmins extended over a period of nearly half a century. By the time Dr. Horniday's

¹ Captain Crimmins' letter to J. D. Crimmins.

Natural History had reached its sixteenth edition, Martin Crimmins had risen to Colonel in the army and had become more than a national authority on poisonous snakes. Dr. Horniday, in a gift copy of his book, wrote this evidence of their association: "To my esteemed and helpful friend, Colonel M. L. Crimmins, natural authority on the 'salvage of poor humanity from the poisonous serpents' with the compliments of Scribner and Sons and the author, Wm. T. Horniday."

It became known, in 1908, to The American Museum of Natural History, that Captain Crimmins had revived his interest in natural history and he was requested to get together a selection of local small animals to be found in the vicinity of Fort Crook. As a consequence, he began trapping gophers and other small rodents. Among his discoveries was that Nebraska had two varieties of skunks, a big striped animal and a small spotted one. The American Museum of Natural History asked for specimen, so the Captain set his traps during extremely cold weather and bagged half a dozen of each. Not wishing the task of skinning them, and knowing they were practically odorless under freezing temperatures, he put them in a box and sent them on their way marked 'MEPHITIS AMERICANA.' The cold weather favored their handlers all the way to New York. The box arrived on Saturday after all had gone from the Museum except a janitor, who very kindly agreed to accept them and put them in a warm place next to a heater in the Museum. But when the doors were opened on Monday, the whole wing of the Museum was immediately "Closed for Fumigation."

Captain Crimmins took time out as forwarding agent for the American Museum of Natural History to let the 'air of cordiality' reestablish itself. And for those who wanted to hear he mixed the skunk story with that of 'The Jamaica Negro and the two-toe bear.' The bear story had its genesis several years before while he was soldiering in the Presidio, San Francisco, but his notoriety as a 'bear killer' persisted long after the skunks were neutralized.

He was drawn into the bear hunt by his New York

friend, Ralph Pulitzer,² who had made arrangements with the famous guide and author, James Schultz, to "show him a bear in the wilds of the Montana mountains." Schultz had been tracking through the Rockies since 1876. Although an Easterner, he cast off the habiliments of culture, took down the trail of an Indian Princess, and, when she called him "Ap-i-kun-i," settled down with his father-in-law in the solitude of the mountains forty long miles from the nearest railroad or other evidence of modern civilization. The railroad, however, was near enough for him to send out information that his services as a guide to bear hunters and trappers were for sale, and to keep in communication with Ralph Pulitzer. What leisure time he had - and he seemed to have an abundance - was used in writing books, some thirty-five having been accepted by Houghton-Mifflin Company. As his books spawned, popularizing Indian and wild-life stories of the Upper Rockies, so did the men with the guns, Ralph Pulitzer being one of the most enthusiastic to take gun and servants to the woods for a "hunt de luxe." The New Yorker, however, was hesitant to go without a genial hunting companion, and, being aware of Martin's urge for adventure, had no difficulty in luring him to the Black-foot reservation high in the mountains of northwestern Montana.

When Ralph and Martin arrived, "Ap-i-kun-i," better known to Pulitzer as 'Jim', was on hand with gastronomical lures for unsuspecting bruin. The bait consisted of several old Indian ponies over which many suns and an equal number of moons had moved, and now they were to be given a chance for a last sacrifice. Their disemboweled carcasses were to be offered to any and all grizzlies who would partake in exchange for their lives, contingent, of course, upon the hunter's "shooting-eye".

Schultz, with an eye toward ease, selected the territory adjacent to Saint Mary's Lake for a hunting ground. The lake afforded a means of transportation. From boats the hunters could make inspections of baits set near the water's edge. One bait, however, was placed at a sheep-lick, over the brow

² Ralph Pulitzer, son of Joseph Pulitzer, founder of the world renowned Pulitzer Prizes. Ralph was a director of *The World*, which he forfeited when that paper was sold to *The Evening Telegram*.

of a hill which footed the lake.

A guide soon brought in the news that bear tracks had been found in the fresh snow near the sheep-lick. Jim Shultz made a declaration of intentions: He would not go out in that snow "for all the bears in Montana." Pulitzer, also, found himself committed to the comfort of the cabin. But Crimmins had an idea that "bears should be hunted when bears are around", so he and a guide paddled across the lake, climbed the hill and peered through the gathering dusk down upon the sheep-lick.

Something was at the bait; he could tell by the motion. Taking careful aim, he fired. The motion stopped. Then, in excitement, Crimmins ran with unloaded gun, the guide warning him: "Shoot again. Shoot again." The Captain, however, (after he had become aware of the danger of approaching a wounded grizzly with an empty gun) avowed he wanted "to make it a one-shot kill." And lucky he was: that is what he had done.

Night came rapidly and bear-skinning was left until another day, and they moved quickly down the mountain and over the lake to tell their story. It grew sufficiently in repetition to bring out Ap-i-kun-i to see "the two-toe killer which had eluded many a trap and bullet." The men stood it up on its frozen hind-quarters while "the valiant Captain with Bowie knife drawn took a stance and posed as if to kill it." Pulitzer's big Cockney-speaking Jamaica Negro who had come along "to help with the meat" saw his opportunity. He snapped a picture "for Mr. Martin's album and to show my fellow-workers back in New York how brave is Captain Crimmins of the American army. He kills bears with a knife. . . . I saw him." The story found its way into the army, much to the Colonel's chagrin.

The most favorable thing one might say about Nebraska weather during Captain Crimmins' tour of duty in that state was that its inconsistency was consistent. Despite the weather, however, the regiment went over to Ashland for target practice. One day the thermometer registered 82 degrees, the next, ice covered their buckets. The wind came up strong and the camp was alerted for a tornado. Just to show what weather might be, the "wind came in from the north cutting like a knife. Tents were blown down and the place

was a shambles." The officers, however, found one acceptable condition in the region. Kansas has "No saloons! So we have no trouble with the men." For those who failed to feel the zest of Bacchus' blast "we have baseball on Sundays and a post-exchange where the men can buy tobacco, sodas, and candy." No wonder "they slept in their tents with their bed sacks filled with straw."³

The regiment moved out toward Fort Riley, Kansas, to take its part in a military maneuver. While stopping at Camp Corse an invitation to dine with his old friend, Eugene W. Waterbury, one-time corporal in Rough Rider Troop B, broke the monotony. The two ex-Rough Riders attended a band concert, a supper-party, and then Captain Crimmins had the pleasure of being called on "by a lady of Virginia, Mrs. E. P. Coles, who was my good friend at **Tallwood** the last two years I studied at the University. It was at **Tallwood** that I enjoyed myself more than any other place in Virginia."⁴ Had it not been for these diversions he would have been in accord with the local newspaper which rated "Camp Corse a dismal lonesome place. Especially has this been true while the troops were being reviewed by President Taft, down town. Except for cooks, bakers, and stablemen, there were but few soldiers in camp. Captain Crimmins was the only officer who was not in the parade, this because of rheumatism in his right knee, and the Captain has been compelled to remain in camp." Missing the Taft parade, however, was partially compensated for by the reporter placing Captain Crimmins in the 'distinguished⁵ column. In fact, it listed him as "one of the most distinguished soldiers here. . . . A distinguished soldier to whom army life appeals more than wealth. Captain Crimmins is the son of John D. Crimmins of New York, multimillionaire, who has had the opportunity to succeed his father in business; but the Captain is cut out for army life."

Another soldier who was raised to the 'distinguished' column that day by the newspaper was Lieutenant Walter C. Short of the 16th Infantry "serving under Captain Crimmins.

³ Captain Crimmins' letter to his father describing Kansas and Nebraska conditions.

⁴ Martin Crimmins' letter to his father.

⁵ An unknown, undated, newspaper clipping found in Col. Crimmins' papers.

He is accredited with being the champion pistol shot of the world, having received the gold medal with the record of 43 out of 50.”⁶

The year 1909 came to a close bringing the prospects of more adventure for the venturesome officer who was more and more putting all thought of joining his father's business behind him. Rotation put him in line for a two year 'hitch' in the frozen North. Fort Davis, near Nome, Alaska, was his destination. Captain Crimmins looked forward to the transfer with enthusiasm. That was one segment of life he had not sampled. He was eager to be off. Father Crimmins, on the other hand, felt no such ardor: he deemed it his paternal duty again to attempt to steer the course of the son he had found "so difficult to direct." As a consequence, on February 26 (1910), John Crimmins boarded another train for Washington.

The last trip to Washington had been for the purpose of "looking for the last time on dear General Coppinger's face." The death of General Coppinger took place November 4, 1909. Now that John Crimmins was going back again, he was reminiscent about his departed friend and took out his diary to see what he had recorded. There it was:

At 3:25 P.M. started for Washington to attend the funeral of our dear friend General Coppinger, who died at 10:30 last night. The general made Martin's position in the Army easier through his care and attention when Martin was a physical wreck in Florida. Martin was left at Tampa from his company in the Rough Riders to look after horses as a stable boy. The General afterwards had Martin on his staff.

⁶ General Walter Campbell Short, born in Fillmore, Illinois, March 10, 1880, a Phi Beta Kappa graduate of the University of Illinois, has lived to be one of the world's most controversial figures as a result of the Japanese sneak attack on Pearl Harbor, General Short commanding. He was commissioned in the Regular Army in 1901 and advanced to Lieutenant General in 1941. He did service in the Philippines and later Fort Reno, Oklahoma. Upon his promotion to First Lieutenant he was transferred to the 16th Infantry at Fort Crook, Nebraska, and served under Captain Martin L. Crimmins from 1907 to 1910. He accompanied the regiment to Alaska, commanding Company A, 16th Infantry at Fort Gibbon while in the North. He went back with the 16th Infantry to the Presidio, San Francisco, until transferred to the School of Arms, Fort Sill, Oklahoma. He served in France with the 1st Division and on the General Staff, G. H. Q. with Pershing. His old friend, Brigadier General Charles K. Nulsen, Retired, rates him as "a man of brilliant intellect and great energy, combined with a liberal education . . . an outstanding officer."

In Washington, now as there was no 'dear general' to meet him, John Crimmins went to the Metropolitan Club. He fell in with Congressman McCleary of Philadelphia. They went together to **The Willard** and talked with Mr. Wickersham. Judge George Woodward Wickersham, also a resident of Pennsylvania, had become President Taft's attorney-general, and, of course, was influential with the President. Later, John Crimmins was visited by Congressman Fornes. They left no record of their conversation, but the following day Mr. Crimmins observed the proprieties, returning his courtesy call, and there he found Congressman Harrison; but he did not bring the day of visits to a close until he "looked in upon Congressman Fitzgerald."

John Crimmins was at the White House early the subsequent morning. He "had arranged to meet the President by card, but Senator Carter happening there brought me in without waiting my turn. Spoke to the President (William H. Taft) of my desire to keep Martin in the States and not go to Alaska. The President took notes and said he would see so his standing in the army would not be affected." Interpreting this commitment as a promise, he rode off with Senator and Mrs. Carter to the Capitol. That night, with a lighter heart, he returned to New York speculating upon the advisability of visiting Martin at Fort Crook when he would break the good news.

But bad news came in on the tail of Halley's Comet. John Crimmins could do nothing else but accept the comet — then making front page news throughout the world — as "a natural phenomenon;" but he could not reconcile the action of the War Department and the interest the President had shown, with the order which had suddenly come down through channels that Captain Crimmins must accompany his regiment to Alaska. To be sure, that disappointment found its way into his daily-notes:

May 18, 1910 - My birthday. Today the earth passes through the tail of Halley's Comet. On this day the comet has approached the earth in its rapid race of 43 miles in a second, since first observed, and the passage of the planet will be seven hours. This will occur after midnight, and there is some disquietude among a few people. We are assured by the Scientists that the gaseous atmosphere in our passage through the tail of the comet will be harmless. Martin is

to go to Alaska in June, where his regiment, the 16th Infantry, is to be stationed two years, Martin looks fine and is all right.

June came. So did Martin. He came to be present at the 12th Annual Reunion of the Rough Riders. He arrived, unexpectedly, and one day ahead of the meeting. As soon as he was in the city he was off "to hunt up Colonel Brodie." The Colonel was accompanied by Mrs. Brodie and her mother, and not having an automobile in the city accepted John Crimmins' tender of the use of his. And before the day was over, Mr. Crimmins was changing his mind about the Rough Riders being "such a rough lot. . . . I met several of the Rough Riders, they having called at the house."

Captain Crimmins was a guest at the Yacht Club that evening. His father and the Marquis Castlehomond went along. At 7:30 the following morning, the ex-Rough Rider, accompanied by his father, "boarded the city reception boat." They sailed out to Quarantine to receive Colonel Roosevelt who was to enter the city by boat from Sagamore. "Mr. Roosevelt boarded the boat at 8:30. A large party. Full account in the press. Was greeted cordially, as all other were, by Mr. R. The whole affair was enthusiastic and large. Martin rode with the Rough Riders. Several have called at the house."

Undoubtedly, "the affair was enthusiastic and large," as John Crimmins wrote, but there were minor incidents in the path of events that day which minimized Martin's enthusiasm. In fact, a late night out and an early ride on the water gave Captain Crimmins a bad start. Then, after leaving the reception boat he had to put on all speed forward to take his place with B Troop in the parade. Major O'Ryan, of the New York Militia,⁷ had made his beautiful sorrel horse available for Martin's use. Instead of the horse being at the dock, it was at a riding stable at 59th Street and Broadway. Mounting there (and of course, being in uniform), the Captain rode as fast as conditions permitted to join up with his troop. The route of the parade was blocked off by the police, but an obliging officer, seeing the fine horse and the spic-and-span officer in boots and breeches (and probably mistaking him

⁷ J. F. O'Ryan, Major-general, born in N. Y. 1874, Lawyer, soldier. Commander of the 27th Division in France during World War I. Later distinguished himself as counsel investigating the Veteran's Bureau.

for the Grand Marshal), cleared the barricade. Then Captain Martin Lalor Crimmins of the 16th United States Infantry, late Private in Roosevelt's Rough Riders, clopped down Fifth Avenue to the cheers of thousands. Meeting the marching ex-cavalrymen (and being mounted), he took a place as near the head of the column as he could get.

Sunday morning came. Martin's father woke him earlier than was his wish. He went along to mass; afterwards they stopped at the Old Guard Armory. The armory was filled with visiting cavalrymen, so they "took up three Rough Riders, went to the Zoo, Bronx Park; then to Travers Island." From Travers Island they "took a launch to Huckleberry Island in the Sound where the Rough Riders were given a clam bake by the New York Athletic Club." At this point, (so said John Crimmins), "I left immediately but Martin remained and had a good time with his chums."

The clam bake wound up the reunion; so, on Monday morning, Captain and John Crimmins went aboard a train for Jersey City, where Father Crimmins said 'goodbye' and turned back. On June 30, Captain Crimmins looked back upon the hills of Seattle as his ship moved north toward Alaska.



11. MUKLUKS AND SIBERIAN DOGS



he troop-ship anchored toward land. Boats were lowered. Captain Crimmins, eager to see as much of the North as soon as he could, went along to Hayne's Mission. This out-of-the-path Mission had had few visitors from the sea, none from the land. The blue glacial waters lay near the shore in contrast with the greenish muddy sea water farther off shore. The blue water looked favorable for duck-rests; and that night, after a conference with the station's officers, Captain Crimmins proposed a duck hunt the next day. The resident-doctor, whose chief employment was keeping the weather record - and there was weather in abundance - quietly told the new-comer that duck shooting in the region was too dangerous; that too many novices let their boats capsize and the hunters froze in the glacial shore-waters.

The Captain believed 'he could swim in that water.' A dozen sitting around the table 'believed he could not,' and all were ready to bet him. Not to be backed down, he took all cash bets in sight. The next morning about daylight when the wind was at its calmest, "dressed in shirt and shorts" - long since having discarded Coney Island attire - he jumped off the end of his ship. We will take his word for it: "It was extremely cold." He looked around, after wiping the frost from his eyes, and seeing a man from the hospital corps sitting in a boat nearby (and realizing he might have need of the services of the corp as well as the boat), called, asking that he be followed to the shore. The water was so cold that he could not endure wetting his head, so he swam the breast stroke toward shore as far as possible. When he stood up near the shore-line, the steam came off his body. He was as "red as a lobster" - according to an observer. He looked around for his boatman, but he was still out at the ship; for, as the Captain learned later, the hospital man did not know how to row a boat. A great help he was!

Fort Davis was a two company Infantry post, located about three miles from Nome. In addition to the Infantry, the post quartered detachments from the hospital and signal corps. The soldiers were housed in the two-story buildings. The officer's quarters consisted also of a two-story building which was adequately heated with a drum-like stove centrally located on the ground floor. There was no wood in the Nome region. Soft coal was burned for fuel.

The soldiers had a well organized club in which was a billiard table and such reading material as reached the far North during the open-water season. There was also a gymnasium. The men, especially the men not yet accustomed to the cold, preferred to take their exercise in the gymnasium rather than "the cold out doors." Since the post was comprised of emergency troops the officers encouraged outdoor employment so that the men would learn to care for themselves in the event of bad weather.

When Captain Crimmins arrived at Nome the army was still issuing clothing suitable to a climate such as found in the northern tier of the United States. With inadequate clothing, it was common practice for Alaskan soldiers to put on tight-fitting garments which restricted circulation, and

actually caused freezing, especially of the feet. The army-issue foot gear consisted of moccasins which were quite inferior to the Eskimo sealskin mukluks. Both the Siberian Russians and the Alaskan Eskimos made serviceable mukluks from seal and walrus hides, turning the fur inside. The mukluk soles were pliant but thick, making it easy to walk with them and at the same time affording a maximum of protection from under foot. The mukluk legs were loose enough for packing straw between the boot-leg and the wearer's pant-leg. An efficient shirt had a parka-hood. It was an 'outside' shirt, the hood being attached to the shirt and subject to being raised up over the head. The sleeves of the parka came down below the fingertips, enabling the wearer to draw his hands up for protection. Gloves, woolen, — or reindeer gauntlets, were a necessity. They were elbow-long and fastened across the shoulders and to the upper tip of the glove-sleeve by a yoke similar to the army's Web-belt. This attachment, too, was a 'must,' for to lose a glove in a blizzard meant a frozen hand.

A good parka-hood was lined with wolfskin with long hair. The part fitting next to the face was made of wolverene skin. The fur of the wolverene is used for the reason that, of all animal furs, the wolverene is least likely to freeze to human skin. And too, the animal, although one of the most difficult to trap, is found all the way from Michigan to the Arctic shores wherever timber grows. Its abundance insures a ready supply of fur.

In 1910, the United States Army Quartermaster's Department still had on hand a supply of "heavy duck blanket-lined breeches, blanket-lined short coats, and (even) buffalo robes" - left-over from the Indian fighting days of the West. To be swaddled in such was sufficient reason for Crimmins' soldiers to take to snowshoes and skis with reluctance.

Great precaution had to be taken to keep the outside cold from entering Alaskan houses. To insure this result the 'outside clothing' was removed and hung in an ante-room, thus leaving 'the fresh air' outside. Mukluks were also removed and hung feet upward. In the morning before a garment was put on again, it was shaken vigorously. The moisture, then frozen, would fall off. "You dried out by

freezing.”

Captain Crimmins was at Fort Davis but a short time when he began to get acquainted with the people of Nome. One of the first invitations was to visit **The Log Cabin Club**, so named because of its all-log construction. Since there were no trees in Nome, the logs had been freighted in by boat from the ‘Outside.’ That term in the North meant the United States. **The Log Cabin Club**, however, lost its name in common parlance about the time dog racing became a frenzy, occupying much the same position in the minds of men-of-the-North as World Series Baseball does today in the nation. It became **The Malemute Club** by common consent; but that was before The Honorable Fox Maule Ramsey and Captain Crimmins came on the scene with strings of Siberian dogs.

What might be aptly called ‘the line of conversation’ was located in Nome’s **Board of Trade Saloon**. It sported one piece of polished mahogany long enough for fifty elbow-benders to serve themselves in comfort as they ‘histed’ mukluks to the ever-present brass rail. A visit or two to this popular resort was sufficient to put a newcomer on speaking terms with the greater portion of Nome’s population.

The Pioneer Mining Company was the chief institution that survived the days when miners panned the waterfront. Albert Fink¹ was an employee of that corporation. Captain Crimmins became acquainted with him soon after landing in Nome. Fink, a big brawny lawyer, who eschewed the comforts of Kentucky for more glittering prospects on the beaches of Nome, was one of the best-known and most popular men on the gold-coast. His effectiveness, too, rose so high as a lawyer that The Pioneer Mining Company thought it good business to have him on their advisory roll at a \$25,000 yearly salary, lest he, by chance, accept employment on behalf of some plaintiff with an adverse interest. Fink, just at the time of Crimmins’ arrival, happened to be the president of **The Log Cabin Club**.. Too, he was known as “the outstanding sport in Nome.” The word ‘sport’ had a limited meaning in Nome, denoting ‘a lover of dog racing’;

¹ A former University of Virginia student.

and there was none, not even Leonhard Seppela² nor The Honorable Fox Maule Ramsey who enthused more vigorously over a dog race than did Albert Fink.

Those who had occasion to lay emphasis on the fervency of Fink's interest in racing were accustomed to tell the story of how Fink's partner came to him perturbed because of Fink's neglect to file an answer on behalf of his mining company client, which, if not done immediately, would result in an enormous loss to his employer; and the last hour was passing when the answer might be filed legally. "I just don't have time," was Fink's reply to his partner. "This is Sweepstake Day." Then thinking a moment, he added: "Go tell the judge to adjourn court and attend the races. Then it will be legal to file tomorrow." Of course, the judge with an ear for a yap of a malemute complied.

Another man whom Crimmins came to know intimately, and for whom Nomites probably had the most genuine personal affection, was The Honorable Fox Maule Ramsey. Ramsey was a twin brother of the Earl of Dalhousay of Brichton, Scotland. The brothers graduated from Oxford, but soon thereafter the Earl suicided. The shock of the death of his twin brother caused The Honorable Fox Maule Ramsey to take up his residence in Nome, far from the scenes of his youth. Fox Ramsey had two relatives, an uncle, Colonel Ramsey of the Pioneer Mining Company, and a cousin, Stewart Weatherby in Alaska.³ When Crimmins landed in Nome, The Honorable Fox Maule Ramsey had been a resident there three interesting years. He had come in 1907, the year Albert Fink organized **The All Alaskan Sweepstake Races**. Immediately after hearing about the coming contest, the novice let it be known that he was in the market for a dog-team. Every dog owner who took a look at the Scot and heard the price he was willing to pay had, a least, one 'good dog' for sale. It could not be truthfully said that the good-natured tenderfoot had acquired a 'team,' but when spring came he had 'a string of dogs,' one from nearly every man in Nome whose conscience was a bit on the careless side.

² Leonhard Seppela merited and won world-fame for his services in taking the diphtheria serum to Nome's children.

³ Acting British Consul.

Sweepstake Day came, as did The Honorable Fox Maule Ramsey with his 'team.' He entered for the \$25,000 prize. Almost at the start, the weather turned bad. Inexperienced Ramsey, mushing after his own dogs, lost the trail. The dogs headed out to sea. The sled struck a hummock of sea-ice. The towline broke. One division of the team set out at an increased pace upon the return trip for the comforts of home. Fox Maule Ramsey gathered up the remnants of his dogs and followed. At Nome, he rounded up the run-aways, repaired his towline, and put every dog back on the trail again, much to the amusement of the stay-at-home dog-sellers.

One of the rules of the ice-race was that all dogs must be returned to the starting post, either dead or alive, otherwise the entrant stood automatically disqualified. This rule was enforced to prevent some heartless driver from 'ditching' a disabled dog, allowing him to freeze or starve. Although he could start with any number of dogs, all must be returned to the post.

The other contesting teams completed the 408-mile course in about 75 hours, but nothing was heard from Fox Maule Ramsey until about a week later. Then he drove up to the starting post. Some of the dogs were riding on the sled. Some were yet on the towline, as was The Honorable Fox Maule Ramsey, mushing along. The race, so the score-keeper presumed, had been over a week. The Scot, however, indulged no such presumption. He wanted to be 'counted,'; so he turned his team back to Nome, called the scorekeeper from his warm bed and took him to the starting post amid a flurry of snow and wind. There Ramsey solemnly checked in - just a week late, it is true - but amid the mounting admiration and respect of every 'good sport' in all Alaska.

Another man who drew the attention of Capt. Crimmins was known by no other name than the 'Old Prospector.' This pathetic figure could be seen on the streets of Nome every day. He was a living example of the perils of the North, the value and danger of dogs. Captain Crimmins saw him sitting one day - legless. He wanted to know the story . . . The Old Prospector with a string of seven dogs stayed out of the settlement a little too long one winter. Expecting to be in Nome in a short time, he let supplies

run low. Then, by mischance, he stepped in an overflow. The cold North has many hot springs which bubble up and overflow the ice. Then the overflow water forms a veneer of ice. The heat of the spring water, however, keeps a rivulet flowing between the ice layers. Should one break through the upper ice, he would be in imminent danger of freezing once he is out of the water without protection.

When the Old Prospector surged out of the overflow, he had no protection, no fire, no food; and his water-soaked legs froze almost immediately. Thus frozen he could not travel. The sled was the only fuel available. He burned it. His dogs were his only food. He ate them. His dog meat was limited, also, so he rationed himself to one dog a week. The remaining dogs, too, became ravenous. They watched him as if contemplating whether to devour him in one meal or ration him (as he was doing them) through the period of distress. He kept standing on his legs, knowing that many dogs of the North would "jump a prostrate form." So standing on frozen feet, cooking a dog when he had a fire, eating raw dog when the fire burned out, he kept as much strength as possible, sharing the less delectable dog-ration with the diminishing number of his team.

In this condition - feet frozen, putrification having set in - he was found. How long it had been since his misfortune began, he did not know. The agonies of distress had begun to blur his senses. With tender care he was removed to Nome. There his life was saved, but, of course, not his legs. Thereafter, he sat around, a visible warning of the perils of the North.

After the last boat had gone out in October (1910) Winter pulled down her ice-shutters closing communication with the 'Outside' for another six months. Then Captain Crimmins got an invitation to go bear hunting up the Solomon River. Some men, experienced in the North, including Nome's Postmaster and several of his friends, wanted the Captain to go along. A Pioneer Mining Company ditch-walker reported his good luck in killing three brown bears about fifty miles out of Nome after he had walked upon them eating berries on a mountain side. Hunters, of course, thought others should be roaming the region. Then came the news that the caretaker at Lake Solomon Road House had

chanced onto another bear while he was hunting ptarmigan with a small calibre rifle. Not knowing what else to do the caretaker fired. The bullet made what might truthfully be called a "bear's eye," for it struck him in the eye, killing him instantly; but the bear rolled down the mountain side tumbling his slayer along with him. These tales put the hunters on the trail in short order, using horses instead of snowshoes.

The commander of the post was quite willing to grant Captain Crimmins a week's leave, but he was more reluctant to furnish one of Uncle Sam's horses for the expedition, saying: "If you lose him, I can't get a replacement until next July." (He said nothing about losing a captain). With his usual persistence, Captain Crimmins reminded the commander that the post had a balky horse that wouldn't leave the stable alone, that would not drive single to a sled, and it was seldom used.

Seeing a chance to even the score with the old balky horse who had been a 'trial and vexation' at the post, the commander answered almost with glee: "Yes, you may take that horse, and I hope you don't bring him back." By having someone to meet him at the stable, the horse started, and the hunters got on the way early one October morning. They rode the bed of the Nome River most of the time as the country was marshy and their horses would sink up to their bellies out in the tundra. "The tundra," explained Captain Crimmins, "is the Russian name for extensive low-lying peat moss which covers a considerable part of the Arctic area. From June until the middle of August the tundra thaws and small vegetation appears on its surface in mass. Over the top are a few flowering plants."

The hunting party found the river bed very rough, with boulders strewn along as large as bushel baskets. They broke through the sandy river bed frequently going down into water to their knees and over their boot-tops. They finally arrived at a deserted log cabin with a stable attached near the bank of Solomon Creek. There they began searching for a cinnamon bear but without success. The other members of the party saddled and concluded to go further, but as the captain had only a remnant of his week's leave

remaining, he stayed behind. What happened after that is his story:

I put the horse in the stable and slept on the floor with my airdale terrier and a wire-haired foxterrier which I had brought along to 'heel' a bear in case I ran into one. Every morning I started out at daylight and hunted around. I took the bridle and saddle off the horse and he followed about like a dog and grazed. My hunt was without success, and having but two days remaining to get back to the Fort, I started. I thought it would be dangerous to go down the river, because if my horse would step in a hole or I should be washed off, my heavy clothing would keep me from swimming, and should I get out I would freeze. I thought it would be better to go toward Safety Harbor about 30 miles away. I killed seven ptarmigan, which I put in the saddlebags and made a start at 7:30 in the morning. The going until about 10:30 was good; then a head-on wind came in blowing about 40 miles an hour. It was piercing. Little rivulets ran down the mountain side and crossed the trail, forming pools, now and then, with a coating of ice. The water was mostly from hot springs, for it had turned too cold for the snow to form water. Those hot springs made the ground very soft and my horse would mire when he broke through. Finally, when the horse would come to a soft spot, having learned by experience that he would mire, he resolutely refused to cross. I would then have to dismount and go along the hillside until I found a place hard enough or found a narrow place for him to step across. Going up and down that way took considerable time and strength, and I was beginning to think my commander had not been so kind to me after all. When it got nearly dark, I got to where I thought I had to cross the river regardless. The bank was very steep, about three stories high. I couldn't lead the horse, for, to have tried it, he would have slid down onto me. So I decided to ride him down. I got on, and he plunged down into the stream. The water was high and white with froth. But I got out and climbed a hill which was covered with brush about leg high. The surface, however, was smooth, being covered with snow, and I could not tell one step ahead whether the going was to be good or bad. Then my horse took another notion. He would not face the wind as by now the wind was blowing fine ice-snow into his eyes. I had to go ahead of him, and he followed putting his head to my back. I tried to see the direction I was going but I could not. Then I began moving so the wind would strike my face at a certain angle. I did this because I knew my direction when I encountered the gale, and I knew when the snow was wet the wind was coming from the south.

A north wind brings dry, piercing snow. But the snow was coming in with such speed that the ice particles hurt my face, but I kept on, leading my horse until about eleven o'clock that night. By then I was frightfully tired. So I climbed on again and tried to force him in the direction I wanted to go. Immediately he turned tail and balked. Then I wished my commander had that horse back in the stable. But I took him down the hill where there was some brush and unsaddled him. I turned him loose so he could eat willow bark, and I crawled into my reindeer sleeping bag with my wire-haired terrier. The airdale would not come in with us. We were both pretty cold, colder on the inside than outside, for my clothing thawed out in the bag; but by shivering we kept up the circulation.

Every now and then I would think I heard someone calling me. I would dig out and look around to see who it was, but of course it was only hallucinations that sometimes occur to people under such circumstances.

Finally, as it was growing lighter, I dug out, saddled my horse, and started in the direction of the roadhouse. I passed a number of hot springs which were covered with a blanket of snow as flat as a billiard table. I could, however, see where the springs were. The ponds they made were sometimes 30 yards in diameter. Sometimes I would get over all right, but the horse would break through behind me and mire in the soft mud below the coating of ice. Then I'd have to get him out. Other times, while walking ahead of the horse, I would fall in up to my knees, up to my hips, a time or more up to my chest.

About ten-thirty that morning I saw a deserted tent. I went in; put my dogs in; found some wood and made a fire in the stove; then I skinned a couple of ptarmigan as I was beginning to get a little hungry, and gave the other to my dogs. That was the first food I had eaten since seven o'clock the morning before.

While in the tent I saw a pale spot in the sky, and looking at my watch I saw it was then ten-thirty. So knowing where the sun would be at that time of the morning gave me my direction. Then I observed the direction of the wind and by keeping the wind more into my right eye than into my left I took a course due south.

I kept breaking through the ponds and about 3:30 that day my horse got mired in a shallow pond. He lay down and wouldn't get up. I went up the bank, cut all the brush I could and spread it around him; still he wouldn't get up. So I took off the saddle and put the blanket over the brush. He got his fore feet on that, and, feeling solid ground, gave a couple of bucks and came out of there.

I had been in the cold water, working with the horse,

trying to get him out of there, about three-quarters of an hour, and I began to get weak. I went on for a short distance and began falling. I kept falling about every ten steps for many hours after that.

Now the horse would not face the storm unless I was on my feet. When I would fall down he would turn his tail to the wind. Of course, I'd have to get up, and turn him into the wind again before I could go on. I could seldom see more than ten yards; the snow had completely covered the landmarks. I had only the wind to go by, so I plunged into the wind with bowed head.

Sometimes in my daze I would forget all about the horse when I would get up. One time, after I had fallen ten times I couldn't see the horse. I realized I'd have to go back and fall ten times all over again, and it was mighty disheartening; however, the thing that kept me going was: when I flattened out and did not make any effort to get up my little wire-haired terrier would come and sniff at me. I would turn and say: "I guess I can't quit as long as you are going, girl." Then I'd get up and try again.

It must have been close to eleven o'clock that night when I found a little pocket where the ice was rather thin. It was about a foot and a half deep. I got down into it to get some water and I felt its protection from the wind. I drank some water and felt I'd just stay there, but the terrier came again and sniffed me, and I knew I had to go on again. I didn't go long before I came to some brush which gave some protection, so I put up for the night in my sleeping bag as I did before. Again the airdale would not come in but the wire-haired dog did. It was just like it was the time before when I tried to sleep: I heard people calling me. This time they would say: 'Why don't you go to Nome roadhouse?' It was repeated so often I was sure people were calling me, and I'd dig out, but it was the same story every time. No one was there.

When it began to get light I got out and tried to saddle my horse. My blankets were frozen solid. I couldn't lift the saddle until I'd stripped it of its pockets, my gun, and other things I had tied onto it. I then got the saddle back on the horse. I had even greater difficulty mounting. I must have been pretty weak. By the time I got on my horse I could see the land sloped upward, so I rode up the slope. After getting on higher ground I got above the blanket of snow that was hanging like a fog near the surface. The snow fog was so dense I could not see through it, but when I got above the fog I saw smoke coming from the chimney of the Cape Nome roadhouse about two and one half miles away. I made note of the direction of the wind as a guide,

then rode back into the snow-dust cloud and started toward the smoke. But the cloud wiped out the smoke again.

I went but a short distance when I came to some glareice. Again that old horse would not cross it. I decided then and there to leave him, come back for him later, and go on afoot. I went about twenty-five steps and fell down; but I couldn't get to my feet that time. So I crawled all the two and a half miles to the roadhouse. Sometimes I flattened and had trouble getting on my knees.

When I got within the vicinity of the roadhouse before I could see it, I heard the dogs. I knew they had discovered me. Many of those dogs of the North are half-wild; some of them have wolf blood in them, and when they see a man or a dog down, they are liable to "jump him." When I heard the dogs barking, that was what I was afraid of, crawling like that. In fact, the winter before, a small Negro boy was exercising his fathers' dogs while he took the man's lunch to him. In play, the boy hid behind a bank. The army post's leader-dog had gotten loose that day, and seeing the boy, jumped on him. The boy's own dogs then helped stretch him, killing him. Remembering that, as tired as I was, I hoped no dogs were loose.

No dogs were loose, and I finally got to the roadhouse door. The doorknob was too high. I was too weak to reach it. I called as loud as I could but the wind was terrific and I could not make myself heard. I lay there for a time - it seemed a long time to me - and then I felt warmer - and after trying another fifteen minutes, I suppose, I gathered enough strength to reach and twist the door handle. Then the wind blew the door open. I fell on the floor.

When I recuperated enough to know what was going on, I found myself terribly nauseated. It must have been caused from the bad water I drank out of that hole. I just could not retain the food the men tried to give me; but I got better. Then I thought of my horse. I asked two men to go after him. They started, but were back in about fifteen minutes saying the storm was too bad. About four that afternoon the wind subsided, and the ditchwalkers brought in my horse. In the meantime, someone telephoned Fort Davis and Dr. Harmon came out in a two-horse sleigh. With my old horse leading behind the sled, we got back to Fort Davis that night about eleven o'clock and I delivered the commander's horse.

Captain Crimmins found much time for study during the long winter nights. The sun during the shortest days would rise about ten o'clock in the morning and disappear about half past one. There was always a sort of twilight during the summer months; and, except in the darkness of

the winter months, a person could see to move about with safety.

Two of the Captain's best friends were army men. Lieutenant George S. Waugh, affectionately known to the Captain as "Winky Waugh," probably rated highest in Crimmins' esteem. "Winky" was ever ready for an emergency, physical or mental. If emergencies came with insufficient frequency, then, the Lieutenant was not averse to precipitating one. Lieutenant Solomon West was his other companion. It was not to be Crimmins' good fortune to have his friend, West, with him very long.

The winter of 1910-11 was a severe one. At least, the venturesome new-arrivals thought so. An especially severe blow came marching across Nome just after those who had gone into the city from the post to see that there was proper heralding of Saint Nicholas. The Russian Saint "flew in on the winds" and there was a white Christmas of such proportions that the commander at Fort Davis issued orders that soldiers content themselves with being snowbound where they were until the weather cleared. Uncle Sam's soldiers admittedly were unequal to the severity of such weather. If they could not get out into the storm, surely they could "talk dogs" - and dog talk brought up Fox Maule Ramsey.

After "checking in exactly one year late" (as the Nome-ites good-naturedly said), The Honorable Fox Maule Ramsey gave the dog lovers of the North something else to think about. Hiring a boat, he crossed from the Arctic Ocean over to Siberia. He went to the Yenisei River, that great stream which receives the water of the Angara. Captain Crimmins had viewed it on his way to the heights of the Caucasus, one of the three longest rivers on earth. Ramsey came to a Ural-Altaic race in the extreme north called Samoyeds. Their culture was primitive, but they had what he wanted: the best dogs in the world.

The Samoyed dogs, according to authorities on dog breeding as The Honorable Fox Maule Ramsey learned, were a cross between a fox, a wolf, and a dog. This thrice-bred hybrid after a hundred years of selectivity developed into an animal more of the characteristics of the wolf and the fox than of the Eskimo dog. Samoyeds were able

to travel great distances on little food. They did not bark. Their eyes were diagonal, resembling those of the wolf, a physical asset which enabled them to go through blizzards which would have blinded round-eyed dogs. Unlike the Eskimo dog, which carries its tail arched over the back, the Samoyed carries its big, fox-like, bushy tail extended. When resting, he puts his tail down on the ice and stands on it for protection. When sleeping he lies upon his feet, bringing the head around to form a compact ball.

The Siberian Samoyeds have bred their dogs for speed and endurance. Their special purpose was to reach the sable markets with the utmost speed. By Russian custom, the select or 'Royal Sables' went to the Czar. Of course, such furs brought the highest price; and competitors, of necessity, bred the fastest and hardiest teams. These teams frequently traveled over tundra and ice a thousand miles without passing a permanent settlement. Fish, dried and frozen, was the food, shared alike by dog and driver.

Siberian sleds were not equipped with push-bars such as were attached to the rear of the American sled used in Alaska. The Siberian driver, therefore, had to run alongside his team with no support in case of slipping or fatigue. He was also handicapped with a brake-pole which he carried. Braking was done by driving the pole ahead of the sled stanchions.

When The Honorable Fox Maule Ramsey alighted at Nome from his chartered ship, bringing ashore two well-matched teams of Samoyeds, 12 dogs to the team, he stirred up an interest in dogs such as had never existed before. Lovers of the Males were unwilling to concede superiority to the Samoyeds; and betting on merits took a spiral upward. Especially was this true when The Honorable Fox Maule Ramsey announced he would enter both teams in the coming Sweepstakes. He would drive one team; 'Finn' John Johnson⁴ another, and Charlie Johnson would drive the third; that he was laying "a thousand dollars on the line for each team - come take who will!"

Six weeks before the Big Day came Fox Maule Ramsey

⁴ John Johnson, famed as a dog driver, who won the 1910 All Alaska Sweepstake.

handicapped himself while out on a polar bear hunt. He fell injuring his knee. True to his pluck, however, he persisted in driving one team himself.

The Sweepstake course was over a trail 204 miles from Nome to Candle on the Arctic Sea. The starting and finishing point was Nome. At departure the dog-loving population of Nome - that is everyone in Nome - lined the street for the take-off. Teams left at ten minute intervals. As a favorite pulled away, its backers cheered, then looked after them for a time and subsided, most of them going to The Malemute Bar, or The Chamber of Commerce Saloon, where inside invigoration caused the betting to mount higher and higher as telegraphic reports came from Galvans (near Fort Davis), Hastings, Cape Nome, Safety, Chirok, Topkock, Timber, Counsel, Boston, Telephone, Haven, then - the end of the track - Candle. Of the 12 telephone stations only two had permanent inhabitants. The other were emergency stations with telephonic or telegraphic connections.

To provide food and resting-shelter, racers sent out advance parties to make caches. The reliability of the information received from the communication stations was often colored by the bias of the observer. Topkock was the crucial point on the windswept course. There the only usable trail passed over a 300 foot hill, its summit swept with winds of icy fury; its approaches were slick and dangerous. The best driver would run up Topkock Hill, relieving the dogs from some of the pull then toboggan down the farther side. Word came through from Topkock that Fox Maule Ramsey was not only walking up the hill but he was limping badly. That was followed by the report that he was passing up his rest-cabin, where he had supplies, and was making a run of 150 miles without food or rest, eating with his dogs.⁵

Finn John Johnson, driving the second team of Siberians, heard of Fox Maule Ramsey's feat. He therefore set himself the task of winning with his Siberians as he thought Ramsey would deplete his dogs. Since Johnson did not trust the 'road-house scouts,' he, too, passed up the food stations for fear they would poison his team. He

⁵ After the race was over, Fox Maule Ramsey stated he had lost his cabin in the snow and made the long run by necessity.

then ate dry dog-sandwiches and kept to the trail, coming in first, delirious from fatigue, hunger, and exposure. Time 74 hours, 14 minutes, 22 seconds. The "Grand Scot" came in second, apparently little the worse for his experience. "Finn" John Johnson's condition was so severe that, after being plunged into recuperative baths, he relaxed into sleep. It was a week before he could comprehend that he had copped the first prize from his employer.

One day three boats came into Nome. That gave the marooned something besides dogs to talk about. The arrival of one ship was an occasion, but the appearance of a collier, steamer, and the Revenue Cutter, **Bear**, was the signal for all Nomites to inquire what had happened 'Outside.' Many of the passengers came ashore, but after they landed a stiff wind blew up making it dangerous for the ships to remain so near the land as they were drifting landward. Consequently, all three stood safely out to sea, while the passengers looked longingly from the windswept beach.

Albert Fink was still president of the Malamute or Log Cabin Club, and he thought it entirely in keeping with the hospitality of its members to invite all the visitors out of the cold. The comforts and conveniences they found far surpassed the ship's quarters, and they were vocal in expressions of appreciation. Then some Malemute member conceived the idea that their guests should be entertained.

The repertoire of the Log Cabin Club, of necessity, had to arise out of local inspiration, so someone thought of Nome's brag, a new arrival who classed himself as the 'John L. Sullivan of the Frigid North.' It was more than probable that the new John L. Sullivan had a better opinion of himself than did the Malemute boys; but Fink, ever willing and ready to take a good-natured punch at the army boys, let it be known that Nome had a pugilist who, given his chance, could whip "anything in the United States Army." But "Winky Waugh" with all his five feet seven, probably importuned by his captain friend, entered a vocal denial. So the time was named. The place, of course, was The Malemute Club. Admission was free. And well it was for Nome's reputation that the boastful Adam - for that was his name in fact - had not been acclaimed 'first citizen,' for, when the time came, Mr. Adam, 'the John L. Sullivan of the

Frigid North,' found himself unable to tack a course into the Malemute Club. Now, the members saw real signs of the 'dog house.' To retrieve some of their lost standing, the obliging Fink proposed, in lieu of fisticuffs, that the army name its accomplishment and a club member would outclass it. Someone - and it may well have been "Winky" - suggested 'a swimming race in the Bering Sea.' And, as others besides Lieutenant Waugh had been aboard the ship off Hayne's Mission when Captain Crimmins took the invigorating early morning plunge to scoop up their dollars, there was a cry for Captain Crimmins. To encourage a Malemutter to accept the challenge, Fink graciously offered to bet a case of the club's best champagne. Since all were at the time enjoying the physical comforts and glow of the Malemutter's environs, President Fink, in order to avoid ridicule the second time, accepted Crimmins' concurrence in the challenge.

When approached for a boat with which to supervise the swimming race, Captain Lee of the life-saving station felt it his duty to save lives in strict accordance with the governmental plan and pointedly refused to put out a life-boat for "any such damn fool mission". But the crowd was coming down to the shore, interrupted - it is true - by stops at each "watering" place; so Fink, knowing he would be "thrown in if I do not jump in", immunized himself as much as possible from anticipated pain and 'took the plunge'. Captain Crimmins, on the other hand knowing the application of alcohol, either externally or internally, only increased the effect of cold upon the body, "stood aloof from 'courage-water' enroute to the sea". He, too, plunged in and dallied and paddled about, engulfed in mighty waves, until the president "cooled off and waddled ashore", thus conceding the contest. Then the Captain hurried into his overcoat and repaired unceremoniously to the solace of Malemute's best. What, if any, effect this nocturnal dip in the sea had upon the political transitions of the club members is not known; but Captain Martin L. Crimmins succeeded Albert Fink as president of the Nome Dog Racing Club.

A rule of the All Sweepstake races provided that the leading dog of the winning team must go on auction after each race. The auction money became a part of the purse for the next year. This rule gave Captain Crimmins the idea that

he would like to own the best of the Siberian winners. He therefore, bought the pick of the Fox Maule Ramsey teams, sixteen dogs in all. Among the number were seven which could be used as loose-leaders.

A loose-leader, in case the driver happened to be as intelligent as the dog and permits it, could be most helpful to its topline companions. Although the loose-leader was not attached to the topline, it could serve in the same manner as 'the life of the party' at lagging social affairs among human beings. Such a dog when running free and ahead of his team-mates, if he were to come to a cross-road, would look back for a signal, or, the wind being favorable, receive a command. Then he would be off again at a break-neck speed, the team bending every effort to overtake him. Some such dogs were great jokers. If they found a team tiring, they would let out an exciting 'yap' and set out after an imaginary rabbit or ptarmigan. Spurred by the hopes of the chase, the oncoming team would increase its speed. In the Fox Maule Ramsey string, Captain Crimmins got a loose-leader which was king of all jokers. Evidently he was not a fullblood Siberian, for he hoisted his tail in Malemute style as he led his Siberian, team-mates to ever greater and greater speed, using every ruse of the canine mind.

Alaska had three kinds of dog-trainers: men whom one could trust; those not worthy of a trust; and those one **thought** he could trust. The unworthies soon became well-known. Differentiation between the other two classifications was ordinarily solved through experience. Many times that experience proved costly - especially if there happened to be sizable bets at stake. The best any dog enthusiast could do, of course, was to pick, as he thought, wisely and trust to the future. Captain Crimmins, therefore, seriously considered employing a professional driver, who, if he had weaknesses, had not made them known. And, too there was too much money at stake.

With two strings of dogs on his hands, the new dog owner pressed Uncle Sam's quartermaster packing boxes into service. These boxes were about 2 x 3 x 3½ feet, and each Crimmins dog soon had a private kennel with swinging door. No other dog than the one assigned was ever permitted to enter that door. When the dogs were fed, they were called out

by name. Commands were given in Russian. The dog was handed his food. None was scattered, for over it fighting would have taken place.

Teddy Eastaugh fitted the dogs with Russian style harness, a sort of Dutch collar that went around the breast, a strap around the waist which was joined to two traces by a swivel over the back of the hips. Since the dogs pulled slightly outward from the towline, thus putting unequal pressure on the shoulders, they learned instinctively to jump over the towline when a shoulder tired. When sides were changed, that dog's team-mate changed across the line also.

During the long blizzard of 1910-1911 Captain Crimmins became impatient to take his dogs out for a little practice, to look over the race course, and to hunt ptarmigan. A break in the severity of the weather permitted him to go. Teddy Eastaugh, of course, went along. They got as far as Timber, 70 miles from Nome, and had a fine outing. Sometimes they shot ptarmigan; but the weather turned colder and the powder froze in the shotgun shells. After that, when they tried to fire the shot would dribble out of the gun muzzles. Then Eastaugh showed the Captain how to catch ptarmigan with his hands. By watching carefully, they could see little columns resembling smoke, jet up from the snow. It would be about as thick and not much longer than a pencil. This came from a ptarmigan which had burrowed into the snow and was house-cleaning. All the hunters had to do, then, was to walk to the 'smoke', put a snowshoe over the hole and bag a live ptarmigan.

The hunters went on to Topkock Hill. Experienced mushers ran up its three hundred feet sides but the Captain found hard going of it when his dogs took it at a walk. This partially convinced him that Eastaugh would be the better driver for the coming race. From the high hill they pressed on to Solomon. There the weather increased in severity and they 'holed up' at the station-house for a lull in the weather. Just as they had the house comfortably heated, the blizzard drove in three other mushers. When 'weather clothing' was removed, they were delighted to see their guests were friends. The Deputy Marshal at Nome had gone out with his team on a 'conditioning run'. Lieutenant Solomon West and the post-adjutant had gone along 'for the ride'. Seeing

friends, a bottle of whiskey was brought out, "just to thaw us out a bit". but, to their dismay, the whiskey was frozen solid.

The next morning the Marshal and his guests started to go on. They had to dig through ten feet of snow, however, before they reached the surface. This snow-shovelling convinced them that the comforts of Solomon were equal to his wisdom, so they stoked the fire again while Captain Crimmins braved the storm to reach the Fort before the expiration of his leave.

Captain Crimmins found it hard to stand erect in the new blizzard, so when the terrain permitted, he mounted the runners of the sled and rode, squatting, partially out of the bite of the wind. Eastaugh thought they could make it through with the Siberian dogs. He praised their qualities: they were lower than the Malemutes and would face the storm, their eyes were diagonal and not subject to the pains of swirling snow and blindness experienced by Eskimo breeds. Many times they came upon overflows from hot-springs. Of course, the tops of the flows would be covered with thin ice. Sometimes they would be able to walk across; other times, the ice would not bear their weight. Before they broke through, however, Eastaugh showed Crimmins how to jab his boot through the thin ice, cover his foot and leg with water, withdraw it equally as quickly and before the water could penetrate his mukluks. Then the terrific cold would freeze an impermeable coating of ice on the outside, protecting him from getting wet and freezing. Thus for thirty miles the two men battled the blizzard, finally arriving safely at Fort Davis. This travel experience with Eastaugh convinced Captain Crimmins that he should step aside on race-day and entrust his Siberians to the more experienced Northman.

A break came, however, after the storm had ravaged the region for about a month. Lieutenant Solomon West, first making his way to the post, announced his intention to accompany a Mrs. Davenport to her home. Weather had kept the woman in Nome for six weeks. As Lieutenant West prepared for the trip, Captain Crimmins indicated to him the danger of wearing tight-fitting clothing; but in the haste of departure, the extras were not discarded. The mushers were well on their way when the fury of the North broke over the

region again. They battled a head-on wind for hours. They forced their way to within three miles of their destination. Then Lieutenant West fell. Mrs. Davenport made heroic efforts to get him to his feet, but his tight-bound legs were frozen. For twelve hours the woman walked around in a circle, trying to keep warm, trying to get the Lieutenant to his feet; then she turned away in an attempt to reach a roadhouse. The wind howled down upon her. The snow crystals blinded her; she could not face the storm. Seeing she was on a telephone line, she backed from post to post against the wind. At the roadhouse she communicated with Fort Davis by telephone. Captain Crimmins immediately began putting on his loose-fitting blizzard clothing. The commander stopped him: "We have one dead officer out there. That is enough."

The battle with the weather had challenged instead of discouraged the Captain. He secured another leave, which he postponed temporarily to attend the funeral of Lieutenant West, then went ptarmigan hunting again. Eastaugh had the Samoyeds under intense training by this time for the April races. It was important not to break their training. Sergeant Frank Bauer, catching the 'dog fever', offered his mongrels for the hunt. Of course the Sergeant would like to go along with his team. Not wanting to miss a hunt, Captain Crimmins accepted the offer.

The first day was not too bad, although the trail was obliterated by snow. They took their time, hunting as they went. Leonhard Seppala, one of the best-known dog-men in Alaska, was on the trail that day. Crimmins was travelling so smoothly and with such speed that he not only overtook Seppala, but traveled twenty miles farther that day. Things went so well with the Captain and his Sergeant that Seppala reported having been out-run "by Colonel Crimmins and his sergeant with their fine string of Siberian dogs."⁶ The second day things did not go smoothly. The temperature fell to thirty degrees below zero. Being forced to abandon the hunt, they made a hard mush up the Nome River until Golden Gate Pass appeared in the near distance. Seppala, who was following their tracks, saw "the snow drifting up in Golden Gate Pass like giant clouds of smoke, bedded down four miles

⁶ Captain Crimmins at that time had not met Seppala. As Crimmins ran around Seppala, he mistook the dogs for fine Siberians.

from the Divide in the Iron Creek Roadhouse", but misfortunes rapidly piled upon the Crimmins party. Suddenly Sergeant Bauer announced he was quitting the telephone route for a short cut through Dead Man's Gulch to Hot Springs. The Captain was not acquainted with that route, neither did the name of the gulch particularly appeal to him, but he had no choice, for the Sergeant, obviously demented from exposure, ran away shouting wildly, leaving the sled and mongrels to the care of the Captain. Captain Crimmins did his best to stop him but he disappeared into the ravine. It was four hours before he was seen again.

In the meantime Captain Crimmins encountered difficulties which, at times, seemed insurmountable. The leader of the team, a small bitch, refused to breast the forty-mile gale. Crimmins was forced to go ahead and break trail for her. Finally he had the team following along one mile per hour and his hopes mounted, but he felt the team 'jack-knife'. The dogs tangled and began to fight. There was nothing left for him to do but - in good old Irish style - get into the fight himself. So in he went, kicking, whipping, commanding, until his fury cowed them. The Captain was not aware of the risk he took, for, once a man is down, many a dog in the North will 'jump' his driver. He, however, got them on the towline again, but not until he had painfully frozen his right hand untangling the battlers.

After four hours of battling dogs and weather, Captain Crimmins and the dogs came out the head of Dead Man's Gulch. He thought it appropriately named. There he saw Sergeant Baur placidly awaiting his arrival. Unmistakably, now, Sergeant Bauer's feet were frozen. This was plain from Bauer's attempts to walk. They moved along, however, but when the sled turned over several times, the Sergeant would not, or could not, assist in righting it. At the highest point they reached, Sergeant Bauer suddenly took charge again. The descent was very steep. The sled skidded and turned over. Some dogs broke loose. Bauer cut the tow-line, jumped on the sled, and standing on the brake, tobogganed down the mountain.

Again Crimmins rounded up the dogs and followed the toboggan trail down the mountain. Bauer had slid to a stop three miles from the beginning of his ride. Captain Crimmins

here made a pleasing discovery. Bauer had accidentally come back to the telephone line which led into Hot Springs. With this evidence of his whereabouts, the Captain felt he should 'hole up' and await a change in weather. He therefore rigged a shelter with the tent on the sled. Both men crawled in, hoping, but not expecting, that the blizzard would blow itself out. Sergeant Bauer had three Alaskan blankets. Crimmins had brought along his reindeer sleeping bag. For extra warmth, they gathered in all the dogs and all lay down to sleep it out.

Next morning the weather gave little promise of clearing, so they dug out again and began following the telephone poles. Their progress did not exceed a mile per hour. Crimmins thought they should be near the Hot Springs roadhouse, so he climbed some rocks to get a better view. Seeing smoke, he called the information to Bauer, who, again, jumped on the sled and slid down to shelter, leaving the Captain to scramble down the mountain the best he could.

As Captain Crimmins came to the roadhouse door, the thermometer registered 42 degrees below zero. The five men already in the roadhouse heard the 'rap' of Bauer's feet as he came inside. Judge Gunderson and Mr. Goggan, a merchant from Nome, pushed back from their card game, saying: "That man's feet are frozen", and they went to work in relays rubbing Bauer's feet with snow and icewater, attempting to restore the circulation. Captain Crimmins came in and attempted to thaw out under a stack of warm blankets.

About dark that day another man pushed open the Hot Springs roadhouse door. Captain Crimmins now recalls him as wearing "one of the showiest outfits I have ever seen. He had seven dogs, with a leader like **Stoutheart**⁷ but more gray than **Stoutheart**. The rest were heavier, like Malemutes. He had a parka with a blue fox collar, white-and-black hair seal mukluks with red tassels hanging down from the top of them. He was about 25 years old; regular Grecian features; about 5 feet 7 inches tall; one hundred and forty pounds. Everybody knew him except me. I was seeing him for the

⁷ Although Captain Crimmins says Seppala's leader dog was like "Stoutheart," the dog was in reality one as famous, Old Suggan.

first time.⁸ He was Leonhard Seppala.”

Seppala’s experience with the cold made him understand the importance of immediate medical attention for Sergeant Bauer; he, therefore, quietly offered to remove him to Fort Davis. “I will go alone, lashing him to my sled. He cannot help himself. I have the best dogs in the North. I guarantee a safe journey.”⁹

Two days later the red-tasseled muklaked Finn delivered Sergeant Bauer to Lieutenant Daniel W. Harmon, post surgeon, who restored him to health and duty after six week’s treatment. The Sergeant came out minus his toe nails and the skin from the bottoms of his feet, a small loss; except for Crimmins and Seppala he would have been just another ‘Old Prospector’.

April 8, 1911 - All Alaskan Sweepstake Day - came.

Scotty Allen, driving the Allen and Darling team, drew first place, and got off on the 408 mile swirl promptly at 9 A. M. Ten minutes later a team of Siberians headed up the broken trail. “Finn” John Johnson - seldom called by his real name, John - was the driver of the Samoyeds. Delezene was third out, leaving at 9:20. Coke Hill was fourth; fifth to start was Charlie Johnson. The last out was Teddy Eastaugh, whom Captain Crimmins had entrusted with his fame and some of his fortune.

There was a double interest in the race this year. Not only was there a finish prize but also a half-way award. When all the dogs were gone, the dog fanciers went to favorite news-stations. The Malemute Club and the Board of Trade Saloon offered the strongest lures. There the merits and demerits of dogs and drivers were rehashed as betting mounted. The time at Candle - the half-way station - seeped in:

Allen: 9 A. M.	34 hours, 50 minutes
Johnson, “Finn”; 9: 10 A. M.	32 hours, 8 minutes
Bowen: 9:30 A. M.	36 hours, 15 minutes
Hill	30 hours, 15 minutes
Johnson Chas.	32 hours, 7 minutes
Crimmins - Eastaugh	31 hours, 45 minutes

⁸ Seppala had been ‘out-run’ by Crimmins the day before, but Crimmins did not know him.

⁹ See **Seppala: Alaskan Dog Driver**; Elizabeth M. Ricker: Little, Brown & Co., Boston (1930) p. 173-179.

Coke Hill's team began to tire as he turned back at Candle. Three miles from Solomon he was sighted with his towline tied around his waist dragging his team against the blizzard. He still had a will to win but the Malemites had lost interest in eye-piercing bits of windblown ice. Charlie Johnson mushed into Cape Nome with his Siberians in fine shape, but Charlie lost the race there, being unable to travel farther. He was completely snowblind. Bets were mounting on the Crimmins-Eastaugh Siberians when they racked up a time of 31 hours and 45 minutes at Candle. Only Hill surpassed the Crimmins' dogs.

Ample precaution had been made for the Crimmins-Eastaugh Siberians before the race started. Their eyes and feet, of course, were vulnerable spots. A good driver wiped the ice from the eyes of the dogs at every opportunity and changed the cotton flannel boots worn by the dogs immediately if wet or worn from travel.

Boot-changing, sometimes, became a difficult duty for a driver. When the moccasins wore out, or when soaked by hot spring overflows, ice formed between the toes of the dogs and balled. If the driver permitted the dogs to bite out the ice they would injure their own feet, and serum would ooze out between the toes. This would freeze and lame the dogs; so it was the practice of the successful drivers to bite out the ice from the dogs' toes - a dangerous and not altogether delectable operation itself.

Leaving Counsel, it seemed that the Crimmins' team had the purse 'in the bag'. Timber was the next report-station, only 16 miles away. For 6 hours and 40 minutes Captain Crimmins waited to get another report from Eastaugh. Finally, he reported 'out of the race - dogs ran into overflow - feet of five Siberians frozen.' Scotty Allen took the big money. He won it on a time of six hours slower than that chalked up the previous year by The Honorable Fox Maule Ramsey and the Siberians, the best of them being, this time, in Crimmins' team!

As to the Eastaugh disqualification, Captain Crimmins made no comment. It is quite probable, however, he recalled the skill displayed by Eastaugh when teaching him how to avoid frozen feet. What the Captain wrote to his father has vanished with the letter. The diary, however, recorded:

“Martin writes of his winter at Fort Davis, the interest in his dog team **and incidents.**” Father Crimmins, of course, had opinions, which he expressed: “He is well, which is a surprise to me as it is a terrible climate. No fresh vegetables, nor meat except reindeer; occasionally they have fresh meat, but costly.” Unfortunately, Martin was not to stay ‘well’ for long. Out foot-racing one day in October, he had a fall. Surgery was necessary. A ship left on the 7th. Martin was aboard destined for the General Hospital, Presidio, San Francisco. Eleven days later he reported: “All stitches taken out. Feeling fine. Will ask for two months leave to visit you.”



12. "YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, THE KING OF THE PRESIDIO"



aptain Crimmins' robust health hastened his release from the hospital. On December 3 (1911), John Crimmins rejoiced upon receiving a telegram saying that the soldier-son was on his way to New York. Three days later Martin arrived with a sixty-day sick leave. Although there was a six-inch snow blanketing the city, Martin seemed to be in his choice environment. While others took to shelter, the recent arrival from Alaska took off to "Dan Brady's" dinner, 60 or more at table and a feast." Some time had passed since he had sat down to a table of sixty; and feasts in Nome were far between. Martin, who always enjoyed big dinners, wanted

¹ Dan Bradie as an 'arranger of festivities' was justly famous in New York.

his father to go along but he was not equal to the weather and the effort. He stayed at home writing: "Would be agreeable to accept but draws too heavily on my strength." But as to the recently hospitalized son: "He looks well, a good color, and shows no appearance of having had an operation."

Four days later the elder Crimmins received an invitation to address a meeting of citizens "to urge the passage of the Arbitration Treaty then being considered by the United States Senate." The task "would be agreeable" but the condition of his health prompted him to decline. Instead of attending as a speaker he and Martin attended as auditors. This appearance he had cause to regret, for the "meeting turned out to be the most boisterous and most discreditable (I) ever attended." He felt the 'discredit' because the Irish-Americans present were the source of the rumpus. During all of John Crimmins' life, up to this incident, he had upheld the Irish, even in their intemperances, but on this occasion their conduct exceeded his forbearance. So he trekked back home. There he found his daughter giving "a reception - largely attended and enjoyed," but "the young people who attended the theatre and had supper at the house made a lot of noise."

Christmas Day came with Martin, Constance, Mary, Mercedes, Evelyn, Syril and Clarence at home. Promptly at twelve, the entire family appeared in the dining hall at the Home of the Aged. Again, John Crimmins marked, "the dinner a success." Once more at his home, John Crimmins found the tree "as customary in the sitting room and about it more gifts received and more to distribute than usual." What he did not anticipate however, was the reappearance of "the violinist, an Irish colleen of seventeen." This Irish girl was the same young lady who had attracted Father Crimmins' musical ear on another occasion at Firwood when she picked up "John's violin, an instrument I purchased from Franko (when John was taking music lessons from him and paid \$124.00), and played with that feeling only a native of Ireland can put in music." In fact, so entranced was Father Crimmins with her first musical renditions that he pressed John's violin upon her as a loan. Now, with her second appearance on this Christ-

mas Day, "the young people, too, got the feeling only a native of Ireland can put in music and partially cleared the floor and danced." John Crimmins noted how "pleasant it was to see all their enjoyment as she plays her Irish music on the piano and violin," then he went off to bed leaving the instrument with her, confiding to his diary: "I don't think I shall ask her for it."

In truth, John Crimmins was forced by illness to leave the dance. He "became sick about a week ago from neuritis in the right arm and indigestion." He was "also suffering from a cold in the head and throat, and am being treated by Simpson for throat, Einhorn for the stomach, and a German masseur." The next day, however, he was feeling much better and saw "great dancing" when Martin took him to the Metropolitan Opera House to witness the Russian Ballet.

December 27th, Father Crimmins and Martin - according to the American custom - put in a busy half-day "doing some forgotten Christmas shopping," then they went to the Waldorf to be at the Peace Dinner. John Crimmins noted the event in his diary, laying emphasis on the opposition of the Irish. He was still smarting under their previous "boisterous and discreditable" conduct:

In the evening attended the Peace Dinner at the Waldorf. Met the President (William H. Taft), Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Wanamaker and a host of people of importance. The dining room beautifully decorated. Many women present. The Arbitration Treaty now before the Senate has met with much opposition. I am heartily in favor of it and believe that is the sentiment of the majority. The radical Irish oppose it for the reason that they would create turmoil between England and the United States, besides they exist largely by violence to anything that benefits England."

The last day of the year being Sunday, John Crimmins spent quietly, first going to mass, then "playing three handed whist auction," his associates being novices. Martin begged off from the bridge game and left early "to see the old year out."

After mass on New Year's day (1912), Father Shine called; then Captain Crimmins was honored by a visit from General and Mrs. Edgerly. The Edgerlys stayed for lunch-

eon and Martin and the General talked over mutual experiences in Manila until the hour came for Mrs. Lyttleton Fox's New Year reception. Then all drove to her home on 72nd Street where John Crimmins reported they "met many there," a mild evaluation indeed! Successive days saw Martin and his father much in each other's company, attending a musical comedy, . . . "mask dance . . . lunching with Mr. Dillingham who is connected with the Hong Kong Bank, an acquaintance Martin made during his Oriental travels," . . . "sitting with the advisory board to arrange reception to Cardinal Farley" . . . and "talking with Mayor Gaynor on the subway situation." Although "the subway situation" was the subject of the conversation, a **New York Times** reporter "chancing to learn of our being together, called to have my views" (so wrote Father Crimmins) "on the possibility of Mayor Gaynor's candidacy for President." John Crimmins was accommodating, so "My Views are to be published tomorrow."

Just at this moment tranquillity was broken, and they, like many thousands of New Yorkers, went to view the disaster. "the Equitable building burned (wrote Mr. Crimmins) and several lives lost. A gale blowing and very cold; the water thrown from the fire hose covered the street with a heavy coat of ice while the interior was ablaze."

The day following the fire, Martin went to the arsenal where John Crimmins presented Commissioner Stover "plans for covering the old reservoir in Park. The first plans, made by Risse in 1902 I left with him. He is to write to Mayor Gaynor favoring the plan in general." Captain Crimmins shared time, however, with "the young people at St. Vincent's ball"; then he took time off to go to the Queens Chamber of Commerce Dinner where "there were 200 people present and a fine body of men," then to the Catholic Club for a lecture. On the 16th of January, Captain Crimmins went alone to Governor's Island to attend the unveiling of the Corbin Tablet.

Captain Crimmins had more than aesthetic interest in the Corbin Memorial Tablet. Although, as a soldier, he was not a direct benefactor of the one-time controversial military man, still, many of the incidents of his military career came through incidents of General Corbin's making.

Henry Clark Corbin started his military career at the age of thirty-six, in 1862, by joining the Army of the Cumberland as a lieutenant. He was promoted to brigadier general, transferred to the Regular Army, and, after the end of the Civil War, served in the West. In 1877, he was called to Washington. By chance, he stood at the side of James A. Garfield when that President was fatally shot in a Washington railway station. After the death of the President, General Corbin continued in Washington to become Secretary of War. He occupied this position prior to the Spanish-American War and was the object of none-too-veiled attacks by Theodore Roosevelt while that virile and ambitious young man was Secretary of the Navy. Roosevelt's subsequent attacks upon General Corbin, both public and private, were so trenchant that General Corbin became the focal point around which a full-dress investigation of the unpreparedness of the War Department took place. The General met the attacks boldly and intelligently and before the ambitious politicians were able to strike him from their path, he was "kicked upstairs" through promotion to the rank of 'Major General and Adjutant General.' The certification was novel, couched in unusual language. It read: "This grade to expire with the termination of the office of the present incumbent." Having thus won his victory, Major General and Adjutant General Henry Clark Corbin bowed himself out of Washington politics by taking command in the Philippines. From there, as Captain Martin L. Crimmins' superior officer, he went into retirement as lieutenant general, dying in 1909. After death he was practically forgotten by the American people. But Captain Crimmins recalled, when the time came to unveil a tablet in his memory, that it was to General Corbin to whom John Crimmins directed letters in 1898, asking that Private Martin L. Crimmins be commissioned in the Regular Army.

The "arrival of His Eminence" the Cardinal, in New York, brought John Crimmins out "with the Knights of St. Gregory (who) met the Cardinal and attended the Cathedral ceremonies at his side - altogether an imposing demonstration." A succession of such functions was too enervating for the elder Crimmins. Martin, therefore, substituted for him at the dinner of the American Irish Historical Society. In

fact, the behavior of the American-Irish at the treaty ratification meeting was still a source of chagrin, and John Crimmins was pleased when Martin offered to present himself at the dinner before taking a midnight train for Washington.

Captain Crimmins spent one day in Washington, returning to New York in time to go to the Hippodrome where the Catholic Club had arranged a reception for Cardinal Farley. According to John Crimmins, the reception was "Splendid. Mr. Butler wore his decoration of Knight of St. Gregory for the first time. I wore mine. The Cardinal's address good, so was Delaney and Mulqueen. Cochran's far too long."

On Monday morning, January 22 (1912), with recollections of the splendid reception given Cardinal Farley - marred only by Bourke Cochran's "far too long speech" - Captain Crimmins put his father on a Seaboard train enroute to Palm Beach, Florida. He was bound for **The Breakers Hotel**.

Upon arrival at Palm Beach, John Crimmins received a night letter from Martin. Despite the inducements and the insight his father had given into the pleasures and intricacies of a businessman and financier, Captain Crimmins had again made the same decision: he would pass up the opportunities dangled before him; he would stay in the army. In fact, he was even then on the train "over the Southern route for San Francisco."

For eleven out of the past thirteen years John Crimmins had reserved comfortable quarters at **The Breakers Hotel**. During Mrs. Crimmins' lifetime, their sojourn away from the cold New York winters had been spent at staid old Aiken, South Carolina, which boasted being "surrounded by pine forrests and a fine health resort." When Mrs. Crimmins was no longer with him the "surroundings of pine" lost their lure, to some degree. He returned to Aiken in 1889, but after two days went on to Augusta, Savannah, Jacksonville, and St. Augustine, stopping for a day and night at the Ponce de Leon, before retracing his route to Charleston. The subsequent vacation found him cooped up in New York, disconsolate and ill, and thinking much about the loss of his wife. When Martin went out one day "to the monas-

tery to see Mother Mary," his father preferred to remain indoors. He gave a picture of the situation by writing in his diary:

The day disagreeable; rain enough to make the sidewalks damp; no sun; and too warm for health. . . . I am startled with memories of past events. . . . Lilly's custom to receive her friends on this anniversary. . . . Her graciousness and beauty which made everyone happy . . . always wishing me besides her . . . no one could fill my place . . . her rare faculties . . . great dignity. . . . In passing through the rooms I see her in every place. In fact, I never had eyes but for her. . . . her words . . . her fineness . . . as indellible in my mind as my existence. I can never contain myself sufficiently to speak of her.

When the doctor came, he found Mr. Crimmins suffering with "the influenza, or lagrippe, as it is pleased to be known." John Crimmins, however, was pleased to label the epidemic as "an historical event, me among the victims." He recovered in due time, but the season was so far advanced before he was able to travel that he postponed his tour south until the following January.

When he finally arrived at Palm Beach Inn he made immediate preparation for fishing, catching an amberjack, which he lost, a six-foot shark, which cut his line, then two amberjacks which he had mounted. His big catch attracted the attention of Mr. H. M. Flagler, who proposed a trip to Cuba stating that although his project of converting the Florida coast into winter play for all America, having in mind the commercial potentialities with the West Indies, still, he had not been to the Islands, the source of the traffic. Mr. Crimmins was pleased to accept the courtesy; he, too, had heard much of the West Indies but had not been there. As a result, Mr. Flagler reserved quarters on **The Miami**, which had but recently transported Theodore Roosevelt and his Rough Riders from their exploits in Cuba to Montauk, Long Island.

The Flagler party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Flagler, Mr. and Mrs. Ashley, Miss Kenan, Miss Pomoroy, Mr. Erwin, Mr. J. O'Brien, president of the Southern Express Company, Mr. Parrot, vice-president of the Florida East Coast Railroad, Mr. Knott, Mr. Parsons, 'Superintendent of Steamers,' and Major and Mrs. Van Lucas. John Crimmins was

delighted that Major Van Lucas was a captain in the U.S.A., an engineer, and an associate of Martin when they were building a cantonment for the stay-at-home Rough Riders.

The junketers sailed from Miami, Florida January 25 (1900), at 3:00 P. M. They docked at 7:00 A. M. the following morning at Nassau. That evening, they dined with the Governor General, "fourteen at table." It took John Crimmins three weeks to find time to describe the incidents in his diary:

The dinner was excellent, good wines and numerous colored attendants served the dishes. After dinner the American Consul, Mr. McLean and the English officials - some with their ladies - came in. Miss Kenan, of Mr. Flagler's party, sang several songs . . . well sung . . . she has a sweet voice. Miss McLean sang and executed several pieces on the piano. She accompanied Mr. Moyston, who sang the **Road to Mandalay** as well as I have ever heard it sung. (Kipling's verse.) The evening was most pleasantly passed. Sir Gilbert is an excellent host. Saturday, we visited the Sisters of Charity . . . under the auspices of our Archbishop M. A. Corrigan . . . 276 children taught, only 30 Catholics. We visited all points of interest including the Sea Garden where, looking through the glass bottoms of the boats, we passed over subaqueous plants in many hues and forms . . . coral, sponges, and miniature trees arranged by nature as if by the most skilled gardener . . . fishes of the most beautiful shapes and colors . . . and stripes, gracefully moving through the grottos . . . an aquarium that one cannot describe. It must be seen to feel the effects it produced.

While in Nassau, the party stopped at the Royal Victoria, "The grand new Hotel Colonia was having the finishing touches given to it. . . . its 600 rooms, most perfect in appointments to provide comfort unequalled in the tropics for 1000 who will visit Nassau in the years to come and enjoy the most even and pleasant climate probably in the world."

The Flagler party sailed back on the S. S. Miami, going ashore at Miami, Florida. The voyage had been so pleasant that Mr. Flagler thought he should show them some of his own creation. They, therefore, took a launch and steamed up the Miami River, going as far as navigation permitted. They visited adjacent plantations; saw "banana orchards, sugar cane, tomatoes, strawberries, and many varieties of early vegetables.." In the evening they "rested in a good

comfortable bed in the excellent hotel, The Royal Palm. The grounds are planted with the rarest and most beautiful palms. . . many varieties of cactus. Miami is one of Mr. Flagler's creations. This is the second season of the house."

About ten days later, Mr. Flagler told his erstwhile guests that he had engaged the **Prince Edward** for another jaunt. This time they would head for Havana, Cuba. In addition to the original guest list, the brother of the Cardinal, "Mr. James Farley² came aboard with Mr. Jose Mora."

On the last day of January (1900) **The Prince Edward** "was at anchorage within 200 yards of the **Maine**. The forward mast with the lookout deck stands several feet above water," wrote John Crimmins. "The part that felt the full force of the explosion is a mass of crooked iron, rising about the water in its hideousness, telling the story of the hundreds who were within the walls of steel and iron and perished."

After viewing the **Maine** from the deck of the **Prince Edward**, the party went ashore, being met by "Mr. Ramon Williams, a resident of Havana for 55 years, a part-time Consul-General from the United States (who) assured us that the sinking of **The Maine** was not the act of the Spaniards (but) who did the act is a question." The party then called on Governor General Wood. He was set down in the diary as "a wise administrator, having solid influence with all people in Cuba." (Like most Americans, he did not recall that the Governor-General was first commander of the Rough Riders.) Next, they went about six miles out of the city "to the camp of the U. S. soldiers" which Mr. Crimmins found to be "very spacious and a small distance from the ocean or sea, rising gradually, affording good drainage and must be healthy." They were told that "9000 soldiers make their encampment there." General Fitz-Hugh Lee's headquarters" (Mariano) is one of the plantation palaces, a well appointed dwelling affording his staff the best of quarters." Needless to say, a visit with the old general was most pleasing to Mr. Crimmins. They had visited infrequently since Grant's funeral.

² Later to be Postmaster General under F. D. Roosevelt.

All of the party, except Mr. Crimmins, visited the forts. Mr. Ramon V. Williams, accompanied by Hugh Kelly, of the North American Trust Company, came along "in the only automobile in Havana" and gave his banker friend "an opportunity to ride way across the Island." Mr. Kelly was making a visit to his plantation, and showed John Crimmins "great attention for the day." Through this courtesy, they saw "the planting, the Cuban villages, the field-workers and how they lived." They stopped and "went into dwellings of the people, the tobacco barns and sheds and the cigar factories that are being located in the center of the plantation."

Mr. Crimmins was astonished to find "that the whole furnishings visible in a home of good workman would not have a value of twenty dollars." He found the workmen "harvesting one of the largest crops of superior tobacco that has been grown in many years. . . . But a part of the second grade will be cured and the third grade will rot in the ground for want of hands to harvest and for want of barns to cure the tobacco." He saw "quantities of leaves drying on bamboo rods stretched under porches." He could, so he said, "imagine the consequences to the leaves in a wind-storm and hurricane." But "most interesting was the visit to the cigar factory." They were "politely shown through every department from the storehouse to where the cigars were graded and packed. Each country requires different shapes and methods of packing. The large cigars are for Austria. We were shown cigars wholesale at \$800 per thousand.

Germany next; England not large; in fact, some short; all thick proportionately. One establishment makes the cigars smoked by the Prince of Wales. We were shown the cigar. The high grade cigars are made by superior workmen who have a neat clean board and delicately handle the wrapper and filler. The ordinary cigars are made by very ordinary workmen and a great deal of slovenliness is in evidence. In fact, it is very uninviting to smoke a cigar from their hands. White and colored sit together. Women strip the tobacco and arrange the leaves and make cigarettes. The tobacco used for cigarettes was the waste and, I think, the scrapings. I personally saw the bits of tobacco taken from the floor. Every bit of tobacco is used. I saw no waste. We found cleanliness in one factory where the proprietor resided in a

part of the building. In the others very little care is shown where the tobacco is laid and when we think that this article is to enter our mouths it is not pleasant to dwell on. In fact, if we did dwell on it, the cigar would never enter our mouth. Holders should always be used." Mr. Crimmins would not picture the tobacco merchant "except to say he was courteous, industrious, and always polite."

They then went in a body "visiting the churches." Mr. Crimmins "did not see enough of church work to have an opinion worth recording." He did, however, observe they were "poorly attended." Not so, the theatres. He attended two performances, and observed "the Cuban women are much handsomer than the men, large in proportion." He also became aware of the fact that "the opera is a good pretext for social opportunities." Only "fair attention to the music, a great deal to visitors. There was free access to the stage, few taking advantage of it - perhaps the Prima Donnas were not attractive."

Mr. Flagler's guest were comfortably quartered in the Hotel Pasaje, but most of the Americans had a language difficulty. This began in the morning - not early in the morning, for Cuban breakfasting began at ten and lasted until midday. Mr. Crimmins, being a fairly early riser, was "tempted" by ten o'clock, so he said, "to taste everything presented." The presentation began "with a rap at our door, announcing a waiter with a tray. We open the door and he places his tray on a table and disappears. The only English words he can speak are: 'Will you have anything else?' If I mention something else he looks at me, tries to repeat, and I pantomime endeavoring to make him understand 'hot drinking water,' and fail, and he disappears."

The waiter, however, left his tray laden with "fine peeled oranges, small and not as sweet as Florida's, a small pitcher of coffee and milk (condensed), sugar - not very white - crystal in shape - a roll, and an egg." For a ten o'clock riser, Mr. Crimmins thought: "This is quite sufficient for a start", but (so he philosophized) "when one visits new cities it is very natural we should not overlook our stomachs and what we put in them, so we are tempted to taste everything at table." Succumbing to temptation, Mr. Crimmins

left his room for the dining room. There he was served "fruits - oranges, bananas, and two other kinds: meat - badly broiled or fried; stew - seems to be used as ragouts. The fish was well prepared; the birds too well done."

Mr. De Zelda solved their dining difficulty by inviting the entire Flagler entourage to dine with him at 6:30 P. M., including Mr. James Farley who had not started as a Flagler guest. They met "at the Low Restaurant, the best in Havana. The dinner was excellent." After dining, Miss Keenan sang **Louisiana Lou** and **Alabama Coon**. The next day a Cuban newspaper reported the dinner, saying that it was 'conducted in the American custom, hymns being sung, entitled: **Louisiana Lou** and **Alabama Coon**.'

After encountering delays and annoyances at the custom-house, "the ladies and the entire party having to visit the government doctor to exhibit vaccination marks and obtain a certificate, as well as fumigating the bags and baggage before going on board vessel", the party returned to Miami "where we breakfasted at the Royal Palm." At 10:30, February 13 (1900) Mr. Flagler's private railroad car took J. D. Crimmins aboard for Palm Beach. The junket was finished - all except Mr. Crimmins' reflection. He thought that "Havana's customs will continue; I prefer to have it remain Spanish rather than American. We can not make them Americans - would be better not. They are a tractable people, accomplishing their work after their fashion, systematically and with success. . . . Their sanitary conditions could be bettered - so might ours. . . . Their public wells are too close to bad drainage . . . where the horses and mules are bathed in the streams. In fact, I believe they bathe their horses more frequently than their children. I saw children - well grown - naked, on the roadside, in the villages, not too clean. . . . With a government not meddling, industrious Cuba will have a prosperous and contented people."

Although Henry M. Flagler and John Crimmins were acquainted prior to the Cuban trip, Flagler knowing Crimmins as a successful New York business man with interests in banks, real estate and railroads, and Mr. Crimmins aware of Mr. Flagler's great services to John D. Rockefeller in creating the mammoth oil trust, the visit to Cuba caused Mr. Crimmins to crystalize a previous good

opinion of Flagler, which he was never to retract:

There is a picture I have read of what constitutes a gentleman, which fits admirably with Mr. Flagler. He makes light of favors. His eyes are always on his company; tender toward women; and merciful to the ignorant. Never speaking of himself, he has to be pointed out from among the party. He avoids commendation, and generosity is innate with him. In speaking of the men he had selected in the important positions to whom he gives his millions to expend, he said: "They are fond of me, and are faithful. I am not anxious to have what are called 'geniuses' or bright men. The average man, provided he is honest and faithful, is the man I prefer." Mr. Flagler's life will be written and the great philanthropic work in Florida will be mentioned.

As a seer, John Crimmins was not perfect. No definite 'life' of Henry M. Flagler has yet appeared, but he lived thirteen years after Crimmins' prophecy during which time, and before, he left a record of accomplishments attained by few men, not the least of which was directing the attention of the world to the potentialities of Florida. Mr. Flagler was seventy years old when he made the first visit to Cuba. For some twenty years he had been, with almost immodest success, charting the development of Florida. He brought into the scheme thirteen years of experience with John D. Rockefeller in the oil business and a fortune comparable to that of the richest Americans. His success with John D. Rockefeller had been predicated upon native ingenuity and energy, which was bolstered by seventy-thousand dollars received through his wife whose father was S. V. Harkness, particeps principiis in the attempted early-day whiskey and salt corner. Under Henry Flagler's management **The Florida East Coast Railway** was projected southward until ultimately trains ran from New York to Key West, one hundred miles off the Florida mainland. This accomplishment materialized only after Flagler put seventy-five million dollars of his own money into the venture, and numerous workmen, estimated as high as seven hundred, lost their lives in over-water construction. These obstacles - the tremendous cost, both in money and lives - were added to by a hurricane. The destructive winds came just at the time when Theodore Roosevelt was 'busting the trusts.' The value of Flagler's Standard Oil stock fell to an all-time low. Then there was an

attack against The Standard Oil Company launched in Texas. A full-scale Texas legislative investigation, focusing upon Standard Oil interests with Senator Joseph Weldon Bailey testifying none-too-accurately, (thus destroying a most brilliant political career) shook the very foundations of Mr. Flagler's economic security. At this juncture, John Crimmins again called on his friend. What transpired is hinted at in his diary:

I mention this to establish my intimacy with Mr. Flagler in this situation. Mr. Flagler was a large borrower. His collaterals were principally Standard Oil Stock, and the Roosevelt Administration had proceedings under way which, at the time, caused the stock to fall heavily in value. Besides attacks were being made in Texas and Missouri. Mr. Flagler a year before had opened the Ponce de Leon Hotel at St. Augustine, for the convenience of President Roosevelt, at quite an expense, while the President was attending some anniversary at St. Augustine. Then (after discussing the abandonment of the construction of the railroad to Key West), Mrs. Flagler said: "I know your mind is set on it (completing the over-water railroad). You can have my jewels and sell them and go on with your plan."

At this juncture, said Mr. Crimmins, "I asked the cost, and his reply was: 'I have not estimated it', intimating he would not stop. In time (concluded Mr. Crimmins), instead of a loss to Mr. Flagler in his holdings, the government's action by dissolution and dividing the holdings of the Standard Oil into many parts or companies made in the aggregate a large increase in values of the securities, so Mr. Flagler's worry and suffering had a satisfactory ending."

Mr. Flagler, however, could not understand that presidents do not quash dissolution proceedings (at least, those of the Theodore Roosevelt type) just because of a courtesy use of the swank Ponce de Leon Hotel. After the stock shake-up culminated in a "satisfactory ending", he should have concluded that the accommodation to the President was, in fact, an expression of kindness to the whole American nation, an invitation to all (if they could afford the luxury) to come to Florida, bask in the winter's sun far from the intemperate North, (and according to his own advertisement) view "the landscape gardens enclosed by a chain fence with spiked-iron balls in place of links, covering six acres from the vantage-

point of the monolithic concrete and coquina structure, with its red tile roof, many domes and spires, lavishly decorated arched gateways and interior ornamentation, designed by Carrere and Hastings after an exhaustive study of the architecture of Spain, many details of which they incorporated in their eclectic design.³

Such advertising was calculated to lure the old, rich, dyspeptic - and soon the young and covetous in droves to Mr. Flagler's Fountain of Youth. One of the forerunners of the influx was Cornelius and William K. Vanderbilt's political attorney, and general counsel for the New York Central Railroad (since 1875), - the redoubtable Chauncey M. Depew. This distinguished man's longevity was seized upon by an advocate "of the great Ponce de Leon Hotel . . . the most magnificent of the Florida hostelries . . . which welcomes the peace-seeking visitor", to proclaim, on the eve of Mr. Depew's ninety-first birthday, as he strolled through the lobby: "It is difficult for one to escape the conviction that you have found here what the Spaniards missed."

The connection between the Crimmins family and Chauncey Depew dated back to 1888 when The New York Central was engaged in depressing its tracks within the city. John Crimmins' contractor friend, Coleman, had submitted a bid to do the work. Mr. Crimmins called at the New York Central offices and got an employee "to show me estimates, Mr. Coleman's, \$1,272,000; next, \$1,277,000, \$1,285,000, \$1,301,000." Then he "called on Chauncey Depew, president of the Central R. R. regarding Mr. Coleman's bid and strongly recommended him as a contractor."

Following the interview with Depew, John Crimmins called on the Consolidated Gas Company and "discussed the bid for laying a 30 inch main, and then there was "an interview with the treasurer of the Metropolitan Telephone Company," which resulted in an agreement "to meet for the adjustments of accounts." The meeting was held three weeks later when Crimmins' accounts as presented, \$341,600.83 were accepted as correct but a question of whether all the items should be included as material or tools was not decided. The next day he agreed on "the balance at \$27,500"

³ Federal Writer's Project, *The Ponce de Leon Hotel*, St Augustine, Oxford Univ. Press, N. Y. 1939.

as "very satisfactory to all concerned". Mr. Crimmins became "a purchaser of a few shares in the Consolidated Gas Company".

Another candidate for inclusion on the list of America's oldest men who lent his presence to Flagler's Florida development was John D. Rockefeller. He pushed farther south than Depew did, to Henry Flagler's Hotel Ormond, "operated by the Florida East Coast Railway, painted bright yellow with green trim, and standing on the John Anderson Highway, a winding and shaded drive along the river, affording fine views of its blue waters and white beaches, adjoining the Ormond Beach Golf Links." Here his quietude was soon disturbed, however, by the activities of John Jacob Astor, William K. Vanderbilt, Rollin White and Henry Flagler himself.

These enterprising sportsmen laid out a race course five hundred feet wide and twenty-three miles long on the wave-beaten beach and called in some dare-devils who were oblivious to the merits of old age to race their new invention, the automobile. Alexander Winton came, chalking up a world's record for speed — 68 miles an hour. R. E. Olds drove a mile in six seconds. A lean lanky youngster, Henry Ford, who was his own driver, wanted to compete but was forced to withdraw because of lack of funds to make a necessary repair to his racer. John D. Rockefeller took things in his stride, however, and moved across the street from his "yellow and green hotel" where he bought two acres and built a winter home, which he called **The Casements**. As compared to other millionaires' homes, **The Casements** was modest with its two-storied shingled walls and large windows, but it was equipped with a design to assist Florida climate to lengthen its owner's life. In it was a fully equipped emergency hospital with nurses standing by for service. Mr. Rockefeller was unwilling to trust all to Florida's climate. Laying out the drive alongside the Atlantic attracted John Crimmins. He therefore "started at 9:30 in an auto to the ocean, stopped at an alligator exhibition where there were over two thousand 'gators, crocodiles, and many snakes and some wild animals; a collection of mounted fish and skeletons of others; purchased four boxes of seashells and then drove on to the beach where we rode for twelve miles scarcely leaving an impression

of the tires on the sand. To me a sensational drive, the first I had on the beach. On the edge of the water flocks of several species of snipe as birds of a feather flock together. The twenty-four miles under such conditions were enjoyable."

After leaving Daytona Beach, he passed **The Casements** where Mr. Rockefeller daily played his game of golf, calling to his less successful partners: 'Be deliberate! Take lessons! Play better!' and overtook Chauncey Depew at the **Ponce de Leon**, in St. Augustine. He attended mass, as was his un-failing custom "at the cathedral - three priests at three different altars offer mass at the same time - small attendance". When he had finished his chat with Mr. Depew, he left for New York, for he had promised Mr. E. Harriman he would be in attendance at a meeting of the American Museum of Safety for the presentation of medals. At "this very interesting meeting, Mr. E. Harriman presented the gold medal to the Southern Pacific Railroad. Mr. Kruttschnitt, for the company made a surprising statement that the company carried 42,000,000 passengers without losing a life. Mr. Sproule, the president of the company, received the silver medal and Conductor Schwab the bronze medal."

While John D. Crimmins attended mass, John D. Rockefeller (if sojourning in **The Casements**) made obeisance in the non-denominational Ormond Union Church. After the service, with a nurse at each elbow, it was his custom to stand on the lawn and dispense bright new dimes, at the same time adjuring his listeners toward "thrift and savings if they would amass fortunes and live to a great old age." Of course, John Crimmins needed no admonition so far as amassing a fortune was concerned but he was quite interested when the newspapers announced that the millionaire had given \$2,600,000 to the Rockefeller Medical Research Institute, and made public mention of his approval. This brought "a letter from John D. Rockefeller graciously acknowledging what I wrote."

Although the two men were in accord in their views on medical charity, their religious views were disparate: while Rockefeller assumed the entire expense of the non-denominational Union Church at Ormond Beach, John Crimmins was receiving Cardinal Satolli's photo "with pleasant remarks." What opinion, if any, John D. Rockefeller had

of his friend's consistent Catholicism is unknown. One must, if such is important, deduce that opinion from fragmentary evidence. For example, while passing at 168th and Broadway, one Sunday, John Crimmins pointed out Billy Sunday's tabernacle which was being opened that day. "I have," said Mr. Crimmins, "been invited particularly by John D. Rockefeller to aid and declined as there is some doubt as to Billy Sunday's work and methods in bringing people to church." The approach, observed Mr. Crimmins, looked like "an entrance to a ball field . . . the tabernacle on the site of a one-time field. From the side-walk, and the number of cars, there must have been a crowd inside. It was expensively advertised and thousands of dollars has (sic) been expended in organizing groups throughout the city." John Crimmins drove on Sunday, leaving Billy Sunday to his own good works, but the rich non-denominationalist refused to be ignored. Billy Sunday remained in the city; and again John Crimmins was called upon by his friend, the incident being entered in the diary that evening:

At 10:45 to John D. Rockefeller's residence at 10 E. 54th St. to hear Billy Sunday. He is a wonderful man, no doubt; most convincing and eloquent. To my mind, he feels and gives expression to his feelings that in Christ we must live and live in accordance with His teachings; that we should have Christ in our minds from morn till night. His manners, I can only describe as "Billy Sunday." I have heard exhorters but never one who could touch the heart or mind after his fashion. It could not be imitated. **Will the conversions he makes last;** I had an opportunity to thank Mr. Rockefeller for his invitation to be present. He is a most sincere gentleman and so simple; looked after those he invited, seating them, and greeting those he knew. Hymns were sung principally by a man; a few of the company joined in. The audience - mostly women - were serious and religious; probably a better word would be devotees.

From out the presence of the "devotees," Mr. Crimmins first went to the Lawyers Club, dined with fourteen bank directors, then to the Catholic Club. From there he called his attorney to redraft his will. He had concluded to put his daughter Mary in possession "of the larger place as she is the practical head of the management of the household and my sons are indifferent and not responsible to family requirements to the extent they should be." He also directed that

his son Thomas should serve as executor "with broad powers of discretion". Obviously, Father Crimmins had concluded to his full satisfaction, that despite a heritage of acquaintances with the rich, the great, and the near great, extending from Flagler's Florida Empire to the intricacies of finance through the Fifth Avenue Bank, with its many tentacles, which he sought to pass along, Martin Crimmins preferred to live his life as Captain Crimmins of the United States Army. The soldier-son confirmed this conclusion (on their final visit with each other) by both words and deed. "You have done many nice things for me and your acts and deeds have never been equalled" - and "he kissed me."

While Captain Crimmins went about his military duties at the San Francisco Presidio, his father, having more definitely determined the disposition of his affairs, took life more leisurely. He helped plan a new Catholic Church at West Palm Beach, went northward to Augusta, Georgia, watched a polo game, went to Aiken "to watch the country people, black and white, crowd the town in an appearance of prosperity". After that he was off to Washington where he "conveyed the Cardinal (Gibbons), Bishop Shaw of San Antonio, Texas, and Mgr. Russell to the Pan American Building." Back again in New York, he "addressed the Woman's Press Club at the Waldorf. The room filled. I had made no preparation."

The report, then, came "of the greatest ocean disaster ever recorded. The **Titanic**, the largest ship's first voyage, struck an iceberg. The **Titanic** sank. Sank! The thought is frightful!"

Two days later (April 18, 1912), one hundred and six survivors of the **Titanic** arrived "very destitute. Many not speaking English." John Crimmins immediately went to the Columbus Hospital; then to St. Vincent's, "where the rescued seemed more contented." His daughter, "Mary, brought underwear to the children." The following morning, after mass, and a "memorial meeting at the Broadway Theatre, arranged by Fred Martin, William Jennings Bryan speaking, I, with a party of five, was guest at a motion picture and elaborate supper. Mrs. Ollie Belmont, being one. A jolly party, and late." Two evenings subsequently he "dined at Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont's." What pleased him most, however, was the

receipt of a telegram from "Martin (who is) happy at his Army Post The Presidio, California."

New York had scheduled a 'big event' and Crimmins was on the reception committee. He therefore attended the reception "on the German battleship **Moetke** which was perfect in all details. The German officers were very attentive." From the **Moetke** the honored few went to the Yacht Club. The "occasion was a reception by Commodore Vanderbilt to meet the Admiral and officers of the German and our Navy." On June 22nd (1912) he "started for Baltimore." He was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention. The president of the Erie Railroad, Mr. Fred Underwood, set out his private car - **Annex** - for his comfort. Messrs. O'Brien, Stanchfield, Untermeyer and McDonald also came aboard to share the comforts. They travelled to Newark, breakfasting in the car, then went seventeen miles in an auto where they boarded the yacht **Alice**. . . . "a fine boat and Mr. Underwood a fine host. Good meals, good company and pleasant." The next day dawned with "foggy weather but clearing after a few miles." They passed the warships **South Carolina** and **New Hampshire** and landed at the Yacht Club. Afterwards, a mint julep at the **Hotel Emerson**. The convention was scheduled on Monday. Mr. Crimmins had his note-book handy for incidents: "Judge Parker⁴ occupies room 605, and O'Brien's 609. Exciting day. The agitation is on temporary chairman: Bryan bitterly opposed Parker. We keep moving about among the delegates, and as my room adjoins Parker's I see those calling on Parker, persuading him to withdraw: majority of committee selected him. They continued coming until 1:30 A. M. O'Brien very busy: we will stick: Bryan and Parker meet. Bryan confident and nasty."

Tuesday's session of the convention resulted in the election of Parker as temporary chairman "but not until Bryan had made himself a candidate against him." With the convention thus formally organized, Delegate Crimmins left the hall with Admiral Winslow.⁵ They went aboard the Flagship

⁴ Alton Brooks Parker (1852-1926), Democratic nominee, 1904, defeated by Theodore Roosevelt, Republican.

⁵ Admiral Cameron McRae Winslow (1854-1932), not to be confused with Commodore John Ancrum Winslow who captured and sank the Confederate **Alabama**, Captain Semmes commanding. Cameron McRae

—Continued on next page—

Louisiana, intending to dine, but Herman Ridder⁶ and Melville Stone⁷ delayed them until the convention closed at four o'clock. Wednesday, John Crimmins "kept on the move all day and night; then, he slept late, arriving at the convention at noon. He found the house "packed and the noise beyond description. Sat on the platform. The noisy demonstrations too much for me, so left the convention at two. Stopped at Maryland Club . . . chatted at table with the great Bryan. He is great. Left for home. Could not stand it."

Saturday morning, reflecting on the convention, and keeping up with its proceedings through wire reports, he wrote that he "had attended the circus. Don't recall ever seeing a better one. No material change at the convention. Some shifting: Bryan retards progress. Wilson slight gain." . . . Then, on July 2nd, came the news: 'Governor Wilson (New Jersey) was nominated on the 46th ballot'. Mr. Crimmins, sitting quietly at home, had anticipated the result: "I wrote him in the morning, five hours before the nomination, congratulating him, as I knew he would be." Having thus identified himself with the political fortunes of Woodrow Wilson in opposition to both Taft and his friend of the years, Theodore Roosevelt, he "called at the National Committee offices, Fifth Avenue Building, met several heads of the campaign bureau, all Southern or Western men. Mr. McAdoo out. Daniels, head of the publicity department, asked me to write an article on the candidates, Wilson, Taft and Roosevelt, which I did." This brought "an invitation from Mr. Munsey, publisher, to dine. His contribution to the canvass and defeat of Colonel Roosevelt, \$276,000. He mentioned it."

John Crimmins, with the presidential contest nearing a close, disengaged himself from politics long enough to attend a luncheon at the Sleepy Hollow Club on the Hudson. Two hundred were present. The honor guest was Sir Thomas

⁶ Herman Ridder (1851-1915) Manager of the *Staatz-Zeitung*; treasurer of the Democratic National Committee.

⁷ Melville Stone (1848-1929) General manager of the Associated Press.

Footnote Continued:

Winslow attracted attention during the Spanish-American War as commander of the expedition which attempted to cut the cables between Cuba and Europe. He retired in 1916 while commander of the Pacific Fleet.

Lipton . . . "beautiful grounds, palatial house . . . many acquaintances and a perfect day." One year previous Sir Thomas Lipton had called upon John Crimmins with a design for a tablet to be placed on the mast of **Shamrock III** which was standing on the Queens end of Queensboro Bridge. Now, Sir Thomas (never winning, never acknowledging defeat), was back in America seeking suitable racing waters for a try with **Shamrock IV**. San Francisco Bay, under the shadows of Captain Crimmins' post at the Presidio, was suggested. The next morning the following letter went to San Francisco:

Dear Martin:

Sir Thomas Lipton will, within the next ten days be in San Francisco and he desires to meet you. Col. Neill is with him. I think the Colonel must have been with the militia in Scotland. We have known both a long time and they are special friends. Sir Thomas entertained your sister and myself many times here and in England and on the **Erin** and elsewhere. We have seen him on three occasions during the week he has been here. Yesterday I attended a luncheon given by Commodore Todd at the finest clubhouse grounds in the world. It was the country seat of the late Shepard above Tarrytown on the Hudson. We met lots of people. A Miss or Mrs. ? French, who asked about you. Sir Thomas' arrival will be published, so call on him. He will entertain you royally if you ever go abroad, so you will have to give him a treat. He will want to do it all for himself. Don't let him. Sir Thomas will be in San Francisco only two or three days.

Your devoted father,
John D. Crimmins.

One enclosure.

The size of 'one enclosure' made it possible for Captain Crimmins to expand his plans so as to meet any man's interpretation of the meaning of "a treat"; so the newspapers were notified. They gave Sir Thomas' contemplated visit publicity in proportion to his high popularity. Invitations came in such numbers that Sir Thomas directed the Captain by telegraph to accept invitations in his name and avoid conflicts.

In due time Sir Thomas arrived. Captain Crimmins met him at the foot of Market Street on the inter-harbor boat. They sailed around the harbor and the great yachtman, enthused over the landlocked bay for sailing, flanked, as it

was by the hillsides for spectators.^a After the inspection ride, they docked at Fort Mason, headquarters of the general in command of the Department of the Pacific. A drive through the Presidio and out through Golden Gate Park terminated at the Cliff House. One hundred and fifteen of Captain Crimmins' friends sat down to lunch with him. Mrs. Eleanor Martin, a prominent social personage of San Francisco, had them in to tea in the afternoon; and the five yacht clubs combined to give him a befitting dinner. When Sir Thomas realized that two hundred and twenty yacht enthusiasts might linger until early morning he decreed it should "not be a 'dress-affair'; all should come in their 'morning clothes'." And so it went, finally winding up with "a hop and a reception at the Officer's Club at the Presidio."

The San Francisco press proclaimed that "Martin Crimmins, now a captain in the army, Sir Thomas' chief entertainer during his stay in San Francisco, landed the social plum of the season." Sir Thomas made a flattering report to Martin's father as he passed through New York. Not content with that, he sent a "cablegram at sea" on Christmas day, thanking Martin for "his splendid entertainment." When Father Crimmins heard these good reports, he wrote his son:

Your Royal Highness! At least, we shall address you as such in the future, for Sir Thomas says you are The King of the Presidio.

But kings have been known to wear head covering other than crowns, even though royalty may sit as their guests; so it chanced with the newly 'annointed' King of the Presidio. The percussions of Sir Thomas' visit had barely died down when the Captain, again, had distinguished visitors. They came in the persons of Sir Sidney Herbert, the Lord of Melville, Lord Roberts and the Earl of Levin. And to swell the royal ranks Prince Schoenberg of Roumania and Baron Uxkall, Russian Vice Consul, came to do obeisance to the King of the Presidio.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin again did honors to her captain friend and his guests, and royalty and near-royalty attended the opera along with a "modishly gowned throng", after

^a The first World War cancelled the American cup races until 1920.

which "they were entertained by Captain Crimmins at quarters at the Presidio at a handsomely appointed dinner." The "appointments" may have been, in some measure, responsible for Captain Crimmins' failure, the subsequent morning, to be sufficiently selective of his headgear. But let us get our story direct from the pages of **The San Francisco Examiner** (February 20, 1912):

SOCIAL LION OF ARMY DRILLS IN DERBY HAT

Captain Crimmins Sets New Style on Field, but Doesn't Know It

History has been made at the Presidio, and intervention is a topic of interest no longer.

Captain Martin L. Crimmins of the Sixteenth Infantry, wealthiest officer in the United States army, Beau Brummel of the post, appeared at the Tuesday morning parade in haste, uniformed immaculately, wearing a black derby hat.

The doughty captain didn't wear the hat on purpose. Perish the thought! He grabbed it up in a hurry.

Capt. Crimmins, who had been entertaining Prince Schoenberg of Roumania and Baron Uxkall, Russian vice-consul from Chicago, at the Bohemian Club Monday evening, arose late Tuesday morning and realized that reveille had sounded. In haste he leaped into his uniform. It was ten minutes to 8.

Down the path from Infantry terrace the officer strode, bugles sounding from the drill grounds before the Sixteenth Infantry barracks and the companies rapidly forming for their daily inspection.

Social Lion of Post

Captain Crimmins, who entertained Sir Thomas Lipton while he was here, and is the social lion and quite the most fastidious dresser at the post, swung rapidly past company A of the Sixteenth, drawn up in military rectitude, and approached company B.

A stir was manifested among the soldiery.

As the popular commander approached, the members of company E inclined their necks a trifle out of the line laid down by the regulations to see what was the matter.

Company B was writhing stiffly in a silent paroxysm. A sergeant who had faced bolos and withering fire in Mindanao was torturing himself with facial contortions behind a hand drawn in to salute. Companies C and D were involuntarily behaving in a manner entirely novel.

Captain Crimmins, flustered with his hasty walk, reached his own company, when he passed Lieutenant Browne.

Browne saluted. And the captain, bringing his hand up

to the right temple close to where his visor should end, encountered the rim of the black derby hat.

If the stampede and explosion which then occurred in six companies does not bring two battalions to court martial it will be because Colonel Gardner realizes the limits to human frailty.

What's This? Bang!

The captain snatched the object from his head. First he glanced around helplessly, then he doused it under his arm. While the troopers bent double in almost silent ecstasy, the captain made for Company E's orderly room on the run and flung the vile object under a table. A recruit's cap, the property of Private Peter Gravel, rested on the table and Captain Crimmins garnered it.

Captain Crimmins is the son of John D. Crimmins, multi-millionaire bridge contractor, former Democratic committeeman and one time New York park commissioner. In his own right he is one of the best-liked officers at the post. Just now he is likewise the most famous. If Congress doesn't vote him a medal for finishing the drill in the recruit's cap, Carnegie will be petitioned.



13. PILLARS OF BLACK SMOKE IN THE SKY



Four days after the election of President Woodrow Wilson, a mighty throng walked the streets of New York. It was a Woman Suffrage Parade; and they walked at night. "Very earnest lot, some 20,000 marching, many very young, and some boys. Evidence of sympathizers in large numbers on the walk. There is something very substantial about this demonstration,"¹ and within another four days, John Crimmins found himself presiding at the Mid-Day Club at a meeting of the National Civic Federation. The Secretary had "invited gentlemen for luncheon to discuss the advance of Socialism. Ex-Mayor Low was present; a fund was collected to be turned over to the Civic Federation for investigating con-

¹ The Diary: J. D. Crimmins, p. 672

ditions for fifty years past to show what have been done for the working man." (The marching women were ignored). The presiding officer "gave my name for \$1,000." Three days later, by invitation from "the gentlemen invited to discuss the advance of Socialism," the contributors had "President Taft at the Lotus Club. His speech great. Mr. Carnegie spoke." Mr. Crimmins expressed himself as being entirely out of accord with the Suffragettes, thinking that "women could exert a far greater influence in their homes with their gentle kindness," but he was not prepared to reject fully the merits of the National Civic Federation. Consequently, he "visited the rooms of the National Civic Federation and met Miss Smith. It seems to be a very large work and she explained it fully, covering her experience in such work for fifteen years and the results accomplished by the department in the two years since it was established. \$67,000 has been deposited by the working girls as savings for their vacations, and gatherings have been planned, dances and fetes. At this time Miss Ann Morgan, daughter of the late John Pierpont Morgan, came in, and Mrs. Whitehouse just looked in at the door. This gives evidence of the interest taken in the work by these women. Miss Morgan went over the situation very pleasantly and intelligently. The work deserves to be encouraged as the results have shown." He questioned, however, having headquarters in such an expensive building - \$4,800 a year, but "as the women had already entered into the agreement, the discussion was valueless."

Twelve friends of McCall, candidate for Mayor of New York, met at the Union League. "After the Judge left," reported John Crimmins, "speeches were made, one on Socialism, one on Taxes. I spoke on Socialism and Economy." This brought forth the statement that "there is a stagnation in real estate and no renting. I have an unusual number of vacant stores and apartments. The loss in income is very large, while the expense grows rather than lessening. . . . I seldom find any encouragement in the present or future prospect of business to speak of, but could fill a leaf every day of disappointments. The continuous appeal and hard luck stories I listen to wear on me. I have always been very sympathetic to appeals with a disposition to give aid but I cannot meet every request."

The smouldering fires of discontent blazed up again. John Crimmins, strange to say, saw no connection between the publicity given the death of a prominent New Yorker and the recurrent Suffrage movement. The incidents, however, had his attention, side by side, on the same day:

Herman Ridder, a man I esteem, died yesterday. He was a leader among the Germans. . . . The Suffrage campaign by the women has been the most aggressive ever made by men and women. Women untiringly parade, meetings, and orating during the day and well into, if not all, the night. If persistency deserves success, women should have it. I don't favor it. Woman's field can produce better results in her home, her charities, her teachings, and that gentle soothing peaceful effect she alone can exercise, without the turmoil of politics, if she wishes to have her time occupied."²

Hoyt's **The Coming Storm** became popular, although not pleasant, reading, while John Crimmins "went to Union Square: expecting a parade of the I. W. W. that was threatened. Heard two men and a woman rant, judging by the swaying of their arms. An orderly crowd. No parade. Walked back." At home, he "noticed the absence of people, who, in the past, would visit; the sparkling life of the past is not here."

Mercedes Crimmins sought to put some of the sparkle back into life, by proposing a trip to the Riding and Driving Club. Her manner of going, needless to say, was rejected by the more sedate father; however, the incident attracted not only the populace, but took a conspicuous place in the Crimmins diary:

Mercedes and Edward King obtained a coach from Willie Ziegler he bought at auction that, at a time made trips from the city to New Rochelle, and a four-in-hand harness. They found a fully equipped man to blow the horn! Mercedes on the box as they left the house, and the man-in-red, etc., tooting the horn! They picked up six at the Davenport Hotel; drove to Mr. Rokefeller's place at Greenwich, where the Riding and driving Club were holding the races. I arrived in an auto. For the four-in-hand it was a long drive.

The Washington Birthday Ball was the occasion for

² Herman Ridder, President of *Statts-Zeitung* and establisher of **The Catholic News** in 1886, was a leader of a Pro-Germany campaign in America, and the Suffrage turmoil suited his Pro-German purpose.

another "whistling-in-the graveyard" celebration. "People come from a great distance and at a great cost. Elaborately dressed women, no, not elaborate, but scantily and prettily. A bottle of wine cost \$7 to \$9."

Business became so bad that The Merchant's Association gave a Prosperity Luncheon at the Astor. 1625 people attended - "as fine a body as I ever looked over, and everyone a man of parts, majority young" - all eager to stop the swing of the pendulum. John Crimmins was among the sixteen hundred and twenty-five; and, (so he said) "I gave full approval in any manner it could be brought about." Things, however, went from bad to worse. Judge Edw. McCall made a statement to the public in which "he referred to the wild speeches by the I. W. W.'s and the danger from the agitation they create."

John Crimmins sighted another danger. One day he had sixteen vacancies in three hundred and six apartments. One month later forty-six were vacant. He found: "The negro is the menace to the whole section. I can estimate my individual loss at one-half million dollars. The whites are moving as rapidly as they find apartments. The Negro pays his rent. He is about as clean as the average Jew. The question is to decide between the whites and blacks. If once black, there is no recovery."

On March 26, (1914) the New York Peace Society held a meeting at Aeolian Hall. Ex-President Taft read a paper on 'Law Federation'. The society then adjourned sine die without plans for the future. Andrew Carnegie was jubilant over the receipt of the 'Star Decoration' from the King of Denmark; and since John Crimmins had displayed his decoration of the Order of the Knights of St. Gregory from the Pope, Mr. Carnegie had his knighted friend over for a visit. "We opened a box containing two stars, one smaller than the first with a lighter color. This decoration is the oldest order (Mr. Carnegie says) in the world - 1221."³ Nothing was said about the Aeolian Hall meeting, but a promise was extracted by Mr. Carnegie from Crimmins that he would exert his influence toward repealing the Panama tolls.

On July 29, (1914) the stockmarket was "panicky, with strong war rumors in Europe." Over-night advices revealed

³ Crimmins' Diary.

that Germany had declared war and was moving troops. "Austria has encountered Servia. A panic in stocks. Some fell twenty points. War news discussed by every person. The stock exchanges in the larger cities of both countries closed down indefinitely. Hotel people speak of the cancelled reservations. Serious times ahead."⁴ The full import of the news did not percolate through to America until a week had passed. Then John Crimmins went into action. He became aware of the fact that he had two daughters across the Atlantic, Mary in London, Constance somewhere in Ireland. First, he cabled Mary to take the earliest passage home and to advise Constance to do likewise. "Bogus extras excite the people on war news. Mrs. Wilson, wife of the President, died." Next, he went to the Fifth Avenue Bank. He found the bank in "capital condition." He also learned that Vice President Hetzler of The Fifth Avenue Bank was among the stranded in London, but comfortable at the Savoy Hotel; that many Americans were penniless in London at the war announcement; that "gold was loaned from a shilling to a pound to millionaires to buy a meal; a five pound note will not be accepted as no change can be obtained. Women frantic."

A secret meeting of the directors of The Fifth Avenue Bank was held in Mr. Ickelheimer's office, 49 Wall Street. Communication was established with the Bank of Montreal where fifty thousand dollars was forwarded, "twenty five thousand to go to Vice President Hetzler, now at the Savoy, for the relief of depositors stranded in London, five hundred dollars to Mary Crimmins; Hetzler to remain abroad while condition of the bank depositors held in Europe is required."

Before the war was two weeks old, President Wilson, responding to the opposition to those who thought the war would be a benefit to American trade, - already being referred to as 'War Profiteers' - sought to check the rise of prices by causing "an inquiry on the increased cost of food." The clamor was great in New York. A special meeting of the Chamber of Commerce was called. 'War risks to shipping' and 'debts abroad' was the theme of discussion. Ex-Mayor Low, carrying a fat paper, appeared and "read a long address on **The Situation of the Country.**" Mr. Jacob Henry Schiff - born at Frankfort-am-Main (1847), a citizen of the

⁴ Quote from Crimmins' Diary

United States since 1865, a veteran-banker, member of Kuhn-Loeb & Company, - did not need a paper from which to state his views. He "spoke at length. . . . It is really alarming, and this country at peace . . . the large number unemployed . . . we do not know where we are at! All the stock exchanges are closed. There is not in the world an exchange where a security might be sold." The meeting adjourned after Mayor Mitchell "appointed a committee of 136 to meet tomorrow on the food question and speak of the large number of unemployed." On that committee was John D. Crimmins. After he had served with the committee, he "telegraphed Martin to ask for leave to see me." Captain Crimmins, however, had duties at the Presidio which the army wished him to perform. On September 3 (1914) Martin's sister Sue, sailing for America, cabled the war news that "German forces are 40 miles from Paris, fighting forward," and Father Crimmins took a train for Washington. He called on Secretary of State, William Jennings Bryan, then on Secretary of War, L. M. Garrison, entering in his diary:

"We spoke of Martin, who, if needed, would be remembered."

The 'need' for Martin came rapidly. The Republic of Mexico had been the "Land of Revolutions," with only short periods of quietude since wresting itself from Spanish rule. Sam Houston, "The Great Designer,"⁵ set the pace in carving off Mexican territory while the owners squabbled over the right to rule. Before the passing of Diaz from power there had been an infiltration into Mexico all along the northern border which gave the Mexican border states a population with a decided 'list' toward the United States. If Texas, Arizona, New Mexico, and California could boast a 'Latin-American' population, then the open brag in the Mexican states, Sonora, Chihuahua, Coahuila and Nueva Leon, that their population was 'American-Latin' was equally true. That there was sentiment among the border Mexicans for union with the United States is not surprising, since the economic status across the northern Mexican border was not comparable, but only subject to contrast. That people of Anglican

⁵ See Sam Houston, *The Great Designer*: U. of Texas Press, Austin: 1954 - L. Friend.

blood would welcome North American government, in preference to Mexican political turmoil and unstable economics was not subject to the slightest doubt. It was, therefore, but natural that Mexicans, other than the border population, felt that the eagle of the United States eyed covetously their territory and only sought another opportunity to fasten talons in her vitals. In other words, all Mexicans, loyal to any political rule in Mexico, looked upon North Americans with suspicion and distrust of motives.

It would serve no good purpose to attempt to untangle the skeins of threads in Mexico's political embroilments during the period of time from Diaz's abdication in May, 1911, to Pershing's Punitive Expedition, resulting from the attack on Columbus, New Mexico, March 9, 1916. In fact, there was such an indistinct pattern of revolution upon revolution that an understanding of the relations between the two nations is best approached with merely an outline of Mexico's internal dissention, supplemented by a statement of President Woodrow Wilson's foreign policy, if such there was.

The reign of Porfirio Diaz was marked with a minimum of discord with the United States. Before the flight of Diaz, however, the United States recognized the insecurity of his regime, and, for safety's sake, knowing from past experiences the roving, raiding proclivities of 'Gringo haters,' ordered two troops of United States Cavalry to the border, November 22, 1910, one being quartered at Del Rio, the other at Eagle Pass. It was known, of course, that these small units were inadequate to defend the twelve hundred mile frontier stretching from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific Ocean. Francisco Madero succeeded Diaz. Carranza, wishing to be *mucho grande* for a time, at least, formed a party and gave impetus to the secession movement of the border states, intimating, if not promising, ultimate "union with the United States." This resulted in the overthrow of Madero and the accession of General Huerta to the presidency. Three days later Madero was assassinated while under arrest. The general disclaimed participation, but President Wilson was not convinced, declaring, in substance, that Huerta must be precluded from power gained through murder. Carranza then pushed himself to the front, aided and abetted by one Doroteo Aranga. This 'Doroteo' was skilled both in murder and

banditry, and, having to hide from such law-enforcers as were active in Mexico, changed his name to Francisco Villa. As 'Pancho' is the Mexican equivalent of 'Frank,' the contraction was employed when spoken; and he became 'Pancho Villa,' except when he signed his name (which he learned to do late in life), then he scribbled the full 'Francisco Villa,' with all the Castilian flourishes.

As might be expected, Villa and Carranza soon set segments of the Mexican army against each other, but when not fighting each other, their none-too-careful followers strayed across the American border, fired into North American cities lying within range of their guns (accommodatingly provided by United States gun-runners) and attacked 'gringos' at favorable opportunities - all to their obvious pleasure. The shibboleths of the followers of Wilson, 'He kept us out of war' and 'Watchful Waiting' lent encouragement to both Villistas and Carranzistas to fight their battles within running distance of United States territory. With Diaz' passing a bilateral agreement, authorizing pursuit of offenders across the border in both directions, had been suspended. Result: a Mexican, in order to prevent capture by his foe had but to step across the border and accept internment, - a convenient situation if with a routed army. And, too, gringo-haters had only to raid northward, then retreat to the security of Mexican territory where United States troops were forbidden to go; or, if in Mexican territory, American citizens might be robbed or murdered with impunity; and thereafter infracted rights - whether of robbery or murder - were "brought to the attention of the de facto government of Mexico with a request that a full and searching investigation be made . . . and the Mexican officers and soldiers responsible for this serious affront be adequately dealt with . . ." The State Department's private pouches going into Mexico were heavy with such Bryanism, while 'Gringo-hating' festered all along the Border. Attacks were made at Brownsville, Red House Ferry, Progress, and Las Paladas, all within one month. A passenger train was wrecked seven miles inside of Texas north of Brownsville. Several people lost their lives. A party of eighteen United States citizens, enroute to inspect an American financed mine near Cusi, with passports in their pockets, were taken from a

Mexican train and shot. Two young owners of the Fort Worth Well Machinery and Supply Company had a better fate. Their good fortune, however, was accidental. George Parr and Robert T. Emmett had installed a large gasoline engine for a ranchman near Columbus, New Mexico, who was modernizing, using gasoline-engine power for stock-water pumps in lieu of windmills. The engine was heavy and required a big "shot" of gasoline to start it. On cold mornings it gave unusual trouble in starting. This complaint was relayed to Parr and Emmett, so they left the train at the nearest Border town, swearing volubly at "that damn Dempster engine," hired a Latin-American boy with a Model T, and arrived at the water pump just as a morning sun sent a hazy light across the arid West.

They encountered the anticipated trouble with the engine and were in a mood to chuck their tools and depart when Parr suggested they "give her one more big shot of gas and a quick turn over." As they were priming the carburetor, their Mex-American assistant kept looking nervously toward the Mexican Border uncomfortably nearby. On the horizon could be seen a large group of horsemen moving straight toward them.

"Caramba!" said the Mexican boy. "Eet eez the bandido." And he disappeared into the cenizo with all the agility of a paisano, not wishing the handicap of his Model T.

"Caramba! It may be," said Parr, "but let's give her another quick twist"; and over went the fly-wheel as both men put their combined strength into the effort. Then something happened! There was a sharp, violent explosion! A huge gush of black smoke shot out into the sky. Then, the engine "took off," running at an accelerated speed, spitting blobs of black smoke with all the speed of a monster cannon as it cleared its compression chamber of the superfluous gas and oil. And when the smoke cleared away, Parr pointed toward the running horsemen, heading back to Mexico, saying: "Caramba! Eet eez the bandido." Bob laughed and patting the engine replied: "Caramba! Eet eez the damned old engine!"

The pressure from American border ranchmen was used by the Wilsonian administration as an excuse to move the American army along the Mexican border and give it train-

ing. This was done with an eye on bandidos and both ears open to catch the significance of the aggressiveness of Germany. Although Wilson still soothed the American people with plausible platitudes, the Secretary of War filled the camps along the Border with American soldiers. General John J. Pershing moved his command from the Presidio, Captain Martin L. Crimmins with the Sixteenth Infantry going along. They went into quarters at Fort Bliss and adjacent El Paso territory.

The elevation of General John J. Pershing deserves more than passing notice. Although a West Pointer, his age was three years above that of the average of his class. He was of a stern non-committal mien, which created the impression upon his colleagues that he was using 'age' as an advantage. Few shared genuine cordiality of spirit with him. He became known as "Black Jack Pershing", but the nickname grew out of his favorite diversion and an apparent characteristic "to take a gamble". His punctilio in sending a Christmas card to every United States Senator each Christmas may not have been a gamble. The least one could say about such thoughtfulness would be: he was gambling with nothing to lose.⁶ One Congressman put it: "He had looked after his fences."

Within time Pershing picked up two 'line-riders' who did much to keep his fences in repair. One was Theodore Roosevelt, commander of the Rough Riders at Kettle Hill, when the West Pointer was at his side with his Black Troop - the Tenth Cavalry. The other was his father-in-law, United States Senator F. E. Warren, powerful, rich Wyoming politician, sometime chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee. As chief Executive, Theodore Roosevelt sought to advance the Tenth Cavalry commander in rank. The Rough Rider Colonel - now speaking from the chair of the President - was surfeited with the system in the army: Advancement by seniority only. He was disgusted with the "fat old colonels who fall off their horses or cannot stand a five mile march." He felt that "promotion by seniority only was the equivalent of triumph of mediocrity over excellence." So, he stated to Congress that when a man renders such service as Captain Pershing rendered it ought to be possible to reward him without at once jumping him to the grade of

⁶ See Frederick Palmer: John J. Pershing.

brigadier general. And since Congress did not think so, or was unwilling to direct the army what it should do, Roosevelt exercised his power as President - exclaiming: "By George there are two outstanding men in the army, Wood and Pershing; and I want Pershing's abilities utilized!" - stepping Pershing up to brigadier general. Despite Roosevelt's pride in his act, eight hundred and sixty two officers, around whom Pershing walked, had suffered blows at their pride of a career-shaking nature. They held no jubilation meetings; Roosevelt was not the most popular President with the Old Army; and it was not out of ordinary for "the politically forgotten" to get together and unfold their ailments and disappointments.

Those senior to the new general (after the death of General Funston) in order of rank, were Leonard Wood, J. Franklin Bell, T. H. Barry, Hugh L. Scott and Tasker H. Bliss.

In moving the regulars to the border, General Funston with headquarters at Fort Sam Houston (San Antonio), placed General Pershing at Fort Bliss, convenient to El Paso and near to the most probable concentration of Mexican hostility. Captain Crimmins' Sixteenth Infantry battled monotony, drifting sand and desert rattlesnakes nearby within sight of the formidable Rio Grande. For a lack of something more venturesome to do, the captain revived his interest in archaeology and natural history. Repeated trips, covering many hundreds of miles were made to Huaco Tanks and generally into the Guadalupe Mountains. Some of the caves held the secrets of the Indians of ages gone who used them for shelter. These petroglyphs and pictographs, first reported by John Wesley Bartlett, United States-Mexican Boundary Commissioner, during his explorations in 1851-1853, led the captain into many a cave all the way from Van Horn, Texas, to Silver City, New Mexico. The result was the organization of The El Paso Archaeological Society.

In poking around the recesses of old Indian hideouts, Captain Crimmins had the rather frequent experience to encounter a *crotalus lepidus*, or one of his four cold blooded kinsmen. These instruments of death have been feared by man ever since Cabeza de Vaca found them in profusion on Galveston, which he named **Culebra Island** in their horrible

memory. Picking up a rattlesnake (as it was known in common parlance) upon occasions added to Captain Crimmins' zest for exploration and venture. His enthusiasm, as time went on, over the search for rattlers came to the attention of one of his superior officers, who found no such 'enemies' in their military orders!

Captain Crimmins' fellow officers may have thought snake catching was outside the realm of their purpose on the Border. They may have even believed they had come to fight, but fighting Mexicans was as far from the Wilsonian policy as was snake catching. His was a policy of peace. Troops on the Border were a bluff, a showing of strength, a flexing of muscles, so the Mexicans could "see, cease and desist." They were also on the Border because, by no other ruse, could American troops get any semblance of training for the real eventuality from which the administration was desperately trying to steer and, at the same time, be prepared should it come - the War in Europe - at the same time concealing the purpose from the American people.

There was a plan - the lesser military men knew - for the invasion of Mexico. With fifty thousand men at Nogales, Arizona, fifty thousand at El Paso, and a like number at Brownsville, Texas, Funston commanding in the eastern sector, Pershing out of El Paso, and General Sage in the west, the United States army was to swoop down upon the Latin Republic. But that plan was merely a plan on paper. It was not the intention of the Wilsonian administration to set it into fulfillment - save and except should Mexico force upon herself the invasion. Only those with the power to act knew that latter fact.⁷

Pershing had been in El Paso but a short time when tragedy placed his name on the tongues of all Americans. On August 28 (1915) the Associated Press released the story:

Wife and Three Children of Gallant Officer Burned

Tragedy is part and parcel of army life, but seldom has it come in more striking form than when the young wife and three children of General Pershing, well known as a soldier of ability and daring, were destroyed in an almost insignificant fire in the Presidio at San Francisco, Friday morning. Mrs.

⁷ Significant evidence that "the plan" was academic is: there was no 'over-all' commander.

Pershing was a daughter of United States Senator Warren of Wyoming. General Pershing is known to many persons in and out of service in Texas and the South and his affliction comes as a strong personal note.

Only Little Son Escapes.

Warren Pershing, 5 year old son of Brigadier General John J. Pershing, rescued early today from his burning home at the Presidio of San Francisco in which his mother and three sisters, Mary Margaret, Anne and Helen were suffocated and burned awaited tonight the homecoming of his father. General Pershing, commanding troops on the Mexican Border, left El Paso today, when informed that his wife and three of his four children were dead. He will arrive Sunday morning. United States Senator Francis E. Warren will come from Cheyenne, Wyoming. Warren, the only one left tonight of General Pershing's family, is being mothered by nurses at the Letermann General Hospital at the Presidio. He was taken there today when he was picked up unconscious on the floor of his bedroom by officers and men who crawled through the burning house searching for Mrs. Pershing and her children. Warren revived quickly. The others were dead when the rescuers reached them, suffocated, and their heads, hands and feet burned. Warren Pershing was found by Johnson, the Pershing's aged Negro servant, who led a rescue party into the house. In a corner of the room most burned, the rescuers found Mrs. Pershing dead on the floor with her arms across one of the children who was on the bed. In another bed was another child; the third lay on the floor. The bodies of all were considerably burned. Mrs. Pershing was Miss Frances E. Warren, of Cheyenne, Wyoming, daughter of U. S. Senator, Francis E. Warren, chairman of the powerful committee on Military Affairs during the Republican control of that body. In 1905, Miss Warren married John J. Pershing, who was then a captain in the 15th Cavalry, U. S. Army. The next year, by congressional action, Captain Pershing was raised to the rank of Brigadier General.^a

Although the three-pronged plan for the invasion of Mexico had been approved by the War Department, no overall commander had been inked in. In-as-much as President Wilson did not intend to use it, he let the blank remain. The Secretary of War, however, had asked the Chief of Staff, for a recommendation. General Scott (wanting the sinecure himself but hesitating to ask for it) put forward the name of General Leonard Wood. Wood, however, had nursed presidential aspirations, was a devoted friend to Theodore Roose-

^a The San Antonio Express, San Antonio, Texas, August 28, 1915.

velt, and, to make his rejection certain, did not even deny that he did not rate President Wilson's military foresight above that of a "spineless ass." With the supreme command 'open,' Fate again delt "Black Jack" Pershing a hand.

At about 4:30 A. M. March 9, (1916) a detachment of Pancho Villa's Cavalry rode quietly into the town of Columbus, New Mexico, and began shooting indiscriminately, setting fire to everything they could conveniently burn before retreating in the greatest haste before the rallying counter-attack of Colonel Slocum's Thirteenth Cavalry. Colonel Frank Tompkins led the fight, penetrating Mexican territory, despite War Department orders to the contrary, and returned to Columbus only after exhausting both his horses and ammunition in the fifteen mile invasion.

The trail leading back to Columbus was marked by "between 75 and 100 dead Mexican bandits killed on Mexican soil, many killed and wounded horses and mules, the abandonment of two machine guns by the Mexicans, many rifles and pistols, much ammunition, food stuff and loot which had been taken at Columbus."⁹ Colonel Tompkins' thirty-two fighting cavalymen reported to Colonel Slocum at 12:50 P. M. March 9 (1916) and again joined forces with their comrades, twenty-one officers and 266 enlisted men. The fires of the raiders had been extinguished when Tompkins returned. The seven dead cavalymen had been removed from the streets. The five wounded soldiers had received treatment. The eight dead civilians had been delivered to morticians, and the two wounded civilians were being carefully nursed. "We picked up about 67 dead greasers in the camp and town (later testified Lieutenant Lucas) and burned them."

Burning "67 dead greasers" was not a delectable assignment but Columbus in general lacked appeal to Lieutenant Lucas, a new arrival at the Cavalry camp fresh from "the vivid colors and exotic atmosphere of the Philippines." He gave his impression of the town as "not presenting an attractive appearance as seen at four o'clock in the morning." He later "found it also failed to do so in broad daylight." It boasted "a cluster of adobe houses, a hotel, a few stores and streets knee-deep in sand, combined with cactus, mesquite

⁹ Official report.

and rattlesnakes . . . (which) have a habit of occupying our houses . . . a picture horrible to the eyes . . .” Everything in Columbus, of course, could not be ‘horrible to the eyes.’ “Exciting events,” so the Lieutenant avowed, “took place during my sojourn in Columbus. First, the ‘Golden State’¹⁰ passed through each day, going east. This occurrence was attended regularly by all those present for duty. Second, the ‘Golden State’ passed each day going west. This was attended also by all those present for duty. Third, Villa raided the camp and town on March 9, 1916. This likewise was attended by all those present for duty.”

After “this exciting event” there was a profusion of trains entering Columbus. All were freight trains, however. All were moving westward. Not even the “Drunkard’s Special”¹¹ outranked a single one of them. On one of those trains came John J. Pershing. On another was Captain Martin L. Crimmins and his Sixteenth Infantry. General Pershing came with War Department orders. Crimmins came under Pershing’s orders.

During the day following the raid much was done to muddle the already muddled Mexican situation. Secretary of State, Lansing, denounced the raid as “the last straw” but telegraphed General Carranza that “this Government is suspending judgment until further facts can be learned, but this appears to be the most serious situation which has confronted this Government during the entire period of Mexican unrest.” He also expected (so he said) General Carranza “to do everything in his power to pursue, capture and exterminate this lawless element which is now proceeding westward from Columbus.” The Carranza Government answered with super-cunning, referring to the one-time agreement (not in force since the fall of Diaz’ regime) authorizing armed forces of each country to cross into each other’s territory “to pursue and chastise bandits”; and asked “that the Mexican forces be permitted to cross into American territory in pursuit of the aforesaid bandits led by Villa, upon the understanding that, reciprocally, if the raid effected at Columbus should

¹⁰ The Golden State was the much bragged about Southern Pacific passenger train.

¹¹ The Golden State, Limited, because of the great number of intoxicated passengers riding out of El Paso, was locally known as the Drunk’s Special.

unfortunately be repeated at any point on the border."

Not even a State Department subordinate could have been so obtuse as to interpret the Carranza answer as authorizing the passing of American soldiers into Mexican territory, but the Wilson administration first released a press report through Secretary Lansing, in person, that "we are sending an expedition into Mexico to catch Villa." Thereafter everyone in authority at Washington acted as if the "catch Villa expedition" had the approval and cooperation of Carranza. In truth, the very last thing President Wilson wanted was the capture of Villa, and, he knew that the very last thing American troops would get was Mexican cooperation in such an effort. To have captured Villa and hanged him on American soil (the only punishment suitable) would have opened a Pandora's Box, probably brought on a Mexican full-scale war instead of providing a "War School" for the eventuality in Europe.

With the Wilsonian policy in mind, the Secretary of War asked his Chief of Staff to recommend a general to lead the Punitive Expedition. Since the Mexican Invasion - called "A. B. C." in disguise lest someone fathom the fact that three entering armies were to be used - "if absolutely necessary" - yet had no super-commander, and since the Chief of Staff still yearned for the command, and since Villa had attacked "B", Pershing's station, General Scott left the ABC Plan intact and recommended Pershing. (This left the plan undisturbed with Pershing as 'B' commander, and the 'all-over' position vacant, with a chance for General Scott). Wilson acceded, and within twenty-four hours of the raid, General Funston, Pershing's superior, got orders.

Order No. 883, which General Pershing carried with him to Columbus, specified the organization "of an adequate force of troops . . . under the command of Brigadier General John J. Pershing." He was "directed to proceed promptly across the border in pursuit of the Mexican band which attacked the town of Columbus . . ." The directive further stated: "Those troops will be withdrawn to American territory as soon as the de facto government of Mexico is able to relieve them of their work. In any event, the work of these troops will be regarded as finished as soon as Villa's band or bands are known to be broken up." Then acting specifically under gen-

eral instruction, Pershing's General Order No. 1, issued March 14, 1916, from Headquarters Punitive Expedition, U. S. Army, Columbus, N. M. carried this highly important warning - a warning of paramount significance, as it turned out to be:

The greatest caution will be exercised after crossing the border that fire is not opened on troops pertaining to the de facto government of Mexico as such troops are very likely to be found in the country which you will traverse. The greatest care and discretion will have to be exercised by all.

With General Pershing's warning ringing in their ears to exercise the greatest care not to open fire on Carranzistas, orders came at 10:30 A. M., March 15, (1916) to march at 11:30. Promptly the cavalry moved out at a gallop. They began to overrun Mexican territory at 12:13 P. M. Major Frank Tompkins, for the second time, was leading the way. Captain Crimmins, of the 16th Infantry, came with the foot-soldiers. He had brought along his horse. Those who understood that the Mexican Railway, lying generally along their southward march, had no ramp-facilities with which to load horses in box cars, in case the infantry should be hastened along by railroad, scoffed at "the Captain's horse." Their disapproval, however, changed as he demonstrated how a horse might be trained readily to leap upon an improvised crib of railroad ties, from which it would quietly enter a box car. Horse-loading, consequently, became a favorite sport enroute, not only with infantry officers, who would like to take a horse along, but with cavalymen who saw the advantage in shipping their own horses when possible.

At inspection of officers' equipment, prior to passing "over the line," Capt. Crimmins' company was found to have excess baggage consisting of a cobbler's kit. When it was decreed that the kit must be left behind, Captain Crimmins discarded a like weight of personal equipment and claimed the cobbler's kit as "part and parcel of my personal belongings." The march into Mexico was dry, hot. The road - when there was a road - was stony. At every halt, Captain Crimmins' Cobbler's Set came into practical use. One hundred and twenty-five miles of marching made one company shoeless. It could not go on! Crimmins' company, however, was

"on its toes" - thanks to Crimmins' Cobbler's Kit. General Pershing heard of the results at foot-inspection and, forthwith, such equipment became standard infantry baggage.

The two American-Soldier columns ballooned out into Mexico with Cavalry guarding the periphery. They fought a few minor engagements, killed a limited number of Villistas, and left the Carranzistas undisturbed wherever possible. Captain Benjamin Foulois, in charge of the air force of the United States Army, either wrecked or wore out the six planes which then constituted the air corps. Before going back to Columbus to inspect ten additional planes, generously supplied by the War Department, Lt. H. A. Dargue "made a non-stop flight of 310 miles, the record up to that time with two men in a plane." Lieutenant George S. Patton, Jr. acting Aide de Camp to General Pershing, became involved in a private battle which resulted in the death of General Cardenas.

Patton, instructed by General Pershing to buy forage for the cavalry, learned from Crimmins' 16th Infantry that General Cardenas, a member of Villa's staff, had "infiltrated" the American lines and was living as peacefully as Americans would permit "at the home of his mother." Patton (according to his comrade-in-arms, Colonel Tompkins) "decided to combine business with pleasure." As an evidence of his desire to get pleasure out of pursuit he decided to "surround the house." Tompkins rated "Patton as one of the crack pistol shots of the cavalry service." This proved to be true, for, not only did Lieutenant Patton come out of the ensuing pistol duel unscathed, but he left General Cardenas, a horse and "two soldiers dead before he stopped shooting, one was a private. Juan Garza, the third man was said to be a captain."

After thus disposing of opposition - according to Colonel Thompson - it being "necessary to identify the dead Mexicans, they were lashed to the hoods of the three cars and the party started back . . . through the town of Rubia (and) . . . the inhabitants were much excited by the sight of the dead."

There was another occasion, on May 25, (1916) to make identification at Alamio Canyon of two deceased Mexicans who had interfered with some of the men from the 17th

Infantry peacefully pursuing a wild hog hunt near Cruces. Firing was heard in the direction of the canyon and sensing the hog hunters had been ambushed, Major Withers and Lt. Dew rode to the rescue. They were so late, however, (according to Major Withers) that "I had barely an opportunity to take some long shots at the fleeing enemy." Since some dead Mexicans had been left behind in the roughs of the canyon, it was concluded by the American officers that the bodies should be recovered for identification. The task of bringing out the corpses fell to Major Withers. That it was not unattended by difficulties may be seen from his report:

With no little apprehension I proceeded along the rough mountain trail. I considered my job far from pleasant. I was one mounted man directed to go back into mountains that had a most unfriendly look, by a difficult trail, and get two bodies . . . One lone American in a mountain defile, encumbered with two dead bodies, would make easy picking for some concealed bandit. Finally, I arrived at the scene of the ambush. The two dead Mexicans, with their two dead horses, lay where they had fallen. I . . . grabbed one of the bandits by a leg and pulled him over to a position opposite the other body. I secured a buckskin thong . . . and securely tied one leg of each bandit together. I then fastened a lariat to the untied legs of the two bandits, and with the lariat on the horn of my saddle . . . started dragging the bodies down the rough trail. . . My progress was slow in spite of my hurry. At one point the descent was so steep that my two dead companions rolled ahead of me down the slope . . . The bodies were so bruised from the trip . . . when they reached Dublin a telegram very promptly reached Cruces demanding an explanation."

Since there were no inhabitants 'to be excited by the sight of the dead' - as in the instance of Lt. George S. Patton's removal of bodies for identification - it is to be presumed that Major Withers gave an allaying explanation to Punitive Expedition Headquarters.

In its sweep southward the Expedition cleaned the country of Villaistas all the way to Agua Caliente and Parral. At these farthestmost points Carranzista opposition developed which gave promise of destroying the American forces. At Parral, Major Frank Thompson's cavalry suffered indignities most embarrassing to him. Of the incident he reported

in the third person:

At Parral, on April 12 (1916) Major Frank Thompson permitted a considerable force to pursue his command for several miles in an effort to keep pace with all Mexicans except Villistas. But the pursuit grew too hot for American honor. Major Thompson stopped, wheeled his men and killed over 42 Carranzistas.

The death of "over 42 Carranzistas" was sufficient to cause the Washington authorities to pull the strings, and Pershing was soon in orderly retirement toward a new base of operations with a shorter supply line. The retirement was hastened by the withdrawal of the use of the Mexican railroad by American troops. A three-hundred mile supply line - with that line broken - loomed big in the mind of General Scott, Chief of Staff in Washington. His first effort was through the State Department in an effort to get the railroad facilities restored to Pershing's use. The answer that "the supply of Pershing was not the affair of the State Department, and that Carranza's order about the railroad must be respected" resulted in General Scott's placing a \$450,000 order for trucks for immediate delivery to Pershing. Since Congress had not been asked to declare war - the invasion of Mexico being merely a bandit-chasing exercise - there was no money appropriated for the emergency. That little item, however, was soon swallowed in what was to come.

The withdrawn troops, their contracted lines now only about half as extended, went into quarters in the region of El Valla and Colonia Dublan. The politicians began a series of "conversations" at New London, Connecticut. These continued until Pershing's Punitive Expedition was a closed and almost forgotten incident.

At the circumscribed headquarters, General Pershing's orders that "the expedition is limited to the original purposes . . . the pursuit and dispersion of the band or bands that attacked Columbus" - still rested upon the expedition. At this juncture, Pershing was told that 10,000 Carranzistas were in the vicinity of Ahumado, east of American headquarters and bent upon forcing Pershing's northward march. Another force (Carranzistas - not Villistas) bivouacked to the west. The two Mexican forces could readily form a

pincers to destroy truck communication. Then, too, Germany,¹² through the Austrian Consul in Monterrey, came out in the open, placarding windows with appeals to join the Carranza army to drive out the gringos. The pressure upon Pershing reached its greatest weight when J. B. Trevino, writing from Chihuahua, served notice:

I have orders from my government to prevent, by the use of arms, new invasions of my country by American forces and also to prevent the American forces that are in this State from moving to the south, east or west of the places they now occupy. . . . Your forces will be attacked by the Mexican forces if these indications are not heeded.

Pershing was in no mood to comply with Mexican "indications," as his reply shows:

My government has placed no such restrictions on the movement of American forces. I shall, therefore, use my own judgement as to when, and in what direction, I shall move in pursuit of bandits or in seeking information regarding the bandits.

On the very same day (June 16, 1916) the Mexican commander nearest Pershing, called to state: "General Carranza has ordered that the Americans must move in no direction except north," to which the American commander quipped: "I do not take orders except from my own government."

Captain Crimmins' Sixteenth Infantry, during Pershing's defiance of the Carranzistas, was stationed at El Valle, south of Dublan, and within the radius of American cavalry reconnoitering. Four days after General Pershing notified Trevino that he would "use my own judgment as to when and what direction I move in pursuit of bandits or in seeking information regarding bandits," Captain Crimmins got orders to proceed immediately to Carrizal. The purpose of his hasty march was not made known to him. He had no information that two detachments of cavalry had preceded him. About the time Captain Crimmins set out on his march, Captain Charles E. Boyd and Lewis S. Morey were combining their skeleton companies into one command. They

¹² The Zimmerman note and the plan for Germany to help Mexico take back the American border states was not divulged until Feb. 26, 1917.

had, by chance, as they thought, met at the Santo Domingo Ranch, with, what appeared to them, duplicate orders. Captain Morey, being junior in rank, placed himself under the direction of Captain Boyd. The two officers, however, differed as to a specific requirement: that the troops should go **through** Carrizal. Captain Morey stoutly demurred to Boyd's making a point of passing **through** Carrizal, cited Pershing's orders No. 1: "The greatest care must be exercised that fire is not to be opened on troops of the de facto government, as such troops are likely to be found." Captain Boyd was adamant. He would put no other construction on his order: He had been ordered to pass through Carrizal; and **he was going THROUGH Carrizal.**

The ranch manager, hearing the determined purpose of the senior captain, then entered into the conversation. He assured Captain Boyd that there was a large force of Carranzistas in the town; that they, from appearances, were determined not to have their town disturbed by the passing of American soldiers; and, in addition thereto, he knew the lay of the town; it constituted a "nasty trap" from which Boyd might not be able to rescue himself. The captain was then advised by both the ranch manager and a Mormon guide, Lemuel Spillsbury, "that it would be just as easy to go **around** the town"¹³ and avoid a fight. The discussion, however, was terminated by a "remark to Captain Morey (by Boyd) about 'making history.'"

The combined cavalry detachments left the ranch at 4:30 in the morning of June 21. During that day, routed remnants of Boyd's command found their way to Captain Crimmins' advancing infantry. From the stragglers he learned that Boyd had attempted to pass **through** Carrizal, although twice warned under flag by Carranza's troops formed to defend the town. Both captains had been killed, others captured (including Scout Spillsbury)¹⁴ and the remaining troops scattered over the desert.

From a prison in Mexico Scout Spillsbury stated he had accepted employment with Pershing to help catch Villa, but when he saw that the Americans were proceeding in a

¹³ New Mexico Historical Review, Oct. 1954, Vol. XXIX - No. 4, p. 294 et seq. New York Times, June 29, 1916.

¹⁴ New York Times, June 29, 1916.

manner to bring about trouble with the Mexicans, he tried to leave. Pershing, however, he said, refused to let him. General Pershing's report of the Battle of Carrizal should have made Boyd's action clear. It failed, however.

Arriving in the vicinity of Carrizal . . . he (Boyd) was met by the commanding general . . . at the outskirts of the town and told . . . not to go farther to the east. Superior numbers of Mexican troops were in battle formation . . . and their preparations indicated they would oppose Boyd. . . After some discussion . . . Boyd rode up preparatory to entering the town. At the moment of dismounting he received a heavy fire . . ."

Not only is Pershing's official report lacking in clarity as to Boyd's orders in "making history", the General's forward in **Chasing Villa**, in which Colonel Tompkins points, through Captain Boyd, to "enlargement" of War Department orders by Pershing is conspicuous in what is not said.

"My dear Colonel Tompkins (briefly wrote the General): I thank you very much for letting me read your manuscript. It is intensely interesting because it covers a period of activity in which our cavalry was engaged on foreign soil, (*Italics supplied*) and its record of adverse conditions, of lack of forage food, and water, among an unfriendly people, will always excite the pride and emulation of American Cavalrymen."

The deaths of two officers, and ten enlisted men, the wounding of one officer and ten enlisted men, besides the capture of twenty-three soldiers and their Mormon guide, brought many inquiries from the American people. First, and uppermost, the Americans wanted to know if the policy of "peaceful penetration into Mexico" had been abandoned by the Wilsonian administration. If not, then by what authority did General Pershing disregard Secretary Lansing's orders to enter Mexico "with the single object of capturing Villa . . . in entirely friendly aid of the constituted authorities of Mexico and with scrupulous respect for the Republic." If the policy had not been abandoned, then, did Captain Boyd select Carrizal as the opportunity to violate his orders with the hope of bringing on a general war with Mexico so that he would be the "centerpiece" in "making history"? If (in the reverse), Captain Boyd was, in fact, carrying out orders

(for which no soldier shall be criticised) from his superior, although he knew his own life was the pawn, then, was an order "to go **through** Carrizal" an overt action of hostility to a nation against which war had not been declared? Or did General Pershing forget his general orders in his personal determination not to be hedged in by Carranza forces. One more question was entering the thinking of the American people: Had General Pershing taken advantage of the known integrity of Captain Boyd to thrust aside Mexican opposition so as to be known as 'the American General who fights' in view of the probable need for such a general in the European situation which was daily becoming more and more ominous?

None of these questions got any answers from any source, but Pershing drew in his lines around Dublan and set about "the long wait," for instructions to come as a consequence of "the talks" at New London, Connecticut.

Captain Crimmins, after learning of the debacle at Carrizal, retraced his route under orders to El Valle. Had it not been for the beauty of the nearby mountains, the Santa Claras "rising several thousand feet above us on the east, the Sierra Madras even higher on the west, with sunrises and sunsets rosy and edged with gold, with mockingbirds and purple finches singing in the mesquite near my tent," the monotony of a hemmed-in soldier would have rested heavily on his mind. He threw off the tedium, however, by pressing the soldiers into the greatest physical activity. He made 'open-air dining' rooms, in the complete absence of furniture, by causing slit-trenches to be dug. The men, sitting with their feet in the pit were thus provided a 'table' (the ground surface) for their mess-kits. Long marches were made within the restricted area, and soldiers were shown how to calculate the distance to a target by peering through their gun's globe-sights, using the percentage of the size of the object seen, the length of the gun barrel and angularization. With this method of sighting their guns, outlying Mexicans could be kept at a respectful distance.

More intensive "footwork" for the infantry resulted in treks which often led the company far from El Valle, and the men enjoyed it. Particularly was this true in Captain Crimmins' case, for a deer might be 'jumped,' which provided

diversion; and the chapparal and cactus were singing with rattlesnakes. They might be caught or killed. On one of these practice marches, the captain turned his company over to his subordinate and headed through the brambles for "a little hunt." Soon, he came upon three rattlesnakes, "all of which I killed." Good hunting, for a man of his inclinations! After such 'astounding good luck,' the hunter followed along a cattle trail until "I sensed a snake." The Captain "stood perfectly still," which according to scientific experiments was the right thing to do, but, not at all in conformity with man's normal inclinations and impulses. According to the captain, he did not "hear a rattler," but he knew that pit vipers strike only at 'motion.' So with knowledge and courage he "stood perfectly still; I looked without moving my body. I looked without moving my head, to my right, then to my left. Then I heard a rattle. He was close. I lowered my eyes. There within a foot and a half of my feet was a green rattlesnake.¹⁵ I studied the matter for perhaps a minute (How slowly time passes under certain conditions!) knowing if I made a move he would strike; and I was within striking distance. Eventually, I stepped back and placed the butt of my gun on the snake right behind its head. I picked him up. I had a sock in my pocket and put the snake in the sock, suspending him from my belt."

The captain was about fifteen miles from El Valle, and, wishing to be in camp before the arrival of his soldiers, walked nearly all of the next ten miles without incident. Then "I ran into another snake of the same species." This time, having no convenient extra sock, he took his field glasses from their case and used it for a reptile container, which he swung around his neck and marched off to his El Valle headquarters tent. Here he improvised a 'snake-shelter' being quite pleased with his captives, although his associates showed little enthusiasm over his having found "two rare specimens."

One day Capt. Henke, who was preparing to take a freight train to the United States, told Capt. Crimmins that it had been rumored that he wanted to ship a couple of snakes to the American Museum of Natural History in New York, and

¹⁵ Now known as *Crotalus leopardus claveri*, the snake taking its name from this find.

if he could get them ready in fifteen minutes he would 'conduct them across the Border.' The captain immediately set to packing them for transit, using half-gallon coffee cans for containers. Just as he had overcome the snakes' disinclination to coil up comfortably in their new Maxwell Houses, a photographer came, wanting a picture. This required dumping the snakes out on the ground and re-capturing them. Since snake-catching seems to be one of the fine arts in which few are skilled, the captain's description of the incident may be interesting but there is little likelihood it will become a popular pastime:

I dumped the snakes on the ground, then caught them. The first one was not so hard. The second one was not so easy, because I was holding the other snake in my left hand and had to press the other snake down with a stick, putting the stick on the back of his neck with my right hand; then my knee on the stick to hold it down. If he slipped his head, he'd bite me without a doubt. I finally picked him up a snake in each hand and the photographer took the picture, but I still had the problem of putting those two snakes in a coffee can. I asked for assistance but nobody volunteered! So I got one snake into the can but as soon as I released him he came up like a 'jack-in-a-box,' and I had to catch him all over again using one hand only and pressing the stick with my knee. I did this seven times. Then when he started out again I slapped him back and put on the lid. I had no trouble with his companion when I could use both hands.

News finally came from Dr. Noble of the American Museum of Natural History that the two snakes were the first of their species ever to arrive alive at the museum; that herpatologists from New York and Chicago had studied them; that they were rarities, species of *Crotalus leopar-
dus Claveri*; that they had frozen them in position; then they were moulded, and the models were painted, scale by scale, in the exact colors. They were put on exhibition in airtight cases as unusual species, being the first snakes of that kind ever to be preserved.

Finally Captain Crimmins, with his command, bronzed from Mexican suns and hardened by intensive training, crossed back into the United States. The last Punitive soldier left Mexico February 5 (1917). Captain Crimmins went back to his station near El Paso.



14. THE AFTERGLOW

Exactly two weeks after the Punitive Expedition left Mexico General Funston died. Three weeks later General J. J. Pershing was promoted to succeed him (March 15, 1917) and he took over the Department of the South with headquarters at Fort Sam Houston (San Antonio), Texas. Captain Crimmins stayed behind at Fort Bliss with the 16th Infantry. Twenty-one days later (Good Friday, April 6, 1917) President Wilson declared a state of war existed between the United States and the Imperial German Government. Ninety-one German flags were run down from German ships that day in New York. Stars and Stripes took their places. German crews were interned. The ships were pressed into American service. Then followed a month, according to one Washington ob-

server, in which no one "was possessed by the seriousness of the declaration of war. On the surface it is not seen. The everyday movements of life, on the avenues, in the shops, business and industry move as smoothly as if peace reigned. Even in passing the armories one sees nothing unusual with the exception of a policeman, a squad at the door, no excitement. But the Government is alert in telling the people what is expected in conduct and preparedness."¹ Before April had come to a close, however, the domestic scene changed:

For a month the country has been agitated in a manner only known to people when there is a state of war; the fact that war has been declared with Germany is slowly taking possession of people's minds; very slowly they appear to comprehend its meaning. Volunteers have been called for, recruiting advertisements displayed, men and women parade; orators hold forth; music is played; slackers denounced. Language is strong and feelings run high in both branches of Congress. . . We seem to satisfy ourselves by singing The Star Spangled Banner and abusing the Germans.

There was one man, however, who was far from content to sing the National Anthem and 'damn the Dutch.' He was the redoubtable Theodore Roosevelt. The Ex-President had been increasingly vocal since his defeat by Woodrow Wilson. He railed with General Wood that Wilsonian Democracy pursued a "spineless rabbit" policy; he challenged the right of any person taking protection under the United States flag from asserting a hyphenated Americanism; and to show his sincerity, when war was declared he applied to the War Department for authority to raise a division of volunteers so he could do other than sing and talk. He offered to take them overseas. For good measure, he assured President Wilson, "I promise you I will not return." Such a contingency, must have been looked upon by the vexed President with considerable favor; but, instead of acquiescing in the Rooseveltian dream, the application was passed to General Hugh Scott for evaluation. If there had ever been any doubt about the fate of Roosevelt's application in the hands of his political antagonist, General Scott sealed and laid away for the perusal of coming historians

¹ J. D. Crimmins' Diary, page 1012.

Roosevelt's politico-military conceit.

No, Mr. Secretary (said the General), it will not do at all! In the first place Congress has not given any authority to raise volunteers, and I hope it never will. This is an unwitting proposition to continue the same old mistakes we have made in our previous wars by raising a political army. This war is for the life of this republic and we must build up a military and not a political army. Mr. Roosevelt's requests cuts directly across our policy for conscription . . . Mr. Roosevelt also proposes to milk the army of all its best officers for his one division to form of the preferred stock the Rough Riders of this war, leaving the great army of the millions to be less well instructed and on an inferior status. Our army, Mr. Secretary, must be commanded by a trained soldier, the best you have got! . . . Mr. Roosevelt has not given this the consideration it deserves. He is very honest about it, but he is not a trained soldier in any respect, although he thinks he is; and, if sent over in command, would do as he himself considers best, which would not be what you think best, and you would have small control over him. Consider what a ridiculous figure you would cut attempting to punish Mr. Roosevelt by courtmartial!

The Secretary of War answered by announcing to the nation: "Mr. Roosevelt will not go. The army will be commanded by a trained soldier." (Two blows of the bludgeon!)

On May 2 (1917), Chief of Staff, Scott, gave General Pershing a tip-off on the President's thinking, sending a telegram branded "For your eyes alone." The advance news directed that certain troops be designated immediately by Pershing for his command overseas, concluding: "Wire me at once the designation of the regiments selected by you and their present stations." Into that designation went Captain Crimmins' Sixteenth Infantry. The Captain, however, was excluded from going along, but - to soften the disappointment he was advised of a forthcoming promotion. He was detached from his command and temporarily assigned to a post in far-away Arizona. Coupled with the severance from the Sixteenth Infantry was an order for him to remain at Fort Bliss "for further instructions." (This gave him high hopes for an interesting future!)

Three days after General Scott alerted Pershing to Wilson's forthcoming decision, Senator Warren, the ever-helpful father-in-law, telegraphed to inquire if "you (Pershing)

speak, read and write French." With these positive indications as to what was in the making, General Pershing was ready when orders came to report to the Chief of Staff at Washington. He arrived May 10 (1917); was promptly greeted with the news that he had been selected to command an expedition to be sent to Europe. It was some days before he understood he was to be commander-in-chief. In truth, the War Department had not yet measured the depth of our commitment in the struggle.

President Wilson adroitly attempted to silence political enemies and advocates of a volunteer army by adverting to the fact that he did not know much about fighting, but 'Teddy' of the Rough Riders, who does, has picked Wood and Pershing as the two ablest officers in the army, and he would abide by his predecessor's expert opinion. He would, therefore, retain General Wood at the Plattsburg Training Camp and to Pershing would go the command in France. Thus, with favor in the eye of another President, Pershing stepped ahead of Generals Leonard Wood, J Franklin Bell, Thomas H. Barry, Hugh L. Scott, and Tasker H. Bliss, his seniors.

According to General Pershing, "Roosevelt showed his fine attitude" when he wrote congratulations immediately after the appointment, "to you and especially the people of the United States," at the same time explaining that "while I was endeavoring to persuade the Secretary of War to permit me to raise a division or two of volunteers, I stated that if you, or some man like you, were to command the expeditionary force I could raise the divisions without trouble." He then offered his two sons, begging that they be "allowed to enlist as privates under you to go over with the first troops." As to himself he said nostalgically:

If I were physically fit, instead of old and heavy and stiff, I should ask myself to go under you in any capacity down to and including a sergeant; but at my age, and condition, I suppose that I could not do work you would consider worth while in the fighting line (my only line) in a lower grade than brigadier commander.

The offer of "a grade in my only line" failed to materialize.

Five days after the new commander-in-chief arrived in

Washington the War College Division submitted a war-plan to the Chief-of-Staff. Commander Pershing thought it "a rather general scheme which contemplated an army of half a million men," but he admitted being "really more chagrined than astonished to realize that so little had been done in the way of preparation." Preparations, however, upon Pershing's receipt of the plan, went forward immediately. That very day, Captain Crimmins, holding himself in readiness for orders, got his commission as a major. His promotion was accompanied by travel orders to report to Camp Funston. There he took command as division military instructor. It must have been a sight worth seeing to watch the hackles of many an 'old war dog' raise in pique and smoldering defiance when they found themselves under instructions from a junior officer. General Wood soon allayed the rising tide, however, by 'passing the word around' that any army officer, senior to the major, who demurred to Major Crimmins' status would forthwith be assigned to Crimmins' staff.

The Major's services were of such a high order that, at the end of forty-five days, he was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel. Thereafter he commanded successively at Camp Funston, Camp Meade, Fort McIntosh, and Little Rock, Arkansas. While at Camp Funston (Kansas) he found time to relay a letter to his friend, Theodore Roosevelt. The letter had come after John Crimmins' death in a packet which his father had thought important to save for his son. The letter which went to Roosevelt was from the hand of Martin's sister, written many years before, expressing a child's pleasure upon learning that "an honest man (Theodore Roosevelt) had been elected Police Commissioner." When the child's evaluation reached the Ex-President, now rejected by Wilson and slurred over practically unnoticed by General Pershing, he was sitting outside of the current of events, probably pondering the injustices done those who had been passed over because of personal loyalty and friendship; but upon receipt of this "touch with the past" Theodore Roosevelt became his vibrant self again, answering characteristically:

THE KANSAS CITY STAR

Office of Theodore
Roosevelt

New York Office
347 Madison Avenue
April 26, 1918

My dear Martin:

I am touched and pleased with that letter from your dear sister. It was good of you to send it to me.

I am also interested in what you tell me about your work.

Lord, Martin, I wish we had you as Colonel in one of the regiments on the other side, and all four of my boys under you!

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Major Martin L. Crimmins,
Camp Funston, Kansas.

Victory in Europe sent Lieutenant Colonel Crimmins back to Fort Sam Houston, thence to nearby Camp Bullis, before he took his old border-station, Fort Bliss. On November 3 (1920) he attained his Colonelcy. Now, with rank, and peace-time soldiering there was more time for polo and snakes; but it was questionable, even in his own mind, which he preferred. It may have been increasing years with consequent weight, or it may have been nature's way, but pain returned to the ankle he had fractured at Charlottesville back in the days of the 'beautiful lady from Baltimore and recalcitrant Old Hell.' As a result the Colonel could be seen more and more frequently astride a horse as he went about his military duties. He found it inconvenient, however, to disserve horsemanship and herpetology despite the aversion some horses were able to maintain to the fetish. His military associates became accustomed to the Colonel's mixture of profession and avocation, and were never astounded as was Colonel Henderson² at their first meeting.

Colonel Henderson, wishing to enter a detachment of soldiers into padlocked Camp Bullis, arrived at the gate one day where he had been told that Colonel Crimmins would meet him with the key. Promptly at the appointed time a galloping horse was heard approaching. Then a dignified erect rider, mounted on a magnificent horse, came into view. He was carrying a long, wriggling, writhing rattlesnake in

² Colonel Harry M. Henderson, U. S. A. Retired: Author of many military treatises including the book: Colonel Jack Hays, Texas Ranger: The Naylor Company, 1954.

each hand. "I am Colonel Crimmins," nonchalantly spoke the snake-bearer, as he stepped from his horse. "I came to bring the keys."

Colonel Henderson was prepared to accept the identity of the horseman but there was "nothing in the book which required me to accept what I saw as keys to any situation." The obvious consternation of Colonel Henderson, however, brought forth the explanation: "I discovered two fine specimens on the trail and thought I'd bring them along." Then Colonel Crimmins indicated his pocket from which Colonel Henderson apprehensively extracted the keys while "the two fine specimens" were held at arms-length.

Camp Bullis is located some fifteen miles northwest of San Antonio and Fort Sam Houston, in a rough, snake-infested region. Colonel Crimmins found that about five soldiers on an average each year were bitten in that region and hospitalized. The snake-bite fatality rate in Texas at that time approximated fifteen percent. It was accepted fact that the medical profession knew little about the treatment of snake-bite other than restricting, excising and bleeding at the point of puncture. Some practitioners added injections of potassium permanganate into the site of the wound. The mode of advanced thinkers on the subject were concluding that potassium permanganate treatment had no physiological effect. Some thought the injection of potassium permanganate positively harmful. The standard treatment, therefore, had resolved itself into methods eliminating the viper's poison from the human blood stream as rapidly as possible.

Since there was admittedly no specific for snake-poison, Colonel Crimmins sought to prevent his Camp Bullis troops from being bitten. In furtherance of this effort, the Bulletin Board was posted with available information about snakes, their habits, and what to do if bitten. Ambulances were made ready to whisk a snake victim to a hospital with a minimum of delay with emergency treatment given while enroute. These preventative and corrective practices came to the attention of Colonel Metcalf, then serving as Chief Surgeon at Fort Sam Houston Hospital, who entered whole-heartedly into Colonel Crimmins' absorption. This cooperation resulted ultimately in Colonel Crimmins' experiences being given a

prominent position in **The Military Surgeon**, thousands of copies of which were distributed to the United States Army, with a special distribution in the Fort Sam Houston corps area. In addition the pamphlet was made available to the general public.

Colonel Crimmins, in time, went back to Fort Bliss. General Robert Lee Howze was in command. Prior to General Howze's career in the army he had spent boyhood days in the pineywood region of Rusk County, Texas, where a snake to him meant a water moccasin seeking cover from a hail of boy-powered pine-cones. After leaving East Texas, R. Lee Howze availed himself of the United States Military Academy, and after graduation mounted the back of a cavalry horse to ride with Colonel Henry T. Allen in the Mexican Punitive Expedition. The First World War found him a major general commanding the 38th Division in France, while his fellow cavalryman, Allen, commanded the TO (Texas-Oklahoma-90th) Division. When Colonel Crimmins reappeared at Fort Bliss, General Howze was so fresh from the triumphs of the Meuse - Argonne campaign that his head was in the sky and his downward vision limited to the stars on his shoulders. Being, therefore, unable to see the dangers which might lurk at his feet, he coldly rebuked Colonel Crimmins for his continued interest in snakes, avowing that "since the end of the World War I have been riding around here an average of fifteen miles each day, during maneuvers, marches, and drills, but I have never yet seen a rattlesnake." The Colonel, of course, was aware of the intricacies involved in testing any general's vision, so (just for those who could and would see) he let the word go out to his Mexican goat-herders, and within a surprisingly short time (considering the fact that a general had seen none), they brought in one hundred rattlers.

There is no record that the presence of one hundred captive rattlers set up reactions of 'tinkling brass' (or was it cymbals?) but one rattler proved to be the source of much discomfort to the Colonel. Among the hundred snakes were six "rare blacktails." These he kept at a taxidermists, safe from volunteer exterminators, while he conducted a series of experiments and observations awaiting the time to ship

them to Dr. Ditmars of the Bronx Zoo in New York.³ Contemporaneously with the Colonel's herpetological observations the Chief Surgeon at Fort Bliss instituted a series of physiological observations which terminated in the conclusion that it was the opinion of the medical authorities that Colonel M. L. Crimmins' heart was failing to respond under the burden placed on it through his many years of military service, activities and adventures; and as a consequence, he must look forward to retirement for physical disability.

One day, while preparing the snakes for shipment, in the act of transferring them into shipping cases, he observed a small boy peering through the window, fascinated by the reptiles. Then suddenly the lad opened the door and entered the room. This momentary distraction afforded opportunity for a rattler to escape into the room with the child; two others tried to wriggle their way to liberty. Of course, the first reaction was to save the boy from a bite. He therefore struck at an escaping snake, trying to force him back in the box. The snake went back into the box but not until he had dug his fangs deep into the thumb of the Colonel. After retrieving the roaming blacktail, he sought aid. Neither he nor the taxidermist had a knife. A dull 'hide scraper,' however, was found and a rough incision was made at the scene of the fang-marks. Without faith in its effect, he crossed the street, however, to a drugstore for potassium permanganate, the accepted antidote; then he made his way to the William Beaumont Hospital. By the time he arrived at the hospital his thumb had swollen to double its size. The doctors enlarged the incision; and, over his protest, administered more potassium permanganate, avowing they knew their business. At this point the pain became intense. His heart failed him; he lapsed into unconsciousness. "For three weeks I had a very uncomfortable time." By the time he was able to leave the hospital he was notified of his relief from further military duty: he was given accumulated three month's leave of absence prior to the effectiveness of his retirement (March 3, 1926), and leaving for Washington, he left the army behind him. He was "out of the army now."

³ Raymond Lee Ditmars, curator of reptiles, New York Zoological Park, N. Y. See his *Reptile Book* and *Snakes Alive*.

While recuperating during the winter (1926) in Washington, he had many pleasant and interesting discussions with the herpetologist, Dr. Cochran, of the National Museum. The editor of the *Military Surgeon*, Jefferson Randolph Kean, again took notice of the Colonel's study of snakes. Dr. Walter Fuchs, chief of the Bureau of Ethnology, who had done much work in the southwest, was much interested in Crimmins' archaeological surveys; together they visualized the archaeological possibilities of the Texas Big Bend Country — provided, of course, a national playground could be made and the region saved from desecration.

The Colonel's next stop was New York. Dr. S. M. Peck of the Mt. Sinai Hospital sent for him. The doctor was acquainted with the Colonel's work in herpetology and, believing there was a therapeutic value in the venom of vipers, invited the snake-enthusiast to come in to the hospital as a laboratory assistant. Dr. Peck had been using the venom of cobras for experiments. Injections of cobra venom into hemophilacs demonstrated the value of the poison as a blood coagulant. The experiment was enlarged after Colonel Crimmins signed as a laboratory observer, to include the poison of the cotton-mouth moccasin. The effect was to increase a patient's sensitivity, especially when under sedation. This was especially beneficial to patients whose circumstances required continuation of employment while under polliation. The idea that venom produces an increase of sensitivity resulted from the Colonel's own reactions after the snake bite at El Paso; however, others had made the same observation previously.

The wanderlust again seized the Colonel, after a time; and since he had been deprived of the adventures of the American Expeditionary Force, he sailed for Europe to take a belated look at that part of the world. There he looked into nearly every crack and cranny of war's destruction. Back to New York, again, he felt the urge to move on. His brother, Tom, suggested a view of South America from the heights of the Andes. The Colonel's doctor banned the heights and suggested another voyage and altitudes more in keeping with his heart condition. Sailing from New York, passing through the Panama Canal, he found himself once again moving out to the Philippines. Nostalgically he looked

again "across Old Manila Bay . . . westward to the sea." He heard "the wind in the palm-trees; and the chapel bells they say: 'Come you back, you Yankee soldier . . . come you back to San Rogue.'" He looked in once more upon the Orient, China, Japan.

After battling much newly moulded 'high brass' on a United States transport, he landed back in America. For twenty-seven years the requirements of army life had buffeted him about the world with no place to call 'home.' So, he selected San Antonio, Texas. Chamber of Commerce boasts accredit that city's attractiveness to a salubrious climate: "the city where the sunshine spends the winter." Others feel it to be the amalgamation point of the army and the civilian, — the "mother-in-law of the army." The Colonel gave no explanation of his selection, but the fact remained: the San Antonio region is the habitat of all four of the poisonous pit-vipers of America, — the rattlesnake, the copperhead, the moccasin and the coral snake. Such a region could not fail to be a lodestone to the Colonel.

Colonel Crimmins would be the last to claim to be the 'Father' of the Big Bend National Park. He could, however, point to innumerable instances where his words and deeds hastened the focusing of national attention to that wild and rugged region, which, now, with the cooperation of Mexico, is one of nature's largest undisturbed international playgrounds. In San Antonio, the retired Colonel soon attracted kindred spirits, three of whom were Ben Carlton Mead, of the Witte Museum, Henry B. du Pont of Wilmington, Delaware, and the ubiquitous Dudley R. Dobie, of San Marcos, Texas.⁴ One June 28 (1932), the quartet left San Antonio 'for Big Bend to find things of interest.' For two weeks they sketched, wrote, inspected caves, "drank the water of the silvery Rio Grande," visited the hide-outs of murderers, examined the petrified rock of Castleton, peered deep into Santa Helena Canyon with its two thousand foot cliffs, held court at the home of 'Judge' Roy Bean; and abandoning camp for home vowing to return and run the rapids of Long and Santa Helena Canyons which, since the days of Cabeza de Vaca had regularly taken the lives of those who

⁴ See Dudley R. Dobie: *Adventures in the Canyon, Mountain and Desert Country of the Big Bend of Texas and Mexico*: 1952.

dared to venture there in boats.

Upon retirement, in 1925, Colonel Crimmins had been warned: If you expect to live, avoid all physical strain, excitement, and mental worry. Since adventure was an inseparable integral part of the Colonel's life, he chose to look askance at the army-medico's solemn pronouncement. So, when Claude S. Young, Lieutenant Commander, United States Navy Reserve, proposed a boat trip through the canyons ("so as to photograph that wondrous region from the surface of the water") the army joined the navy, and on October 8 (1932), Commander Young and Colonel Crimmins left for Long Canyon. Their boat, with built-in air chambers, bow and stern, fourteen and one-half feet long, powered by a 22½ horse power out-board motor, was their intended mode of travel.

The adventurers left the travelled road at Sanderson. The winding trail to San Francisco Creek, 75 miles away, was rough, approaching the impassable. At the canyon they found the river lay some 1460 feet below them. The only possible approach to the river-bed was down a water-pipe through which water was pumped from the Rio Grande. The sides of the canyon were almost vertical. Someone, however, had swung ingeniously constructed ladders over impassable shelves. After a half-day's struggle they managed, with 900 feet of rope, to slide their boat and equipment down to the river bank. At the water-level they came face to face with another unexpected condition. The river was at flood stage. Its current was so swift that their small motor stood futile against it as they tried to head up the flood, as had been their plan. Their only resources were to quit or ride with the flood which led through 90 miles of the most treacherous, boulder-filled, turbulent water.

They were in accord on the decision. The first five miles flowed under them in eleven and one-half minutes. Then the voyage got tough. Although the boat was rigged so the 'army' was in command of steering, at the bow, while the 'navy' photographed the passing wonders from the stern, yet for five hours all hands aboard bailed steadily to keep the **Pat 12** afloat. After passing through "a fairly straight canyon with calmer water" when they took time off from

the buckets "to be astounded by the beauty of the canyon wall, the delicate pastel shades of yellow, green and blue — of indiscribable liveliness . . . listening to the swish and splash of a soft-shelled turtle sliding down the bank . . . the head of a beaver," as they passed through the eighth rapid, then into "a very wide stretch of river with immense boulders from which the waves broke higher than ever." Then they "struck a submerged rock . . . then another . . . and the third . . . and we turned over slowly . . . and I was drawn down in a whirlpool . . . I felt myself spinning and being sucked down." (So said the Colonel.)

The Lieutenant Commander fared better. He clung to the upset boat "seal-fashion on the keel." From that position he saw the rise and fall of Colonel Crimmins' hat, deep down in the clear swirl. Then, as the Colonel explained it, "after I had swallowed much too much water I felt a tow-line strike my hand." Grasping it, and with prodigious strength, the Colonel pulled himself back to the Pat 12.

That night they hunkered down on a sand bar on a salvaged wet sleeping-bag. When day came they floated on to Langtry. "When we reached Langtry we beached our boat as high as we could. The boat seemed very heavy and it took us until noon to walk the mile and a half to town." They left five hundred dollars worth of photographic equipment in the whirlpool in Long Canyon, but they had had their adventure, — and — said the Colonel — "through God's mercy I live."

The Museum of Serum Therapy in Sao Paulo, Brazil, had been compounding an anti-venom serum since shortly after the turn of the twentieth century. The serum resulted from injection of poison of South American snakes into live horses. The blood drawn from such animals was fairly effective in the treatment of bites of South American vipers, but its merits had not been tested in treatment of North American poisonous snakes. Dr. Ditmars was receiving a limited supply of the Sao Paulo ampules, and some of it was being used in New York by The United Fruit Company whose fruit-handlers were occasionally bitten by snakes which came as supercargo in South American fruits. Through his friendship with Dr. Ditmars Colonel Crimmins obtained three ampules of serum, which he delivered to Dr. Dudley

Jackson, of San Antonio, Texas. These experimental ampules were used with marked success.

Just as success in providing an anti-venom specific seemed to be a reality the United States Public Health Service banned importation of the anti-venom serum from Brazil. It assigned as the cause of the proscription that 'the serum did not comply with the requirement that it must have been tested in living bodies instead of test tubes.' As a consequence of this ruling, Dr. Alfranio de Amaral, one of the directors of the Museum of Serum at Sao Paulo, was invited to make the experiment in America. He accepted the assignment and organized The Anti-Venom Institute of America. More than a hundred horses were bought for use in the experiment. Dr. Amaral appointed the enthusiastic Colonel curator, placing upon him the responsibility of furnishing the venom with which to inject the horses. The doctor came to San Antonio, gave instruction in the delicate art of "milking" a snake of its poison, and the Colonel began to accumulate snake venom from every possible source.

On one occasion, information came to the Colonel that H. C. Blanchard, who had such a peculiar affinity for snakes that he was known throughout the Southwest as 'Snake King of Brownsville' had captured 210 rattlesnakes in the vicinity of Floresville (Texas) and was preparing to ship them. Such a sizeable 'milking' job enthused the Colonel, and he was soon about his task, 'Snake King' agreeing that "the extracting of venom, at the rate of ten dollars an ounce, would in no manner diminish their market value." Obviously he had an affinity for silver as well as rattlers.

The day was hot; the venom being pressed out of the fangs of the vipers soon coagulated in the container. After 220 drops — enough to kill 150 men — had accumulated in a dish, the Colonel made an effort to transfer the coagulating poison into another container. Because one hand was engaged in grasping a recalcitrant rattler, he attempted, by the use of his mouth, to aid his other hand. "Nervously," (he explained) "I gave a strong suck and I felt the little cotton, placed in the mouth of the tube, go down my throat; I looked in the dish and it was empty. I had about 220 drops of venom in that dish; enough, if introduced intravenously, to kill great many men — 150 perhaps."

When the significance of the accident dawned upon the Colonel he realized that being one hundred and fifty times dead was not worse than being merely one-time dead, so he went about his 'milking.' Within time he began to realize that he was experiencing no physical reaction from swallowing the poison other than its bitter taste; and, then, it came to him that a noted Japanese biologist, after feeding rodents cobra poison in their food, had stated that poison introduced through the stomach would be assimilated by the body without deleterious effects. Being justifiably apprehensive that the biologist might not be right in his conclusions, the Colonel made his way to the Robert B. Green Hospital, in San Antonio. There he went under observation with no bad reactions being noted. He, and the doctor, therefore concluded that nature had built up an immunity for him against the poison.

An opportunity to test the theory soon presented itself. The hospital received a baby — a rattlesnake victim — in dying condition. With what little medical men knew about the treatment for viper bites, there appeared no hope for the child's recovery. It could live, according to experiences, about an hour, probably three at the most. The Colonel, therefore, made bold to suggest a last-resort experiment. He proposed to give the child a transfusion of his blood, arguing that since he had been bitten and had orally absorbed a large quantity of venom, his blood would be, so to speak, anti-venom serum. The transfusion was given; unexpectedly the child lingered for seventy-two hours before expiring. Of course, the test was not conclusive but it seemed to point toward the same results obtained in Brazil.

Colonel Crimmins was — as he expressed it — "terribly wrought up about the death of the child, so much so that I was willing to risk my life to find a specific for snake poison so others might live." He, therefore, proposed to Dr. Jackson that he be injected with venom to the point of total immunization. The doctor referred him to the medical department of the army. The army would have no part in such a calculated risk, so back he went to Dr. Jackson, who, conditionally, consented to perform the experiment.

There was no known quantity accepted as a lethal dose. Experiments indicated that the quantity of poison

sufficient to produce death was in proportion to the weight of the victim, or in proportion to the quantity of blood. Therefore, the doctor asked: "How much shall I give you?" The Colonel surmised he should have "the same dose we give a horse." Without indicating what, if any, similarity existed between the horse and the Colonel, Dr. Jackson entered upon the experiment, breaking the dosage to low effectiveness, scattering the injections over a period of some forty days. At first, many of the symptoms of snake-bite manifested themselves after the injections. As these reactions diminished, dosage was increased. A successful experiment, using the Colonel's blood for transfusion, was carried out on a dog which had been bitten. Then a little boy came to the hospital, suffering from a copperhead bite on the thumb. The Colonel's blood was used. The next day the child was discharged from the hospital! And, on that very day, through the personal intervention of President Calvin Coolidge, the serum being manufactured by The Anti-venin Institute of America was offered to the public.

The successful manufacture of a serum, however, by no means relegated the time-tested incision, bleeding, and suction method of treatment. The reason for this is simple: a snake-bite victim seldom carries an anti-venom kit in his pocket ready for use. There are, on the other hand, always instruments available with which a restricting tourniquet may be placed and a bleeding incision made immediately. Precaution dictates the use of restriction and suction, first; then antivenim injections.

The newspapers found the Colonel's accomplishment good 'copy.' **Strange As It Seems** featured him as "the human guinea pig." A Florida newspaper accredited him with "enjoying a singular immunity from the bite of poisonous snakes, having acquired it originally from three snake bites and the accidental swallowing of the venom of 15 rattlers. He cultivated the immunity later by having injections of venom in gradually increasing quantities. Transfusions of his blood acted on persons stricken with snake bite in the same way the anti-venom serum did later." He became a frequent lecturer throughout the United States, sometimes illustrating with slides, motion pictures, and, whenever available, a wriggling snake or two, just to add to the reality.

One such demonstration, highly realistic in effect, almost cost him his life. While lecturing in New York he brought his hand too close to a snake-filled sack, and a moccasin stabbed through the sack fastening itself onto his finger. Results: **The New York Times**⁵ played the incident up in bold type:

Serum For Snake Bites Repaid a Heroic Search. Colonel Crimmins Saved By It.

Another result, however, which was not known to the public: the bite was so severe that amputation of a part of his finger became necessary, demonstrating that under the best of conditions, snakes are dangerous.

It was but a natural consequence that the Colonel's hometown papers would take notice of every whirr of a rattler's tail after the successful experiment, this, regardless of whether the Colonel was a participant. To keep the rattlers rattling, an **Evening News** reporter, Louis Engelke, plied the editor with snake stories to a point of satiety. Some wag in the office, consequently became satirical as well as lyrical and penned the ode:

Listen, Louie, pity sakes,
Can't you write of naught but snakes?
You'll never rouse up passion's pangs
Telling us of reptile's fangs.
Nothing makes a reader madder
Than to read about an adder.
Some are ready to do battle
When they're told how reptiles rattle.
Some are even known to gasp
When they read about an asp.
No one ever asks for moa
When they read about the boa.
So write of orchids and of love
Of the stars so bright above;
Or of blonds and winsome "wimmen"
But leave the snake to Colonel Crimmins.

Time ultimately sifted Colonel Crimmins' act into its proper perspective. The cloak of facetiousness was dropped. Those who understand recognize the courage and determination which had flowed from a man of stature. The Walter

⁵ Sept. 24, 1933.

Reed Society took notice and invited him into membership. Upon him they bestowed their greatest honor:

THE WALTER REED SOCIETY

In recognition of courgaeous service to mankind
this

CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP

is

hereby awarded to

MARTIN L. CRIMMINS

who has contributed to the Science of Medicine as a volunteer subject for experimentation. Through self-sacrifice, he has made a gift toward greater knowledge for the maintenance of health, the relief of suffering, and the prolongation of life to all the peoples of the earth.

With the knowledge of the accumulating years and experience with the people and events it was an easy transition for the Colonel to make from the soldier, the naturalist, to the historian. John Crimmins had charged his son with "a peculiar affection for Virginians." This proved to be true as the Colonel took up his pen to record the most elusive details of the life of the great Virginian, Robert E. Lee. So thorough was his search in the War Department records, with which he had a facility, that the Colonel became a recognized 'authority'; not only on Lee but of nearly every military man who left an impress upon Texas. Hundreds of articles went out to the newspapers and magazines, filling in history here, correcting history there, until he has become the "route to information"; "Ask Colonel Crimmins." In his home town library, he is known as "the dollar a year man"; to any school child, he is a ready reference; to editors, here and there, he is 'a sure source of information.' No effort is too great for him to 'be sure he is right'. His advice is extensively given; and his writings are too numerous to detail.

One phase of Colonel Crimmins' character is seldom seen through the veneer of military stoicism. That might well be illustrated by the chance conversation heard by a by-stander

upon an occasion when the Colonel was toll-taker at the Witte Museum. An entrance fee was being exacted - "All Children Under 7 Year FREE; Over 7, Ten Cents." A winsome little girl approached holding up a dime.

Do I have to pay, Colonel?

How old are you?

This is my birthday. Seven today.

Have you had your ice cream yet?

No, Colonel, I have not.

Clinking the turn-stile, he turned her inside. He handed her a coin, and solemnly pointing a finger, said:

"Remember, after you have had your ice cream, you are a full-fledged young lady of seven!"

One who has been privileged to sit at table with the Colonel, as an old year fades into the past, is better able to evaluate the path of events, an era covering nearly eighty years, over which the Colonel has come. As the turkey, the duck, the ham . . . "A bounteous board . . . a jolly dinner . . . served splendidly" (as John Crimmins might have described it), spiced the conversation, you might become conscious of the fact that you are witnessing a kaledioscopic resume of two eras as they are brought into focus: The pranks of youth, Rough Riders, Old Piang, a troika ride in the Caucasas, dog-racing in Alaska - give substance to the past.

Then when satiety has been reached and your pousse-cafe has been set before you, you watch the Colonel as he, with steady hand, fills your brandy spoon, fixing it across your coffee cup. And, with lights out, he fires cup after cup with a taper, taking his chair. Now, in the glow, his tones are subdued. He speaks first of 'Father,' of "Mr. Roosevelt" - perhaps of "Winky" — until the flames, one by one, flicker and die, leaving only his own.

As he stirs his coffee in silence, the flame flares up again; flickers low; then steadies. Perhaps in the background, through the afterglow you see the father through the son, the son through the father — as the flame burns on.

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And on March 5, 1955, darkness came. . . . The Colonel was laid to rest from the little chapel at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, with military rites.

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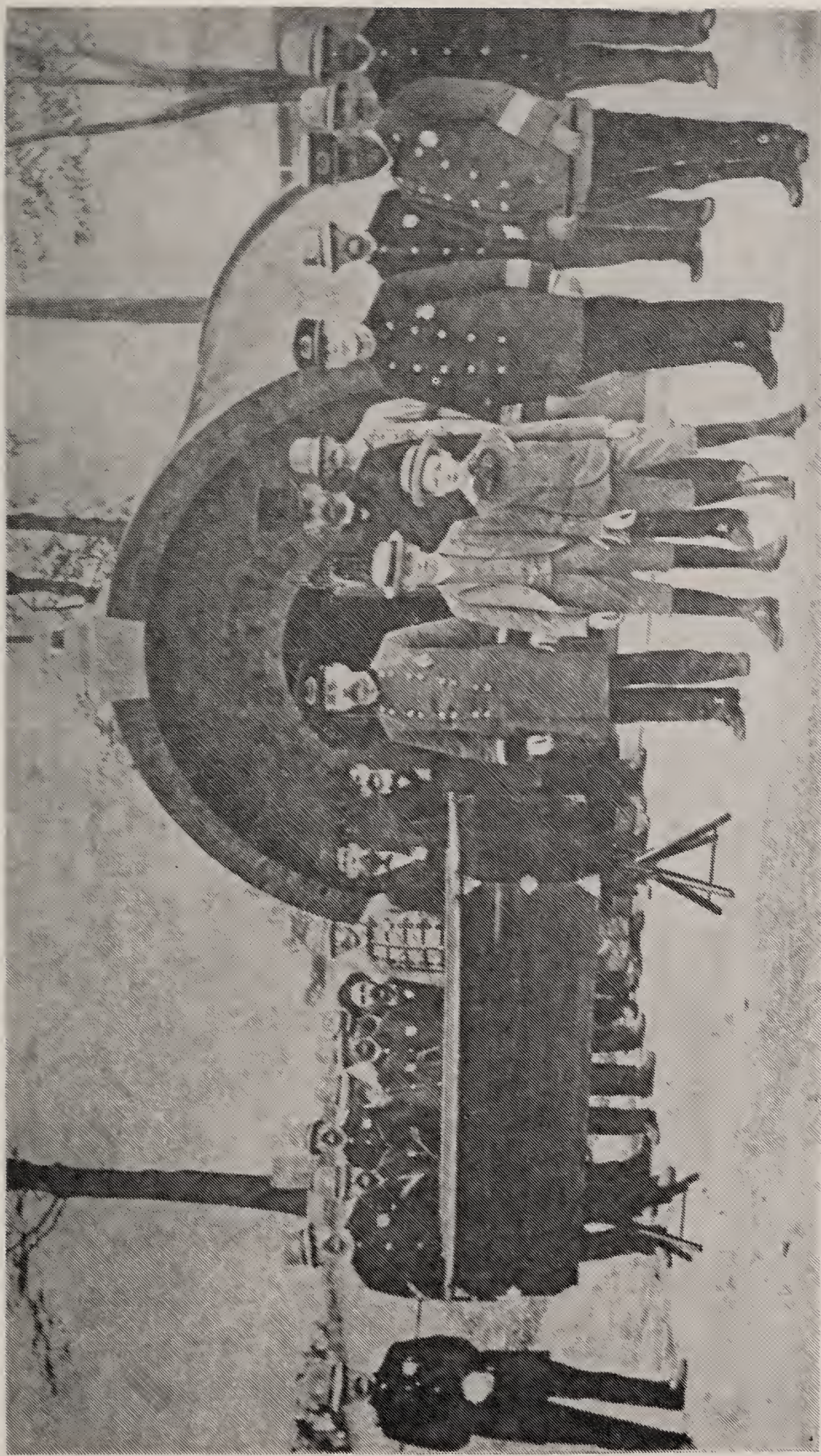
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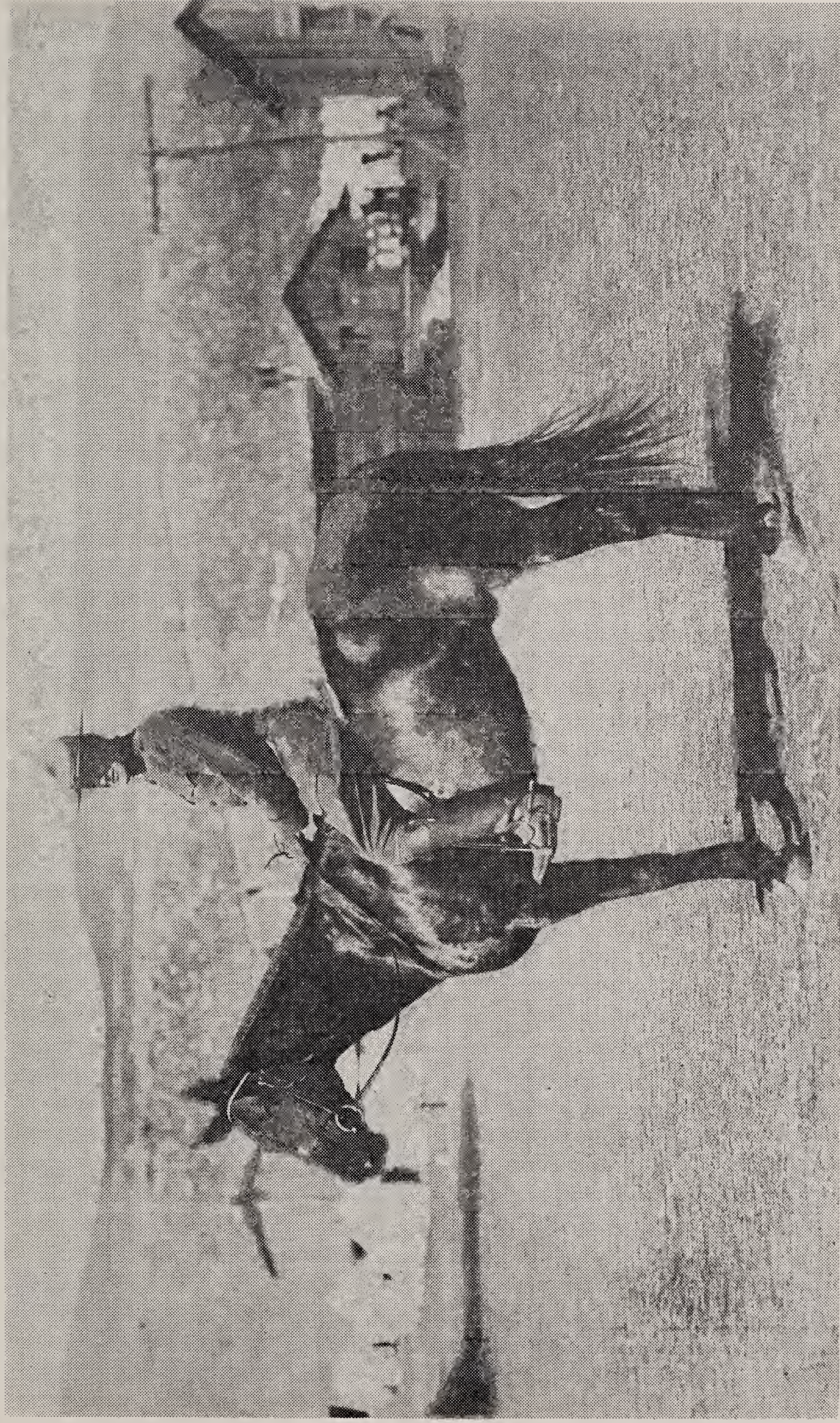
Colonel Crimmins, U. S. A. Retired, visits El Valla, Mexico, the scene of the chase after Pancho Villa.



Martin Lalor Crimmins, smaller boy in front row, at the grave of President U. S. Grant.
This was the temporary tomb.



Colonel Crimmins "milking" a rattlesnake at Fort Sam Houston, Texas.



The Colonel on his favorite mount **McElroy**; but **Old Hell** taught him to ride.



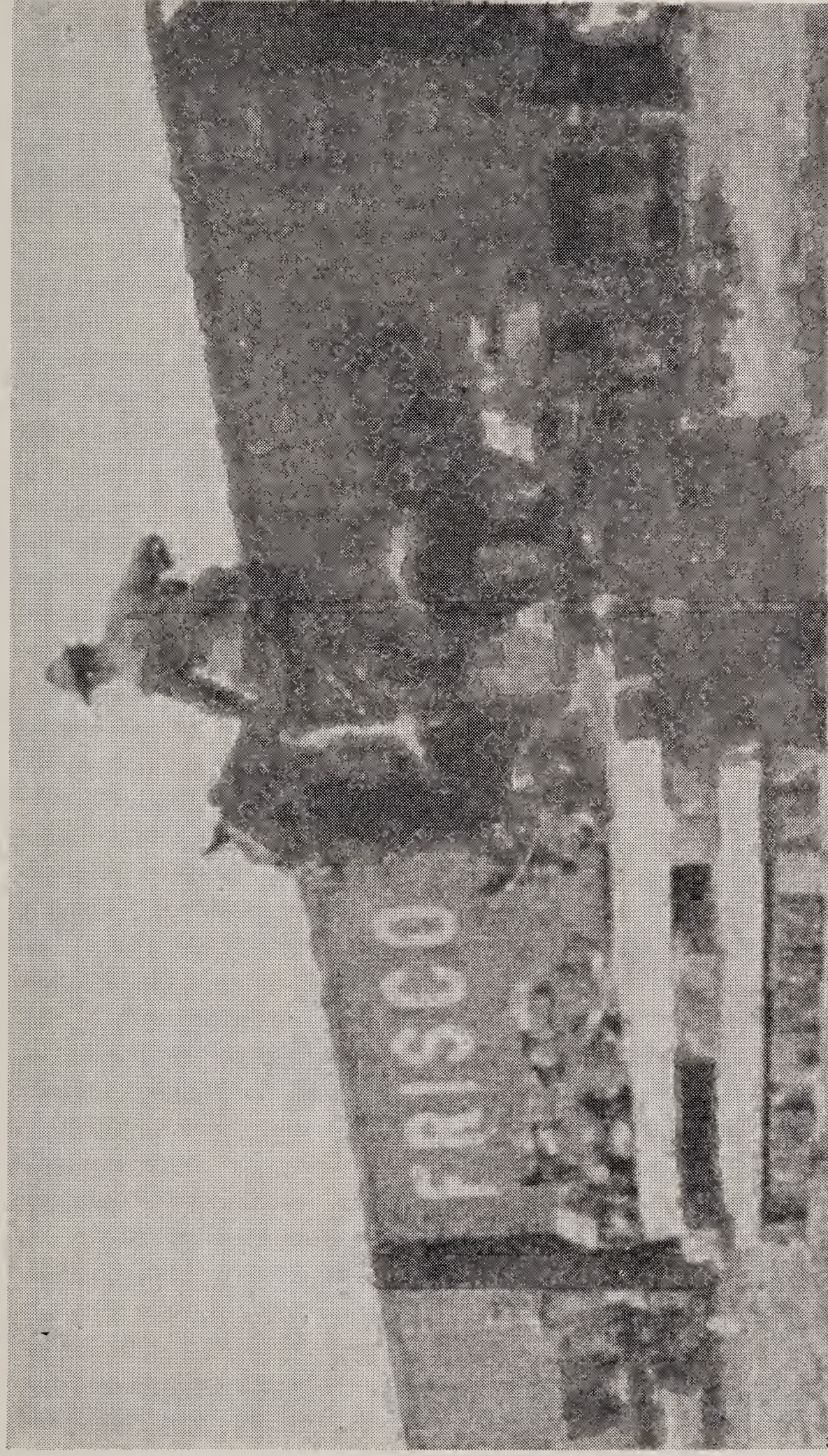
Colonel Martin Lalor Crimmins of the 16th Infantry.



The Colonel in charge of instruction at Plattsburg.



Martin Lalor Crimmins catching rattlers on the Villa Punative Expedition into Mexico.



Captain Martin Lalor Crimmins, with Pershing in Mexico, showing cavalrymen how to load horses into railroad cars by jumping on a stack of cross ties.

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